Oct. 15, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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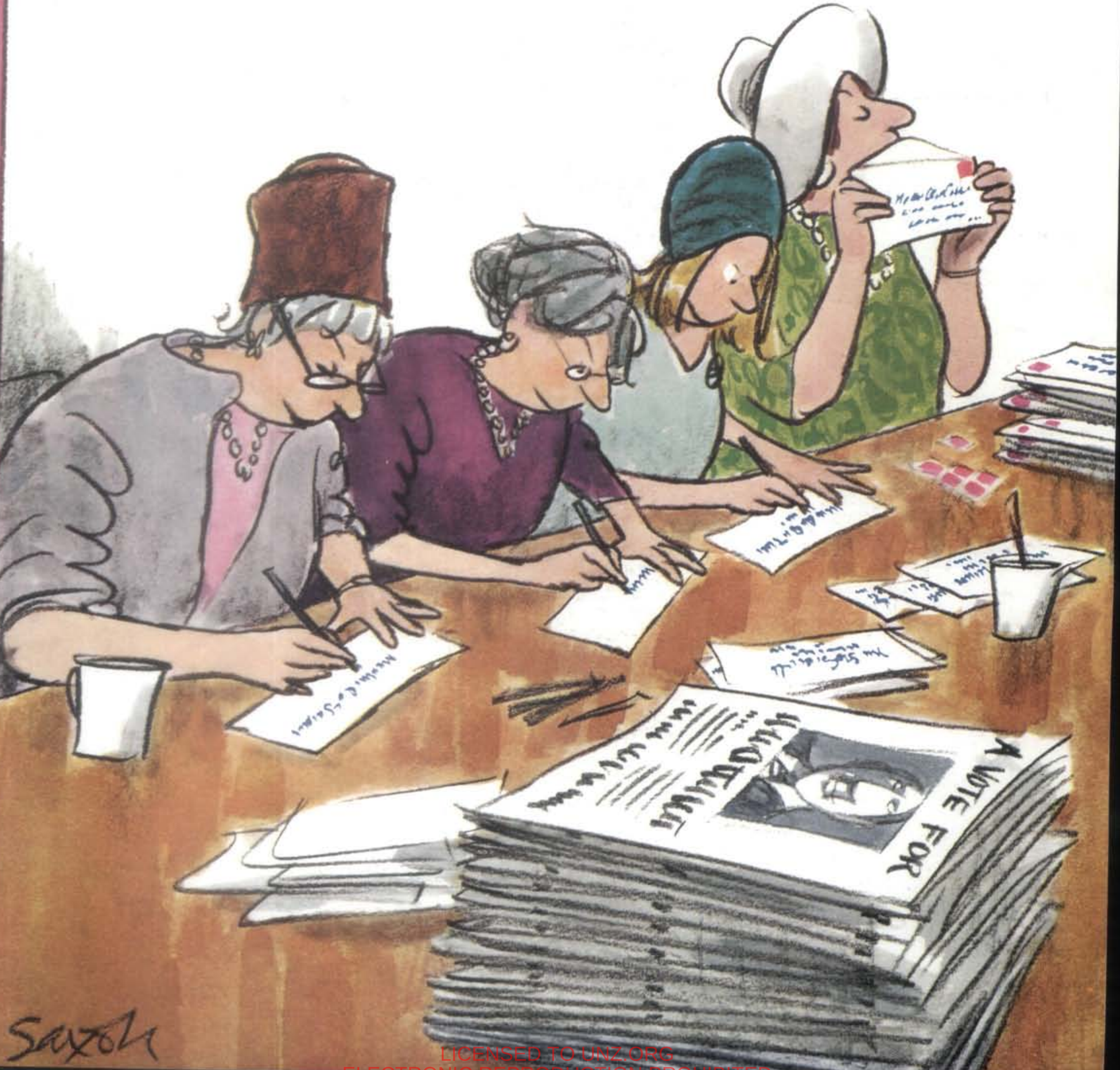
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Crown Matrimonial—An adroitly written account of the turmoil into which Edward VIII pitched himself, the Royal Family, and England itself, when he decided to marry Wallis Simpson. The author is Royce Ryton, the director is Peter Dews, and the stars are Eileen Herlie and George Grizzard. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Faggot—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10[illegible] Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them fairly inexperienced, shine, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 2.)

I Love Thee Freely—A play, by Benjamin Bernard Zavin, based on the works of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Irene—A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Debbie Reynolds and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ladies in Waiting—A play by Peter DeAnda. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Opens Thursday, Oct. 11, at 7:30; thereafter, Fridays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28. Free.)

The Lady from the Sea—Ibsen's play is here performed by a company most of whom are comparative beginners, and most of whom do quite well. Paul Sparer, no beginner, is excellent as Dr. Wangel. (Gotham Art, 455 W. 43rd St. 489-1816. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Little Night Music—Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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My Mama the General—A Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nellie Toole & Co.—Sylvia Miles and Stefan Gierasch in a silly play by Peter Keveson. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nourish the Beast—Steve Tesich's comedy, formerly known as "Baba Goya," about an eccentric family in Queens. At times, the humor seems strained, but when Mr. Tesich is funny, he is funny indeed. The acting, under Edwin Sherin's direction, is good. With Olympia Dukakis, R. A. Dow, and Randy Kim. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Raisin—A musical taken from Lorraine Hansberry's play "A Raisin in the Sun." Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg wrote the book, Judd Woldin the music, and Robert Brittan the lyrics, and the cast includes Virginia Capers, Joe Morton, and Ernestine Jackson. Directed by Donald McKayle. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 18, at 6:30. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and

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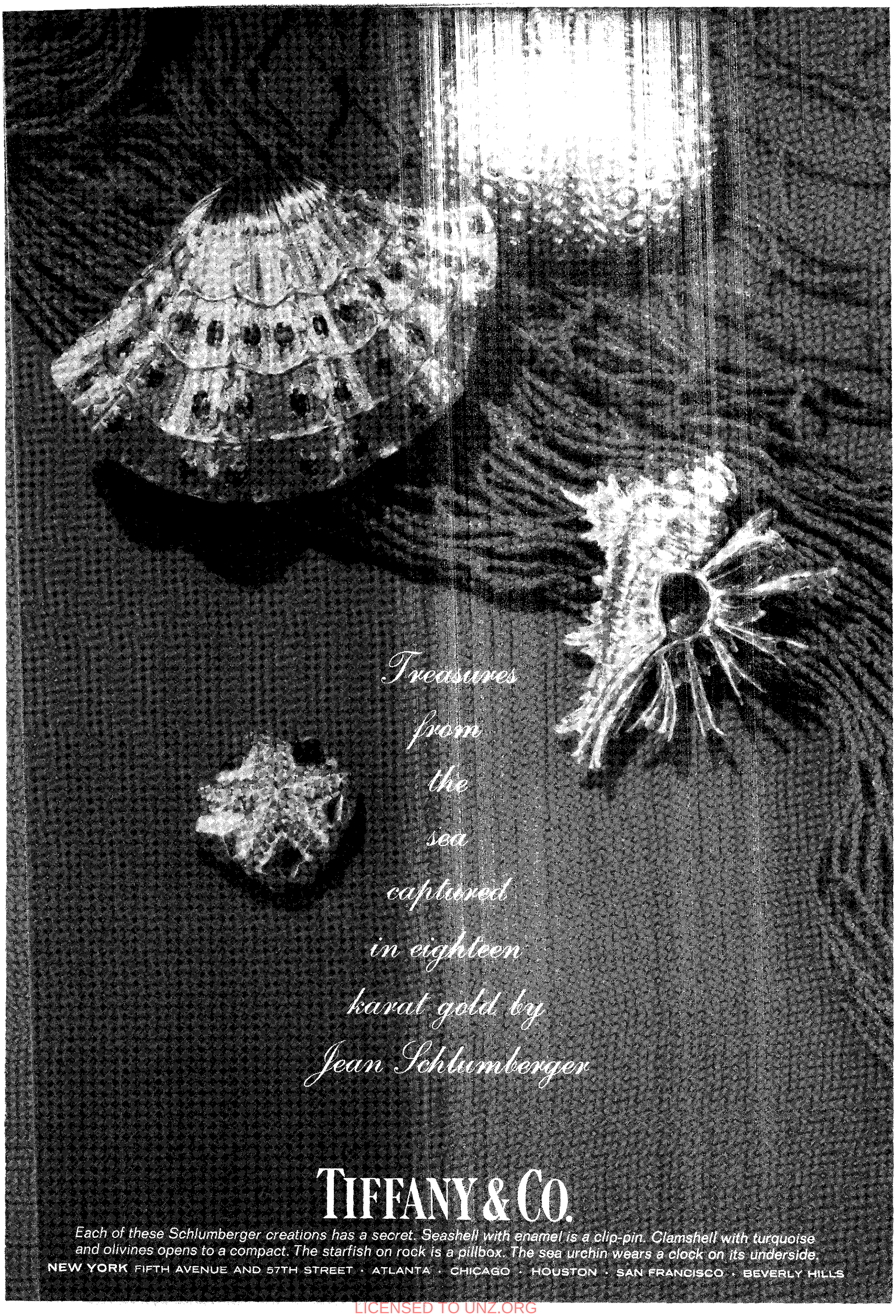
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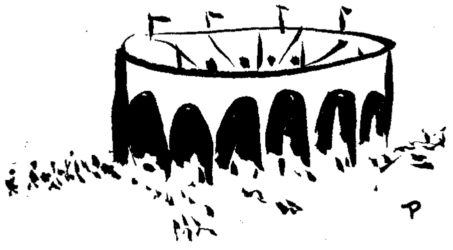
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—Michele Lee and John Gavin are the charming, incompatible lovers in this musical version of the Gibson play, "Two for the Seesaw." A flawed but lively production. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Jules Irving has directed a version of the Williams play that derives from, but is very different from, the Ellis Rabb production given earlier this year at Lincoln Center. Starring Lois Nettleton, Alan Feinstein, Biff McGuire, and Barbara Eda-Young. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Jean Anouilh's lovely, witty play, in a not very satisfactory production. With Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, directed by Brian Murray. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,598 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)... **THE RIVER NIGER:** Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Curt Dawson in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 13.)... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 4—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7:30: "The Dream" (company première), "Secret Places," and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Deuce Coupe," and "Façade."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Parade," an unnamed work (première), and "Jive."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "The Dream" and "Deuce Coupe."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Parade," "The Moor's Pavane" (company première), "Confetti," and "Trinity."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2: "Kettentanz," "Secret Places," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "Façade."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 7:30: "Trinity," "Deuce Coupe," and "Jive."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "The Dream" and "The Green Table."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Moves," "Parade," "After Eden," and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Moves," the new work, and "The Green Table."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: The new work, "Deuce Coupe," and "Interplay."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: "The Dream," "Secret Places," and "Façade."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Interplay," "After Eden," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Deuce Coupe." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Utah Repertory Dance Theatre—Seven performances by the resident modern-dance company of the University of Utah—Thursday evening, Oct. 11; Sunday matinée, Oct. 14; and Friday evening, Oct. 19: "Women Waiting," "Within Bounds," "'Opus' Jazz Loves Bach," and "Snack Pack."... ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Oct. 12-13: "Footprint," "Spotlight," "The Brood," and "Five Songs in August."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 18, and Saturday evening, Oct. 20: An unnamed work, "Five in the Morning," and "Five Songs in August." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 3.)

Ballet Nacional de Ecuador—A company of twenty-one dancers and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Balasaraswati—Indian dancer, with her company of singers and instrumentalists. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Kenny Burrell—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, leading a quartet, Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 10-12, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, Oct. 13, from nine.

Ron Carter and Jim Ponder—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Bass and guitar, respectively, from nine to one, through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Willie Dixon—Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892). Chicago bluesman, singing with a backup quartet, from nine-thirty, through Sunday, Oct. 14.

Dizzy Gillespie—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Trumpet, leading a band, at nine and eleven-thirty, beginning Monday, Oct. 15.

Bobby Hackett—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a sextet that includes Vic Dickenson on trombone and Hank Jones on piano, nightly, from eight to one-thirty, beginning Monday, Oct. 15.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quartet, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Roy Haynes—Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721). Drums, with his quintet, from nine to three, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 16.

Eddie Heywood—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, nightly, from eight to one, through Thursday, Oct. 11.

Elvin Jones—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, leading a combo, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, at ten.

Jonah Jones—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole. Nightly, from eight to one-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

Cleo Laine and John Dankworth—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Jazz vocals and saxophone, respectively, with Dankworth's quintet. At nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen, through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus an all-Vincent Youmans-Arthur Schwartz program on Sunday, Oct. 14, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five.

Nellie Lutcher—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, except Sundays, beginning Friday, Oct. 12.

Charles Mingus—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Bass, leading a sextet, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 16, from ten.

Modern Jazz Quartet—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, vibraharp, bass, and drums. Beginning Monday, Oct. 15, at nine-thirty; Saturdays, at nine.

Buddy Rich—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Drums, leading a fifteen-piece band, at nine and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Happy and Artie Traum—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Vocals and guitars, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, starting Wednesday, Oct. 17.

Dick Wellstood—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with clarinettist Kenny Davern and drummer Cliff Leeman, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz produced by a trio under the leadership of pianist John Foster. Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar period pieces. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—

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Having midwifed the American folk renaissance, this simple setting (little changed in fifteen-odd years) now gives its attentions to Harry Chapin, an emotional folkie who sings about mad gunmen, and driving a taxi. Through Monday, Oct. 15. Another folksinger, Jim Dawson, follows him in, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 17. Ice-cream concoctions or, for spartans, coffee, tea, or water. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Trumpeter and jazz educator Joe Newman plays with his quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Tuesday, Oct. 14 and 16, drummer Omar Clay's trio dominates the room. Closed Mondays.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Pianist Cedar Walton and bassist Sam Jones exchange ideas through Saturday, Oct. 13. Idea man Al Haig, usually the Sunday pianist, lingers with bass accompaniment throughout the week of Sunday, Oct. 14. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; a Cole Porter song, after all, could be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Twenty-one-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr and trombonist Mathew Gee provide the music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The smooth and polished Eddie Heywood shows his intimacy with countless jazz standards through Thursday, Oct. 11. On Friday, Oct. 12, the improbable callin'-over-the-back-fence vocal stylings of Nellie Lutcher return. She is abetted by Morris Edwards on bass and Skeeter Best on guitar. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dinner.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Sounds from nine. Sundays are set aside for a hootenanny, and Mondays are silent.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the gently playful piano stylings of Ellis Larkins with Al Hall on bass Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 14, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five, Larkins and Hall will play Vincent Youmans and Arthur Schwartz compositions. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard from nine-thirty on Mondays, and from six to nine Mondays through Fridays singer-pianist Tad Bruce reigns over these tiny quarters. Snacks.

GUITAR, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, chairs and lamps of functional design, and large square tables (much too large for any intimacy), this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. The bandstand, which is also expansive, accommodates guitarist Jim Ponder and his sublime accompanist, bassist Ron Carter, whose backup services are always very much in the foreground. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. Guitarist Jim Barto tunes up on Tuesday, Oct. 16. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—High-calibred jazz in a new, modern setting about as warm as the Hall of Mirrors. Guitarist Kenny Burrell, one of the best, picks in front of his quartet opposite pianist Monty Alexander's trio through Saturday, Oct. 13. Monday, Oct. 15, marks the arrival of the Modern Jazz Quartet—John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay—just as romantic as ever (and as is possible in jazz) after about twenty years together. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, various performers are on hand from eight to two.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Jim Roberts will occupy the bench through Wednesday, Oct. 17. On Thursday, Oct. 18, Lance Hayward takes over again, and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, he'll receive assistance from bassist Lyn Christie. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

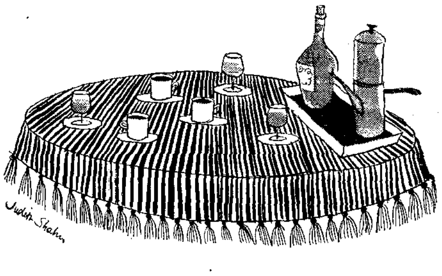
JAZZBOAT, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—The musical offerings at this out-of-the-way spot are well worth the trip. Organist Charles Earland frolics with his sextet through Sunday, Oct. 14. Drummer Roy Haynes steps aboard with his group, the Hip Ensemble, on Tuesday, Oct. 16. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Herman Autrey, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—In the circular bar, pianist Barry Harris and bassist Lawrence Evans are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **52ND STREET ROOM,** downstairs, galloping drummer Buddy Rich spurs on his fifteen-piece assemblage through Saturday, Oct. 13. Direct, humorous, intense, Dizzy Gillespie comes in with his band on Monday, Oct. 15. Appearing with him is Supersax, a West Coast outfit consisting of several saxes—alto, tenor, and baritone—and a rhythm section. Many musicians (especially young, aspiring ones) have memorized some of Charlie Parker's solos. (Parker himself did the same thing with Lester Young's work.) The members of Supersax have gone as far as to transcribe and arrange Parker's solos into ensemble parts and play them with interesting—but, unfortunately, sterile—results. Music at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Weathered wood, ropes and riggings, a young, ardent clientele, and an amicable staff form a setting for fairly reliable entertainment that varies from rock, folk, and blues to jazz. Chicago-blues composer, singer, and bassist Willie Dixon offers his own perspective on blues classics that were written by him but made famous by Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Little Walter, and others. He and his group can be enjoyed through Sunday, Oct. 14. On Tuesday, Oct. 16, Professor Longhair begins performing his legendary rhythm and blues. Shows begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. Peter Yarrow, who also thrives on folk, sings here through Monday, Oct. 15. On Wednesday, Oct. 17, more folk-oriented performers arrive: Eric Andersen, who has been part of the New York scene off and on since the mid-sixties, and Kate McGarrigle, a young Canadian. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.



METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Veteran folksinger Patrick Sky, whose recent social satire is in dubious taste, and Raun McKinnon, another folk, share the stage through Sunday, Oct. 14. The Woodstock (the town and its neighboring area, not the festival) sound has been evolving over the past decade, beginning with the retreat upstate of musicians like Paul Butterfield, The Band, Geoff and Maria Muldaur, and Happy and Artie Traum, who were among the earliest to settle there. It's a fusion of blues, rock, country, and folk in varying proportions. It's also an attitude—a more relaxed perspective on the music scene—and the people involved in creating it are intense, intelligent, and articulate. The Traum brothers, who'll be here starting Wednesday, Oct. 17, write their music primarily in folk and country veins and with keen perceptions. One song in their repertoire deals with Watergate, and the refrain goes: "Foiled again, you sad-eyed loser./Foiled again by honest Sam." Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. Pianist Dick Wellstood, who plays in many styles with equal proficiency, plays with clarinettist Kenny Davern and drummer Cliff Leeman from nine to one Tuesdays through Saturdays. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Chico Hamilton energizes a young, talented quartet from ten until three Thursdays through Saturdays.

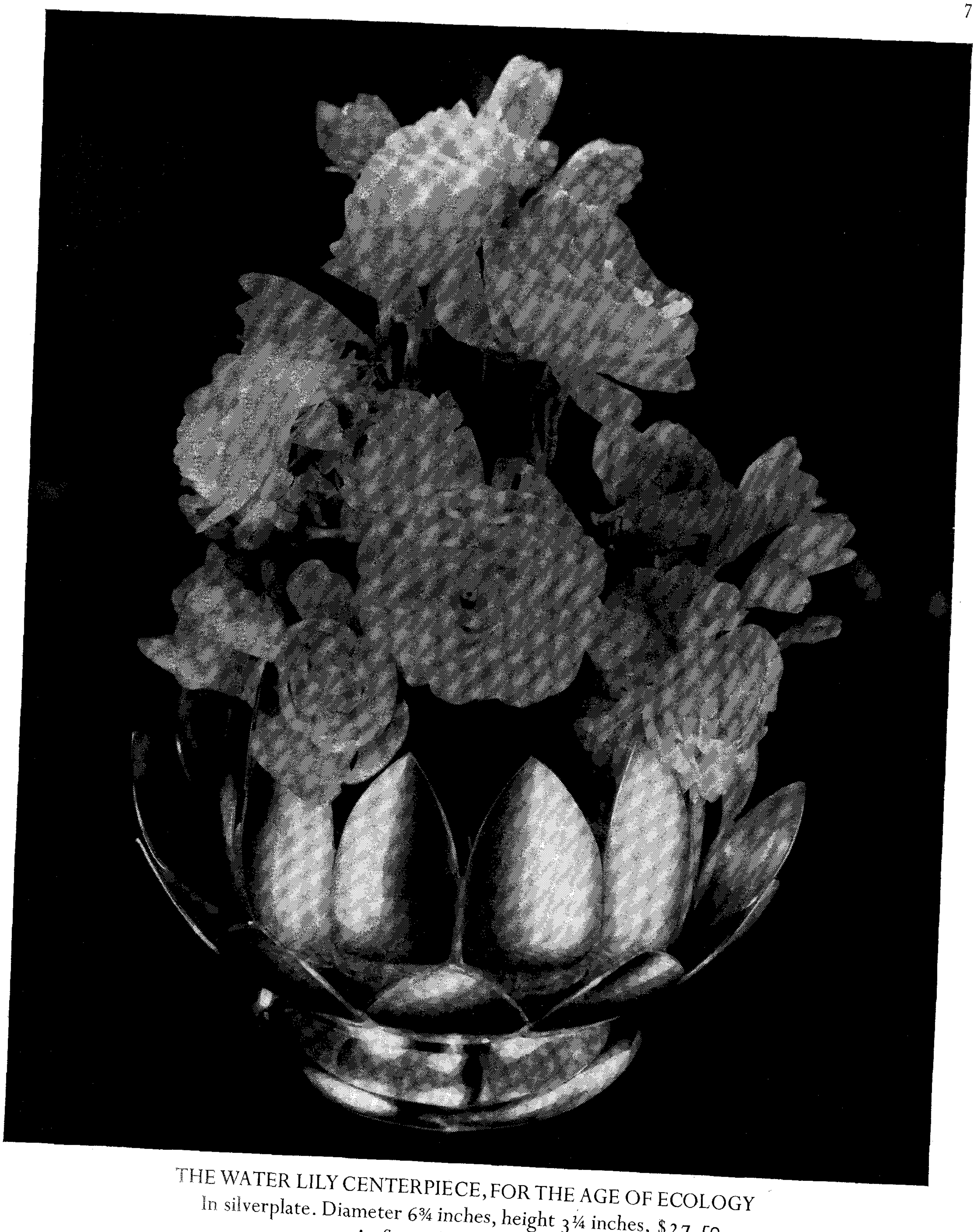
RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—In spite of the club's physical attractiveness, Philip Marlowe would feel uncomfortable here. Brassy singer Betty Rhodes alternates with Holly Woodlawn, a Warholian female impersonator who sings, at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Pianist Lewis Friedman and guitarist Tiger Haynes play intermittently from eight-thirty to two. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms are dominated by the pleasing collaborations of Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli from nine-thirty until one. No music Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Dave Friedman, on vibes, heads up a trio from ten to three-thirty Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13. The Bobbi Humphrey quartet takes over the following Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20. Snacks.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The spacious upper deck here, with its wooden booths, tables, chairs, and beams, continues its tradition of presenting popular jazz groups. Singer and organist Bu Pleasant works with her trio through Sunday, Oct. 14. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones joins the proceedings with his group Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13. Harpist Daphne Hellman's trio is still a Wednesday feature. The music begins about ten. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now thirty-nine) was considered a Bohemian curiosity. Now some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Roy Ayers, a young and talented vibraharpist, leads a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 14. Charles Mingus brings in his sextet on Tuesday, Oct. 16. All too rarely (Mondays only), the impressive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation finds its chairs and lets go with its big-band seriousness. Not as serious but



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

every bit as intense is the bright, direct delivery of singer Dee Dee Bridgewater. Music from ten. On Sunday, Oct. 14, drummer Keno Duke's Contemporaries, a quintet, will perform from five to eight-thirty.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stomping grounds of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Jonah Jones quartet and the Peppi Morreale trio will play for dancing in the **ROYAL BOX,** from seven-thirty to one-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 13. On Monday, Oct. 15, Bobby Hackett's sextet (including Vic Dickenson on trombone and Hank Jones on piano) will start performing opposite the Morreale trio. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** Phil Wayne's dance threesome, whose tunes are gentle on the mind and ear, is around Tuesdays through Saturdays, seven-thirty until curfew. No music Sundays or Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** affords the songs of Dax Xenos at dinner Mondays through Thursdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In a rare New York appearance (it's only her third), the astonishingly gifted Cleo Laine sings Gershwin, Kern, Coward, and Shakespeare—all in her delicately husky voice with its incredible range. The British artist also does compositions by her talented husband, composer and lyrical reedman John Dankworth, who heads up a worthy quintet behind Miss Laine. They sometimes perform duets—voice and clarinet and voice and alto saxophone—in a manner that is as stunning as it is subtle. These dinner and supper distractions extend through Saturday, Oct. 13. Pianist Cy Coleman and his quartet move in on Monday, Oct. 15. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view is presenting the piano duo of Johnny DeMaio and Fred Silver, from seven to midnight, every night but Monday, when guest performers appear.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Freda Payne is singing in the **MAISONETTE** during the dinner and supper hours. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the across-the-way peace haven, has a violinist, a pianist, and a songbird named Aelita in operation from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Within the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** Hugh Shannon sings and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

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Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper in the **EMPIRE ROOM** are devoted to Leslie Uggams, a pleasure to the eyes and a pleasure to the ears. Dance music by the Bob Rosengarden band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Recent paintings by a Belgian member of the "Cobra" group. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Domingo Alvarez—Neon-and-glass environments. Through Nov. 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Barnet—Recent paintings of figures and interiors. Through Oct. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arnold Belkin—A series of figure paintings. Through Oct. 27. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Mobiles, stabiles, a painted model jet plane, gouache paintings, and models for commissioned sculptures. Through Nov. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Callahan—Paintings. Starts Monday, Oct. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Peter Chapin—Figure paintings on canvas and on panels of Plexiglas and wood; also prints. Through Oct. 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Corbett (1919-71)—Paintings of this abstractionist's late works, most of them in white. Through Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Crowl—Portraits of New Yorkers and landscapes of New York. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Twenty-eight small watercolors and three oils, done during the Depression on a farm in Geneva, New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Russell Forester—Paintings and pen-and-ink drawings built up of rhythmic patterns of tiny squares. Through Oct. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Grossman—Drawings and collages. Through Nov. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Gussow—Abstract landscapes by the author of "A Sense of Place: The Artist and the American Land." Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Nov. 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elaine Hyman / Jeannette Judson—Stone figure sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. / Geometric abstractions. Through Oct. 27. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Floyd Johnson—Paintings on unstretched canvas. Through Oct. 27. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacob Lawrence—Gouache paintings done during the past four years. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Leonid—Paintings by the Russian-born Neo-Romanticist. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Joan Miró—Two hundred graphics in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Nov. 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zero Mostel—Oils and collages. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 16. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Donn Moulton—Enamelled, molded fibre-glass apples. Through Thursday, Oct. 18. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Neel—A show of recent full-length portraits in oil by the well-known realist. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Minoru Niizuma—Abstract marble sculptures. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emil Nolde (1897-1956)—Paintings and graphics by the German Expressionist. Through Oct. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Poons—Recent paintings. Through Thursday, Oct. 18. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Alma W. Thomas—Color paintings by a Washington, D.C., artist. Through Nov. 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tobi Zausner—Six large canvases and small works on paper by a young neo-Surrealist; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery and guest artists. Through Oct. 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Peruvian artists from 800 B.C. to 1700 A.D. Through Nov. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **ESMAN,** 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings by Avery, Stuart Davis, de Kooning, Hofmann, and Motherwell. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **FAIRTREE,** 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Craft objects in ceramic, metal, glass, wood, papier-mâché, and fabric by various New York craftsmen. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Watercolors and drawings by Léger, Feininger, Klee, Miró, Giacometti, Matisse, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Pastels, watercolors, and drawings by twentieth-century Americans, such as Burchfield, Glackens, Marin, Sloan, and Twachtman. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **SOLOMON,** 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and European graphics, with examples by, among others, de Kooning, Gottlieb, and Picasso. Through Nov. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of seventy-six paintings, from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, taken from the collections of ten midwestern universities. Through Oct. 31. . . . **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Americans, including Avery, Burchfield, Calder, Lipchitz, and Maurer. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—Thirty sculptures, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Watercolors done in 1938 on the Gaspé Peninsula. Starts Saturday, Oct. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Twenty-five watercolors. Through Oct. 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

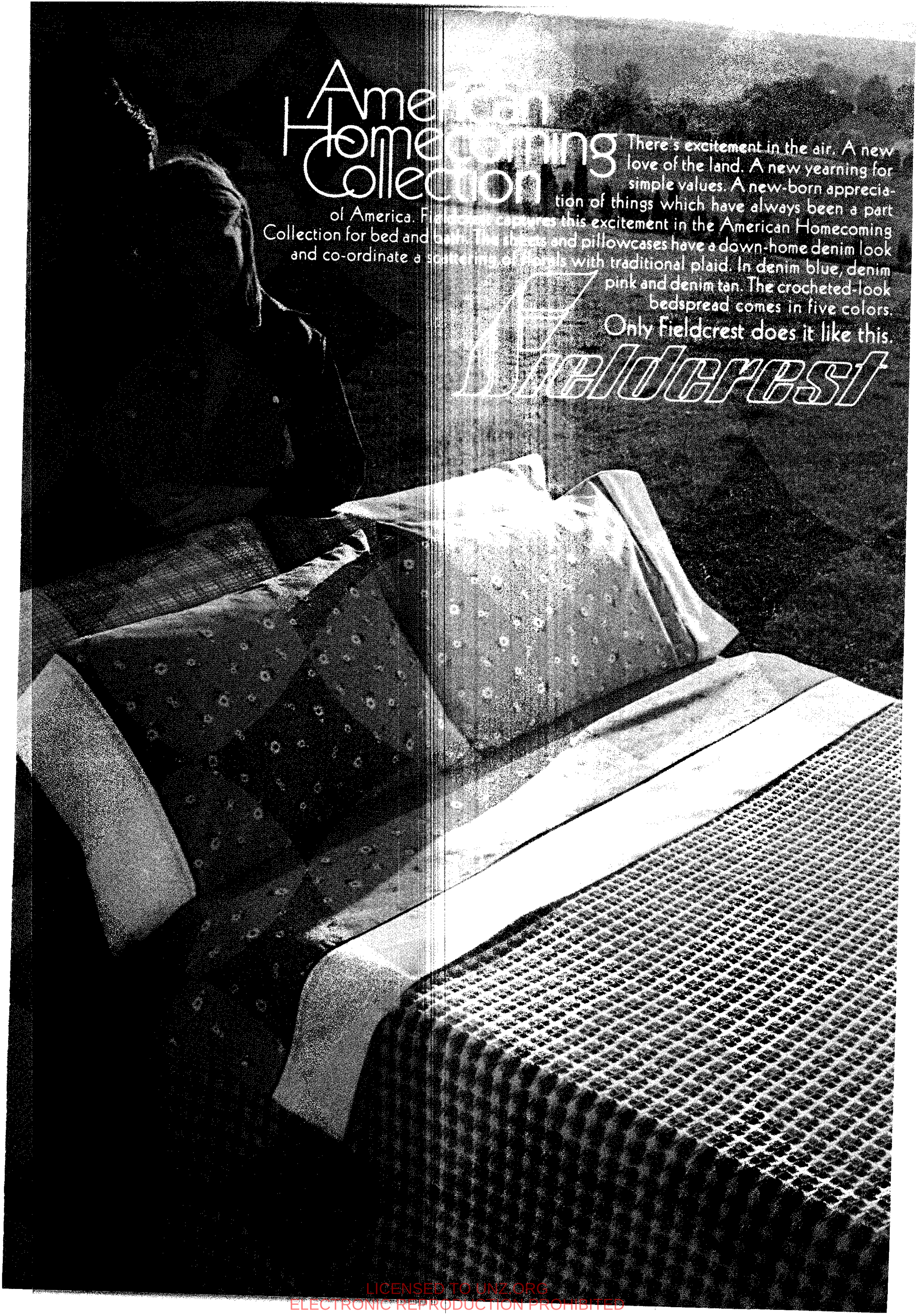
Jackie Ferrara—Geometric constructions made of cotton batting. Through Oct. 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Goto—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lorrie Goulet—Twenty-eight stone sculptures of the female figure. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathan Hale—Welded figurative sculptures, plus drawings. Through Oct. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Al Held—Two shows of large geometric paintings in black and white. Both through Oct. 24. (Emmerich, uptown, at 41 E. 57th St.,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TO MEN AND WOMEN FOR A LONG TIME

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and downtown, at 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

A. RAYMOND KATZ—Thickly textured abstract paintings. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIO LE PARC—Paintings by this leading Argentinian Optical artist. Through Tuesday, Oct. 16. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN MUELLER—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANNE SCHLANGER—Figure paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

YEHIEL SHEMI—Rectangular bolted-steel sculptures. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JACK SONENBERG—Large sculptures, plus models and drawings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHAÏM SOUTINE (1894-1943)—A benefit loan exhibition of seventy-eight paintings, most of them executed in the twenties and thirties. Starts Thursday, Oct. 11. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANET STAYTON—Paintings of skies, some within rooms, accompanied by mysterious objects. Through Oct. 28. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ZUKA—Portraits of American historical figures; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Ceramic sculptures by four California artists. Through Oct. 27. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: The gallery celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with a loan exhibition of paintings (Picasso, Dubuffet) and sculptures (Brancusi, Giacometti). Through Nov. 3. . . **RIZZOLI**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Over a hundred drawings, watercolors, prints, and posters by such artists as Picasso, Chagall, Braque, and Moore, depicting the world of entertainment. Through Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to midnight.) . . . **SCHAB**, 37 W. 57th St.: European drawings dating from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth. Starts Saturday, Oct. 13.

GALLERIES—SoHo

MEL BOCHNER—Works by a Conceptualist. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

DANIEL BUREN—One large striped canvas. Starts Saturday, Oct. 13. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JIM HUNTINGTON / SALVATORE ROMANO—Abstract sculptures. / One moving sculpture. Starts Saturday, Oct. 13. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT PITTENGER—Landscapes and cityscapes. Through Thursday, Oct. 18. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Five large oils and twenty watercolors. Starts Saturday, Oct. 13. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

EDWIN RUDA—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 17. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM SCHENCK—Paintings based on old movie stills. Through Oct. 27. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH / MAUREEN CONNOR—Three large figure paintings. / A work in fabrics resembling a garden. Through Oct. 31. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

PAUL VON RINGELHEIM—Abstract stainless-steel sculptures. Starts Saturday, Oct. 13. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

IDELLE WEBER—Paintings of fruit and vegetable stands. Starts Saturday, Oct. 13. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHOS ZACHARIAS—Geometric shapes in repetitive tonal variations. Through Thursday, Oct. 18. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Works by ten women artists who are members of the gallery. Through Wednesday, Oct. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Video tapes by twelve artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CUNINGHAM WARD**, 94 Prince St.: Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych. Through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FISCHBACH**, 489 Broome St.: Works on paper by Gene Davis, Robert Ryman, Red Grooms, and others. Through Nov. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of original pen-and-ink caricatures, drawings, lithographs, and etchings. Through Oct. 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Large paintings by seven women artists (Loretta Dunkelman, Natalie Edgar, Gabriele Roos, and Therese Schwartz among them). Through Oct. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.) . . . **GLASS**, 315 Central Park West, at 91st St.: Collages and pen-and-ink drawings by Benny Andrews, Marcelin Cardinal, Zoltan Hecht, Alice Neaman, and Judith Shahn, and sculptures by Bea Goldfrank and Dorothy Robbins. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Ninety fine-art posters by sixty-six contemporaries. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT—A retrospective of the seventy-five-year-old master photographer's career. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

ELSA DORFMAN—Photographs of Allen Ginsberg. Through Oct. 29. (Focus II, 163 W. 74th St. Daily, 6 P.M. to 11 P.M.)

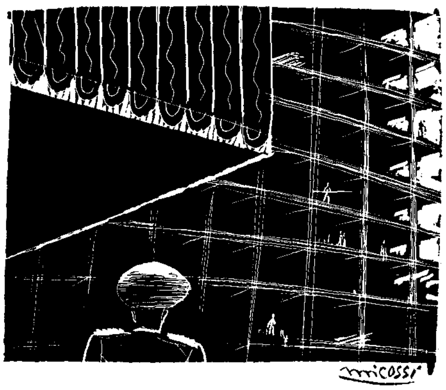
ROBERT HEINECKEN—Works in collage, multiple and serial image, and offset press. Through Nov. 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIKE LEVINS—Scenes of New York, Boston, Connecticut, and European cities. Through Monday, Oct. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

LASZLO MOHOLY-NAGY (1895-1946)—Reproductions of approximately thirty of the Bauhaus Master's experimental photographs of the twenties. Starts Saturday, Oct. 13. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM HENRY FOX TALBOT (1800-77) **AND DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL** (1802-70)—Calotypes made in the eighteen-forties by two pioneers of photography. Through Oct. 27. (Scott Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs taken in Egypt and the Holy Land between 1848 and 1870 by Maxim Du Camp, Francis Frith, Auguste Salzmann, Felix Teynard, and Frank Good, among others. Through Nov. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.) . . . **EASTMAN KODAK**, 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: Photographs, films, and memorabilia of national events and preoccupations from the early days of the century to the present. Through Nov. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A historical survey called "A Century of Photographs," made up largely of early photographs that have more historical than aesthetic interest. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **SOHOPHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Minor White, George Alpert, Michael Lloyd Carlebach, and Seiji Kakizaki. Through Oct. 30. (Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **UNDERGROUND**, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St.: Photographs by students and faculty of Montclair State College, some reverting to processes used in the nineteenth century. Starts Monday, Oct. 15. (Closed Saturdays.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—After visiting the Ellsworth Kelly retrospective here, one sees the rest of the world as cluttered and disorderly. From Kelly's exclusive preoccupation with shape and color come hard-edge abstractions of commanding serenity and clarity. A painting called "North River," which measures six feet six inches by seventy inches, is a large blue rectangle set at a slight angle within a slightly larger gray rectangle; in "Black White," the eight-by-eight-foot surface of the canvas is succinctly divided into a black and a white triangle; "Red Blue Green" is a red rectangle and a blue ovoid shape set on a green background (which becomes a third shape). The exhibition includes early reliefs and constructions, collages of squares or strips of paper arranged by chance, and delicate, spare line drawings of plants. Kelly's work has a presence that takes it beyond the mere tasteful design that much of this kind of painting is; it belongs to abstract art's great tradition. In a study of Kelly prepared for the show, which is as densely studded with the factual and the particular as Kelly's art is free of them, E. C. Goossen solemnly cites such influences on Kelly as exposure to Audubon's watercolors, a mean teacher in the third grade, his assignment to the Engineers Camouflage Battalion in the Second World War, Byzantine art, a meeting with Jean Arp, and a visit to Alice B. Toklas. Goossen's formal analyses of the works illustrated seem forbidding at first sight but are lucid and interesting. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Dec. 10. A complementary show of graphics is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Starts Friday, Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—With an uncharacteristic lack of showmanship, the museum has taken four paintings that it borrowed from the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts and quietly dispersed them among four galleries in the European Painting section. The paintings, which are well worth seeing, are "Portrait of a Cardinal as St. Jerome," by Correggio; "Benedict XIV Presenting the Encyclical Ex Omnibus to the Count de Choiseul," by Pompeo Batoni; "The Suicide of Lucretia," by Rembrandt; and "Christ Driving the Money Changers from the Temple," by El Greco. They are located, respectively, and without any special signification, in galleries 2, 8, 10, and 30. The loan came about because the Minneapolis museum is renovating its galleries, and all its holdings are in storage. . . . ¶ About a hundred specimens of early Renaissance sculpture from northern Italy, on display—and looking as if they belonged there—in the Blumenthal Patio from the Castle of Vélez Blanco. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Paintings, prints, and pastels by Mary Cassatt (1845-1926). Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings of landscapes, Biblical and mythological subjects, and studies of farm workers by Abraham Bloemaert (1564-1651). Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ A show of photographs of Egypt and the Holy Land; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—An exhibition called "Blacks: U.S.A.: 1973" occupies the fourth and fifth floors here, but its high point is on a landing between the floors, where twelve paintings by

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the late Palmer Hayden (1890-1973) are on view. These charming and moving canvases illustrate verses from the folk epic "The Ballad of John Henry" and themselves belong among the masterpieces of American folk art. Done between 1940 and 1947, they have a radiance and an aliveness and a beauty of design and color that only heighten one's feeling of dismay at the work in the rest of the exhibition, which ranges from adequate to really bad, and even in the better examples has an absent, uninterested air about it. Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty-six works surveying contemporary Japanese printmaking. Through Oct. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A big retrospective of the British avant-garde artist Richard Hamilton. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Works in many mediums by kids who participated in the museum's program in the arts for inner-city children. Through Sunday, Oct. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of Jules Olitski, the color-field abstractionist, ranging from the late fifties to the present. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-nine American Impressionist paintings. Through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Architectural constructions by Tony Berlant. Through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs by artists (most of whom have not exhibited in New York) who are concerned with a restructuring of the existing world. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ In the museum's new downtown branch, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St., about twenty paintings by twentieth-century Americans. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred and seventy Egyptian reliefs, statuary, and other objects dating from 1378-1362 B.C., the period of Akhenaten and Nefertiti. Through Nov. 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Needlepoint designs by Nora F. Camman alongside the museum's Indian artifacts on which she based her work. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Shah 'Abbas and the Arts of Isfahan," an exhibition of paintings, manuscripts, imperial artifacts, and calligraphy from seventeenth-century Persia. Starts Thursday, Oct. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Nearly two hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints from the Martha Jackson collection. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Seventy bronze and steel sculptures, many on religious subjects, by Luise Kaish, along with some of her drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Printed books, from 1455 to 1955, reflecting achievements and changes in the art of typography. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ European and Persian manuscript leaves from the twelfth century through the seventeenth. Through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who was head of the museum from its inception, in 1957, until 1963. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall [formerly Philharmonic Hall] TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Oct. 10: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Robert Nagy, Norman Mittelmann, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 11: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and William Walker; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 12: "Rigoletto," with Mady Mesplé, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, Raymond Michalski, and Edmond Karlsrud; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 13: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Leo Goeke, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 13: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 15: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 16: "Madame Butterfly," with Marina Krilovici, Nedda Casei, William Lewis, Robert Goodloe, and Andrea Velis; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 17: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Leo Goeke, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 18: "Rigoletto," with Mady Mesplé, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Matteo Manuguerra, Raymond Michalski, and Edmond Karlsrud; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 19: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 20: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Nell Rankin, Robert Nagy, Norman Mittelmann, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 20: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Sylvia Anderson, Hilda Harris, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Harry Theyard, Vern Shinall, and David Rae Smith; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Sylvia Anderson, Jeanne Piland, Vittorio Terranova, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Janice Yoes, Margaret Yauger, Harry Theyard, and John Darrenkamp; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinoiu, and David Holloway; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 1: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 7: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Carol Bayard, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Carol Neblett, Susanne Marsee, John Alexander, and Michael Devlin; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Carol Bayard, José Carreras, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Olivia Stapp, Vittorio Terranova, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Vahan Khanzadian, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Schauler, Margaret Yauger, Franco Marini, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Diana Catani-Soviero, John Stamford, Vasile Martinoiu, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Beverly Evans, Reginald Byers, and Michael Devlin; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(At press time, picket lines were still around Avery Fisher Hall because of the labor negotiations involving the New York Philharmonic, so you would be wise to check the situation before making plans.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, formerly Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 12, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here—Berlioz' dramatic legend "La Damnation de Faust," with Edith Mathis, soprano; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Donald McIntyre, baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the St. Paul's School Boy Choir. (Carnegie Hall, a change of site from Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 10, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.). . . ¶ A varied program with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. . . . Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

NEW JERSEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Henry Lewis conducting an all-Richard Strauss program, with Birgit Nilsson, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Anton Coppola conducting, with Penny Prince, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8. For free tickets, call 749-2802.)

SLOVAK CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Bohdan Warchal conducting. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting a performance of Mozart's opera "Idomeneo" in concert form, with Margaret Tynes, Elisabeth Carron, and Doris Jung, sopranos, and Mallory Walker and Aaron Bergell, tenors. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 7:30.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a new "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of music by British composers, with commentary by the composer Harrison Birtwistle. Also with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Joseph Porrello, tenor; and Paul Ingraham, French horn. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

GARRICK OHLSSON—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

LILI KRAUS—Piano, in a program of Mozart sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

COMPOSERS' FORUM—A program of works by Ronald Perera and Jeffrey Kresky. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

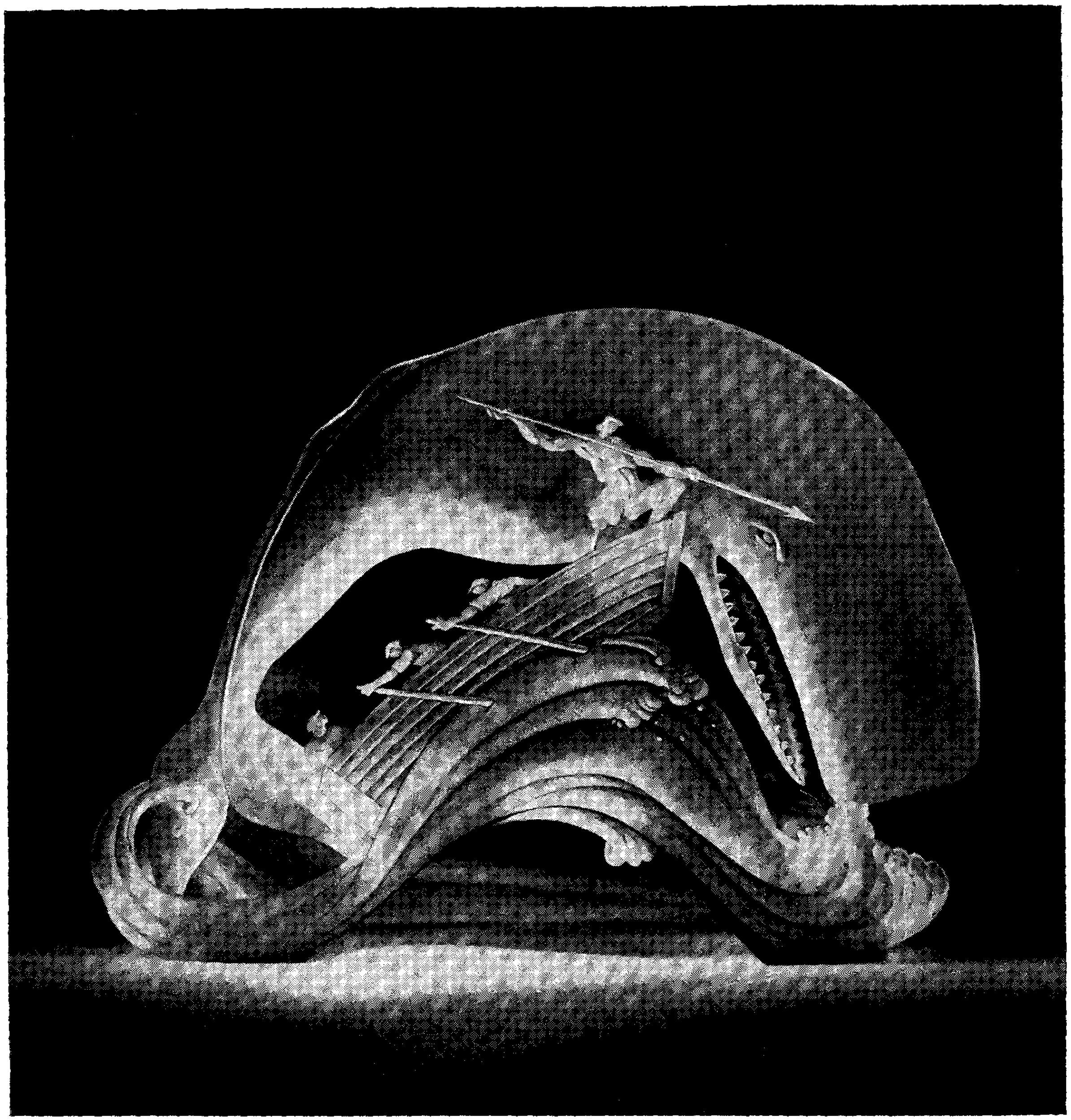
NOËL LEE—The third in a series of five recitals presenting the Schubert cycle of piano sonatas. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

ROLLIN SMITH—Organ, in a program entitled "The Aeolian Organ and Its Music." (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

ELLY AMELING—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

MARILYN DUBOW—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

CARLOS BARBOSA-LIMA—Classical guitarist.



Length 11¼″ • Height 8″

MOBY DICK

The struggle between Captain Ahab and the white whale is engraved by copper wheel on a crystal silhouette of a leaping whale. The shadowy mass of the whale is engraved in the background, the longboat in the foreground.

With glass design by Donald Pollard and engraving design by Sidney Waugh, *Moby Dick* has been commissioned twenty-eight times. The first example, shown here, was engraved by Kenneth Van Etten and completed on March 12, 1958.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 5.)

Alban Berg Quartet—Of the Vienna Konzerthaus. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Michael May—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 5:45: LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 5:45: BOBBY HACKETT.

Jazz: The American Invention—The second and third in a series of five concert/lectures. Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Three Generations of Jazz Piano," with Eubie Blake, Roland Hanna, and Danny Mixon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "The Birth of Bop," with the Dizzy Gillespie quintet and Max Roach. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. For information about tickets, call 598-2028.)

Foghat, Spooky Tooth, and Strawbs—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

George Kirby and Melba Moore—With Rufus and East Coast. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 9.)

Zoot Sims Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Highlights in Jazz—Clark Terry, Benny Carter, Charles McPherson, Grady Tate, George Duvivier, and Richard Wyands. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Cleo Laine with the John Dankworth Quintet—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8.

Roger McGuinn Band and David Buskin—Avery Fisher Hall, formerly Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8.

Quicksilver, R. E. O. Speedwagon, and Joe Walsh—Academy of Music. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8 and 11:30.

Black Oak Arkansas, Robin Trower, and Grin—Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.

Deodato & the 2001 Orchestra and Weather Report—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Saturday, Oct. 13, in the home park of the American League champion. The first two games will be played there; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games in the park of the National League contender; and the final two, if required, in the American League city.

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Oct. 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Friday, Oct. 19, at 7:35.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 13: Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. St. John's, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 20: Army vs. Notre Dame, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Johns Hopkins, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Georgetown, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Delaware, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

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Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 14: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Chicago Cougars, Thursday, Oct. 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. New England Whalers, Sunday, Oct. 14, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Oct. 14, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Winnipeg Jets, Thursday, Oct. 18, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Oct. 20.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 13. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 13. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 10:15 and 1, and Saturday between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 15, through Saturday, Dec. 29. The Stuyvesant Handicap, Monday, Oct. 15, and the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 24.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 16. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, Oct. 17, through Saturday, Dec. 22.

Yachting—The seventh annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, run over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to beyond the Verazzano Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 13 (rain date, Sunday, Oct. 14). At nine on Saturday, one spectator boat will sail from the Battery, and another one will sail from the Staten Island Ferry Terminal (no boats on the rain date); for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 13-14, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Oct. 20, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Shinichi Suzuki presenting a company of ten children from Japan playing violins. (Sunday, Oct. 14, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs. 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . PICKWICK PUPPETS: "Sleeping Beauty." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Invisible Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Louis Zukofsky reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.)

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (362-1911)—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 6:15: "Andrei Rublev" (Russia, 1969). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 9:30: "Land of Silence and Darkness" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 6:15, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 9:30: "Distant Thunder" (India). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 9:30, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 6:15: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 1: "Doktor Mabuse" (Germany, 1922). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 7 and 9:45: "Badlands" (United States).

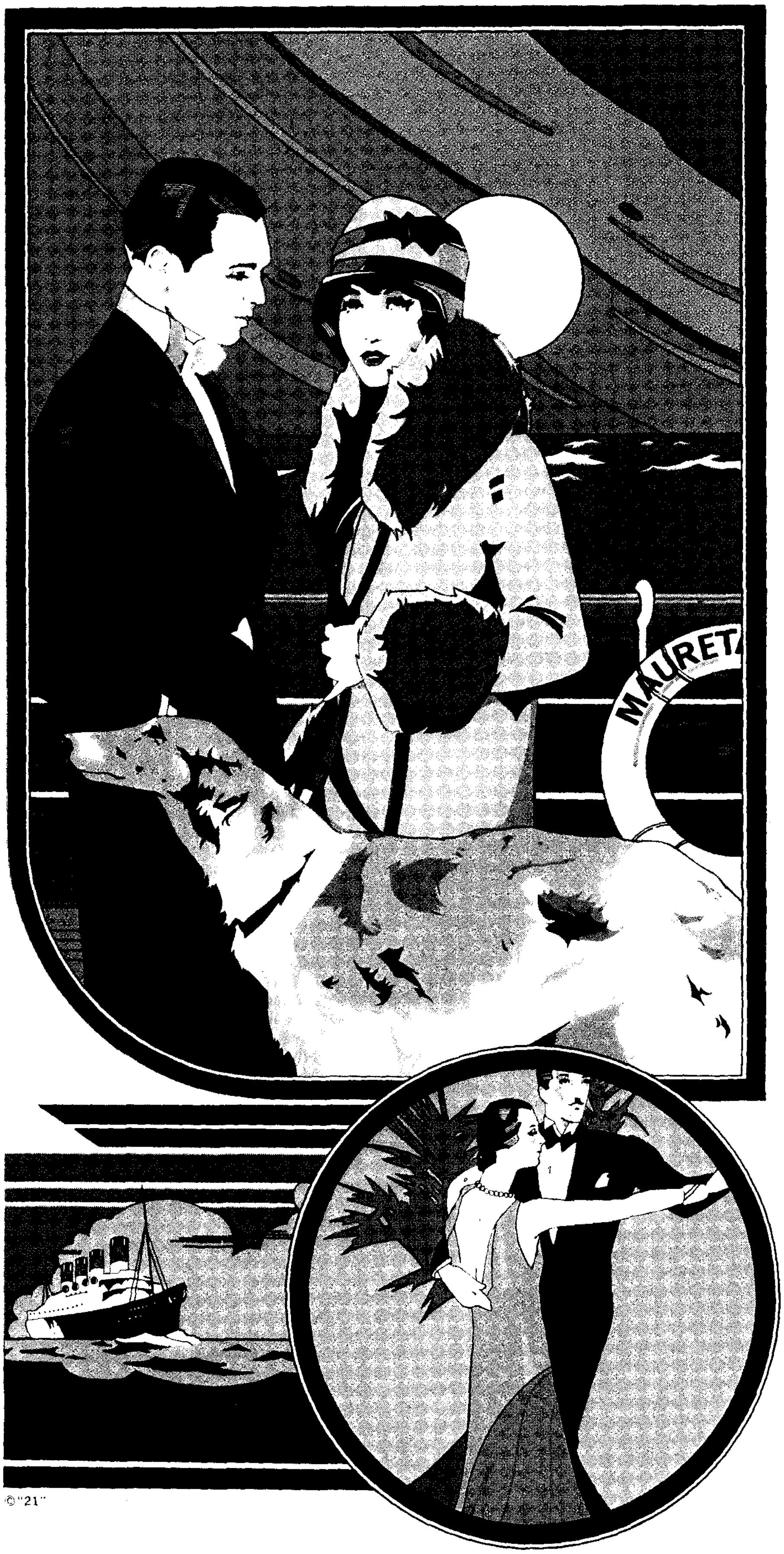
Antiques Fair and Crafts Show—A hundred and twenty-five dealers displaying furniture, silver, glass, and the like, plus thirty craftspeople demonstrating the art of spinning, weaving, wood carving, leatherwork, and such. In addition, the Museum of the American Indian is displaying a collection of feather craftwork. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 10-13, noon to 9, and Sunday, Oct. 14, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental porcelains, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: French furniture, from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the collection of the late Edwin C. Vogel, and a group of Picassos, from the collection of Bernice McIlhenny Wintersteen. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: Fifty paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Robert C. Scull. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 12.

Election Registration—The final registration date for the Nov. 6 elections will be Saturday, Oct. 13, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 10 at noon: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5:30: "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Merle Oberon and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 5:30: "The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond" (1960), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Ray Danton. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 8: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean and Natalie Wood. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 5:30 and Oct. 13 at noon: "Le Plaisir" (1952), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 3: "Damn Yankees" (1958), directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen, with Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 5:30: "A Star Is Born" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Garland and James Mason. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2: "The Life of Emile Zola" (1937), directed by William Dieterle, with Paul Muni and Joseph Schildkraut. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 5:30: "Rio Bravo" (1959), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Wayne and Dean Martin. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2: "The Left Handed Gun" (1958), directed by Arthur Penn, with Paul Newman. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 5:30: "Inside Daisy Clover" (1965), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Natalie Wood and Christopher Plummer. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2: "A Time for Burning" (1966), a documentary, directed by William

It was Some Party. Ballantine's was there.



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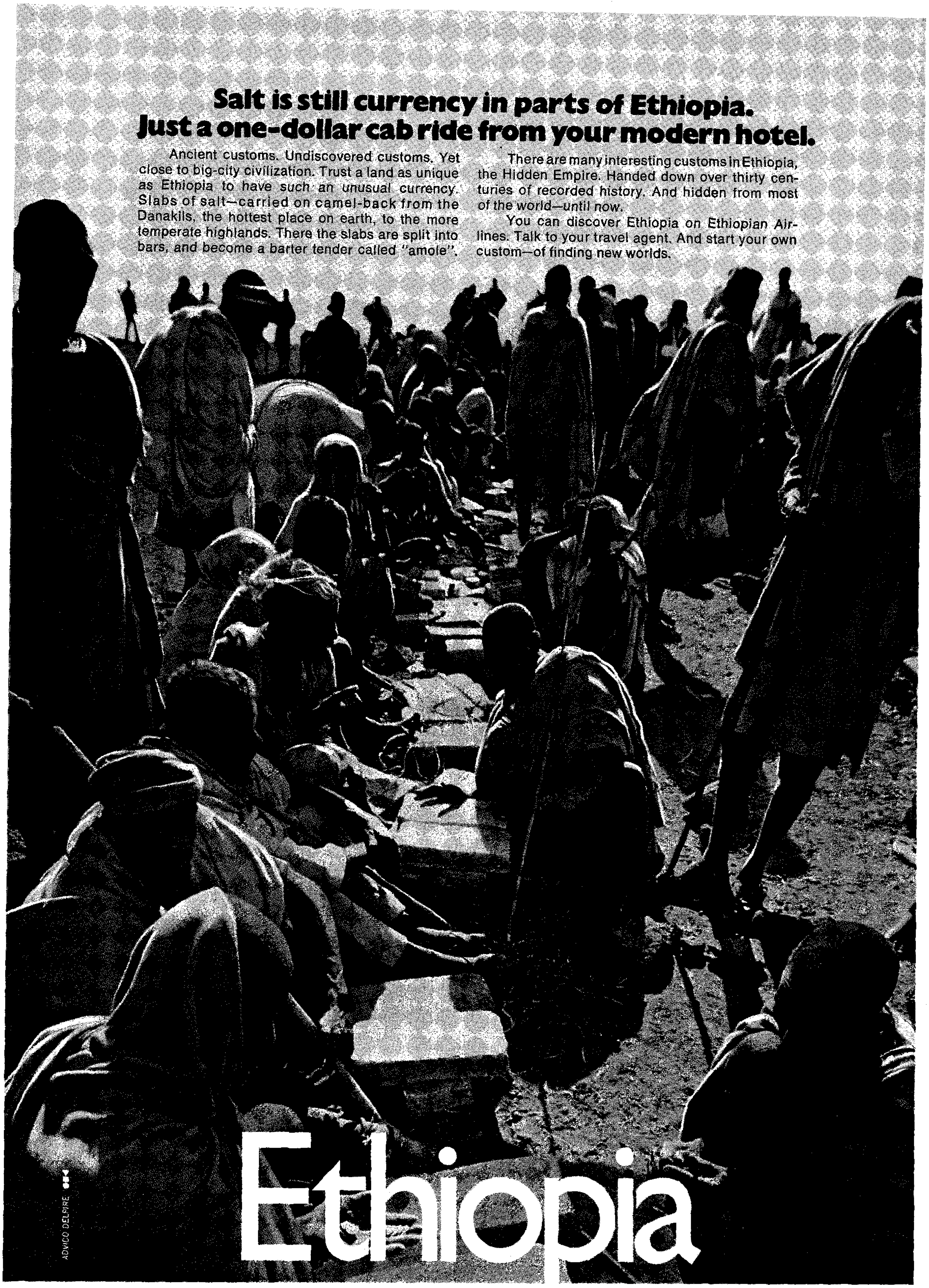

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ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

The Key to the Hidden Empire

C. Jersey and Barbara Connell. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 5:30: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967), directed by Arthur Penn, with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at noon: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 5:30: "A Time for Burning" (1966). . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 5:30: "The Hanging Tree" (1959), directed by Delmer Daves, with Gary Cooper and Maria Schell. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 8: "Parrish" (1961), directed by Delmer Daves, with Troy Donahue and Claudette Colbert. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Oct. 11: "Girl Crazy" (1932), directed by William A. Seiter, with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. . . . ¶ Oct. 12: "When Tomorrow Comes" (1939), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ Four programs in a series of films directed by Tay Garnett: Oct. 13: "Seven Sinners" (1940), with Marlene Dietrich and John Wayne. . . . Oct. 14: "Stand-In" (1937), with Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. . . . Oct. 17: "Love Is News" (1937), with Loretta Young and Tyrone Power. . . . Oct. 18: "Eternally Yours" (1939), with Loretta Young and David Niven. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Jacobs, Hanoun, Markopoulos, Jordan, Landow, Keaton, Menken, Mekas, Murnau, Méliès, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Oct. 14) at 10. No Mondays. On Friday, Oct. 12, at 6, a special screening of works by Christopher Young. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Oct. 10: Three films directed by John Ford. . . . ¶ Oct. 11-17: "Carriage Trade," directed by Warren Sonbert. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 18: "Howzer," directed by Ken Laurence. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:15, 8:30, and 9:45 on Tuesday evenings); on Oct. 10 at 11:30, 1:30, and 3:45. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

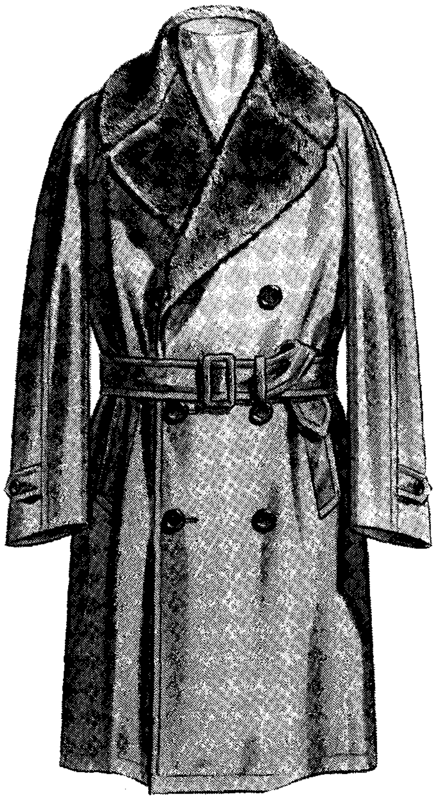
THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) for the final concert of the season on Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7:30, will be supplied by Howard McGhee's band (with Joe Carroll), the Jimmy Owens Quartet Plus 1, and Wild Bill Davis's quintet. (Slip 5, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

BUS TOURS—Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, the Culture Bus Loop is in operation from ten in the morning until six in the evening. Buses make twenty-two stops, serving virtually every museum and cultural institution of note in Manhattan, and ticket holders may get on or off at any point along the route. For information about tickets, and bus-stop locations, call 852-5000, Ext. 4060. . . . ¶ Sundays, at 12, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (where riders may also board at 12:50, 2:20, and 3:50), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555.

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 13: "Last Tango in Paris."
From Oct. 14: "Visions of Eight."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Oct. 13: "Only Angels Have Wings" and "Twentieth Century."
Oct. 14-16: "Delicious" and "Sunny Side Up."
From Oct. 17: "Cavalcade" and "The Scoundrel."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Oct. 16: "Frankenstein," "Dracula," and "Myra Breckinridge."
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 16: "Monsieur Verdoux" and "Genevieve."
From Oct. 17: "Fantasia."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"State of Siege."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Touch of Class."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 16: "Cops and Robbers."
From Oct. 17: "The Inheritor."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"American Graffiti."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Second Gun."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Day for Night."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Touch of Class."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"What?"

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Sisters."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Heavy Traffic."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Le Sex Shop."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Oct. 13: "Bang the Drum Slowly." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 10.)
From Oct. 14: "Mean Streets."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 13: "Visions of Eight."
From Oct. 14: "Bang the Drum Slowly."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Oct. 10: "Spitfire" and "Sylvia Scarlett."
Oct. 11-13: "Babes in Arms" and "Words and Music."
Oct. 14-17: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Easter Parade."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 16: "The Last American Hero."
From Oct. 17: "The Paper Chase."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Save the Children."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 16: "Cops and Robbers."
From Oct. 17: "The Inheritor."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Oct. 16: "Jeremy."
From Oct. 17: "The Way We Were."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 16: "Godspell."
From Oct. 17: "Blume in Love."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Spook Who Sat by the Door."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 16: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 16: "Electra Glide in Blue."
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Hit!"

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Enter the Dragon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Jesus Christ Superstar."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sisters."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Slams."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Le Sex Shop."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 16: "The Last of Sheila" and "Steelyard Blues."
From Oct. 17: "Cops and Robbers."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 16: "Money, Money, Money" and "Claire's Knee."
From Oct. 17: "Year of the Woman."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Electra Glide in Blue."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 16 at one or another of the theatres: "A Clockwork Orange"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Women in Revolt"/"Harold and Maude," "Putney Swope," and "Happy Birthday, Wanda June"/"Fritz the Cat" and "The Cheerleaders."
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 10: "The Sword of Doom."
Oct. 11-13: "Planet of the Apes" and "Escape from the Planet of the Apes."
Oct. 14-15: "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes" and "Battle for the Planet of the Apes."
Oct. 16: "Breathless" and "Alphaville."
Oct. 17: "Samurai Banners."
From Oct. 18: "Fellini Satyricon" and "The Clowns."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 16: "The Last of Sheila" and "Made for Each Other."
From Oct. 17: "Paper Moon" and "Play It Again, Sam."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 11: "Playtime" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From Oct. 12: "Camelot."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Romeo and Juliet."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ben-Gurion Remembers."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Sex Shop."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Grande Bouffe."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heavy Traffic."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 16: "Last Tango in Paris."
From Oct. 17: "Cops and Robbers."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 16 (tentative): "Grand Hotel" and "Dinner at Eight."
From Oct. 17 (tentative): "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Band Wagon."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Last of Sheila" and "The Thief Who Came to Dinner."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Oct. 16: "Enter the Dragon" and "The Omega Man."
From Oct. 17: "Hit!" and "Lady Sings the Blues."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Oct. 11: "Night Watch."
From Oct. 12: "Camelot."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 11: "The Lower Depths" and "Stray Dog."
Oct. 12-13: "The Sword of Doom" and "Sanjuro."
Oct. 14-15: "The Samurai Trilogy."
From Oct. 16: "Late Autumn."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 16: "Cabaret" and "Lady Sings the Blues."
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 16: "Love" and "The Ruling Class."
From Oct. 17: "Playtime" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Oct. 16: "Queen Boxer" and "Contract."
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 16: "The Last of Sheila" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From Oct. 17: "It Happened in Hollywood" and "Heat."

Note: A few specialist film houses—**THE THOUSAND EYES**, 425 W. 43rd. (541-5282): Postwar Westerns. Daily except Wednesdays starting at six, sometimes five. . . . **BIJOU THEATRE**, 209 W. 45th. (757-8455): Japanese films, with English subtitles. Daily. . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Fridays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 16.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing, because the figures aren't treated as creatures of easy nostalgia. (Sutton.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naïve and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," and "You Are My Lucky Star." (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 11-13.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men, Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Regency; starting Oct. 17, tentative.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris

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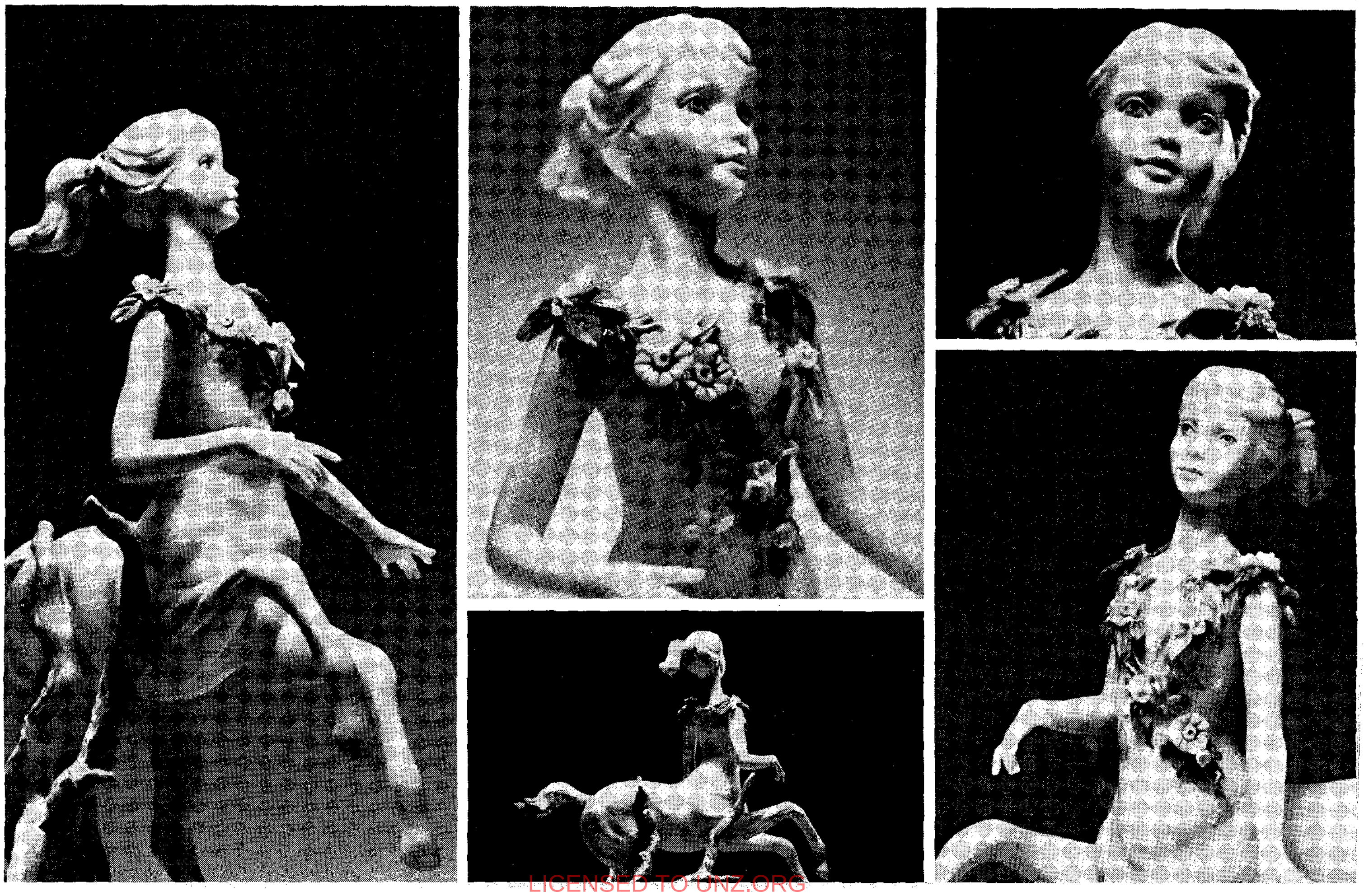

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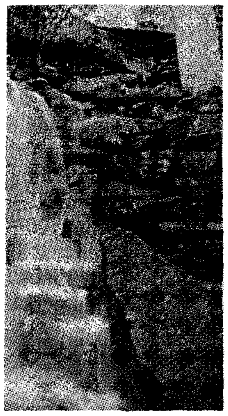
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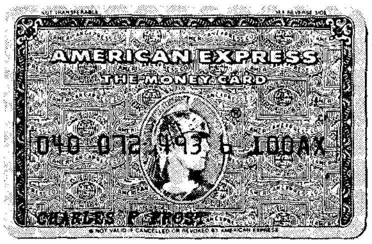
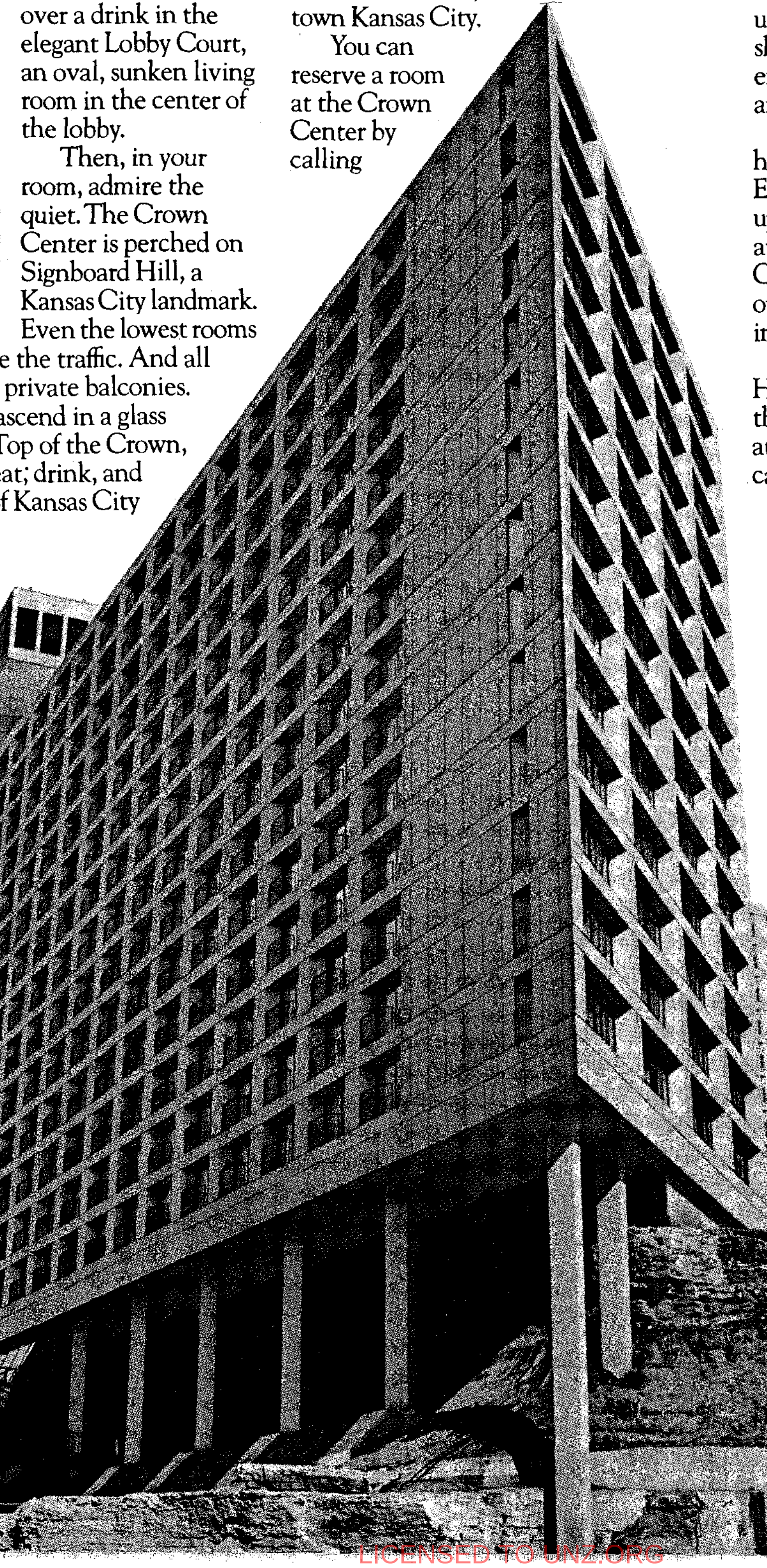


AMERICAN EXPRESS



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Cinema I; through Oct. 13. No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting Oct. 14.)

Battle for the Planet of the Apes—The fifth, and latest, in the "Ape" series. With Roddy McDowall, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Elgin; Oct. 14-15.)

Ben-Gurion Remembers—A documentary tracing the political career of David Ben-Gurion, directed by Simon Hesera (Festival.)

Blume in Love—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doge's Palace. Some dénouement. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky (of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve). (72nd Street East; starting Oct. 17.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 16.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Symphony; through Oct. 16.)

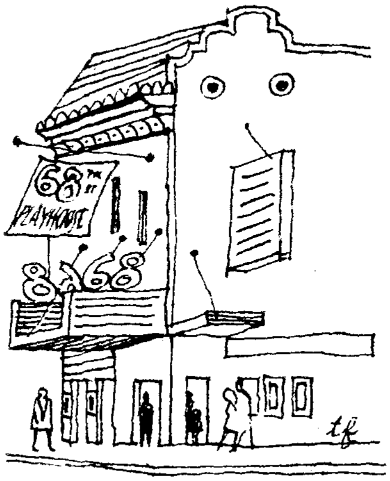
Camelot (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner-and-Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, Laurence Naismith as Merlyn, and Estelle Winwood and Lionel Jeffries. (Guild, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 12.)

Cavalcade (1933)—An orgy of British self-congratulation in the restrained, clipped style of Noël Coward, with the added know-how of an American producer (Winfield Sheehan, of Fox) and a Hollywood director (Frank Lloyd). Americans doted on this gilded tear-jerker that began with Clive Brook and his wife, Diana Wynyard, toasting the advent of the twentieth century, and followed the fortunes of their son (Frank Lawton) and their servants (Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor) up to the present—i.e., when the picture was made. The self-conscious good taste of it all creaks, but Noël Coward knows plenty of tricks, and the performers know how to get the most out of his lines. The cast includes Ursula Jeans, Billy Bevan, Beryl Mercer, and John Warburton and Margaret Lindsay honeymooning on the Titantic. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 17.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Gramercy, and Riverside. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Elgin; starting Oct. 18.)



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Conquest of the Planet of the Apes (1972)—The fourth and not the greatest of the "Ape" series, with Roddy McDowall, Don Murray, and Natalie Trundy, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Elgin; Oct. 14-15.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life as survived by middlingly well-off suburbanites with a lot of kids, a life of boozed barbecues and floating in pools the size of chicken-runs, and loud statements full of false bonhomie and unsteady syntax. (Eastside Cinema, and 68th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 17.)

Day for Night—With Jacqueline Bisset and Jean-Pierre Aumont, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Delicious (1931)—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a Fox musical with Ira and George Gershwin songs (not enough of them). David Butler directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 14-16.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Regency; through Oct. 16, tentative.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel, and it becomes too stagy. It was a huge popular success, however, and started a cycle. With Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 14-17.)

Electra Glide in Blue—One of those youth movies about Americana in which the sky looks turquoise blue, though this is not to deride the generally fine photography of Conrad Hall. Story of a motorcycle cop in the West who is clobbered by the corruption and newfangled times around him. Robert Blake plays a Vietnam veteran who is psychologically wobbly but who helps to clinch the movie's veracity. The old tale of the do-gooder lawman in a preening new guise. Directed by James William Guercio. (Greenwich. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Oct. 16.)

Enter the Dragon—With Bruce Lee and John Saxon, directed by Robert Clouse. (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Beacon; through Oct. 16.)

Escape from the Planet of the Apes (1971)—Through a bend in time, the intellectual chimpanzee couple we have come to know and love arrive on earth right now, the previous film in the series having flung us into the fourth millennium. Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter play the chimpanzees, who are immensely intelligent. English-speaking, fond, and seduced by lousy spangled clothes. Good script—funny, and seriously applied—by Paul Dehn. (Elgin; Oct. 11-13.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Cinema Village; starting Oct. 17.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Elgin; starting Oct. 18.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye as the monster's first victim. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

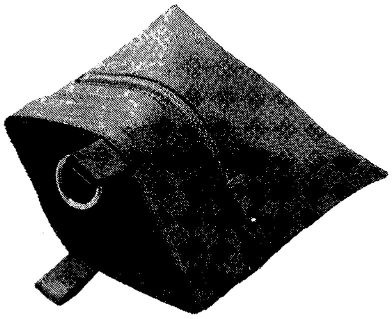
Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler—Ingrid Bergman, as a recluse art patron, and two coy runaway children who've hidden for a week in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Directed by Fielder Cook. (Music Hall.)

Genevieve (1954)—Funny English comedy, directed by Henry Cornelius, with Kenneth More as an amiable old-car nut who goes on the London-to-Brighton annual motor race for petrol-driven antiques. Good about English mews life, with an entrancing sequence when the beautiful late Kay Kendall plays the trumpet. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 16.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the rolling coarseness. Show-biz religiosity; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and

Soft utilities



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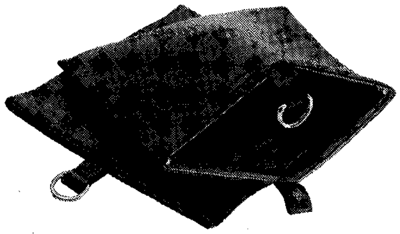

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lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (72nd Street East; through Oct. 16.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-face Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Regency; through Oct. 16, tentative.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June (1971)—Rod Steiger as a sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, attempt at a Shavian play of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a stylized tone that doesn't work. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Olympia; starting Oct. 17.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The sound track of the drawn sections of the semi-realistic film is an innovation, with dialogue spoken, muttered, and yelled by unseen people who are audibly in motion and acting whatever their cartoon selves are doing. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (East 59th Street II, and Paramount.)

Hit!—With Billy Dee Williams and Richard Pryor, directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Beacon; starting Oct. 17.)

The Inheritor—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Denner, directed by Philippe Labro. In French. (Eastside Cinema, and 68th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 17.)

Jeremy—Softhearted love film about two peculiarly old-seeming teen-age lovers played, very respectfully, by Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor. The film somehow submits to us a heavy feeling of love in a geriatric ward. Written and directed by Arthur Barron. (Loews Tower East; through Oct. 16.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—So-called, though Christ looks more like a blushing starlet. Mod and muscular version of Jesus' last seven days, directed by Norman Jewison, with doggerel words that would lower the tone of a subway. Ted Neeley is the blond superstar. Everyone between sixteen and sixteen and a quarter will no doubt respond to the general look of bemused and incommunicable messianism. (86th St. East.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (Symphony; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Beacon; starting Oct. 17.)

The Last American Hero—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't just about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (Columbia I; through Oct. 16.)

The Last of Sheila—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac played by James Coburn. His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably paradoxically accessible to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 23rd St. Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 16.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Art; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Oct. 16.)

Late Autumn (1960)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 16.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (Thalia; through Oct. 16.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese tenement in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The setting is a lodging house; the inhabitants, blown by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired Samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the great tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before they started shooting, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through Oct. 11.)

Made for Each Other (1971)—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Olympia; through Oct. 16.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I; starting Oct. 14.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 14-17.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye, as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 16.)

Myra Breckinridge (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation muddled, unlike the novel's. Hell-bent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the film-makers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

Night Watch—Elizabeth Taylor in a stereotyped thriller directed by Brian Hutton. The one about a rich woman who won't be believed, even by her best friend (Billie Whitelaw), in the middle of a nasty plot. Worth a miss. (Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 11.)

The Omega Man (1971)—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive, we wouldn't advise it. (Beacon; through Oct. 16.)

Only Angels Have Wings (1939)—Rubbish that wouldn't hurt a fly, and perfectly enjoyable, with Jean Arthur and some airmail pilots in a South American town. She falls in love with Cary Grant, who sends men up into the air in all conditions, and flies himself when the weather is really rotten. Gold-tinted kitsch. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 13.)

The Paper Chase—With Timothy Bottoms and Lindsay Wagner, directed by James Bridges. (Columbia I; starting Oct. 17.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 17.)

Planet of the Apes (1968)—The first of the series, and one of the best science-fiction fantasies to come out of Hollywood in a decade. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Elgin; Oct. 11-13.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 17.)

Playtime—Jacques Tati's film of 1968, made in 70 mm. and only just released in the United States for the first time publicly, in a 35-mm. version. "Playtime" is this brilliantly funny and painstaking director's most innovative film. M. Hulot is still here—high-strung trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody (and, of this film, perhaps the décor most of all). He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (Guild; through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Oct. 17.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Ziegfeld.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Thalia; through Oct. 16.)

Samurai Banners (1970)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 17.)

The Samurai Trilogy—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part I: "The Legend of Musashi" (1954); Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956); Part III: "Musachi and Kojiro" (1956). (New Yorker; Oct. 14-15.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 12-13.)

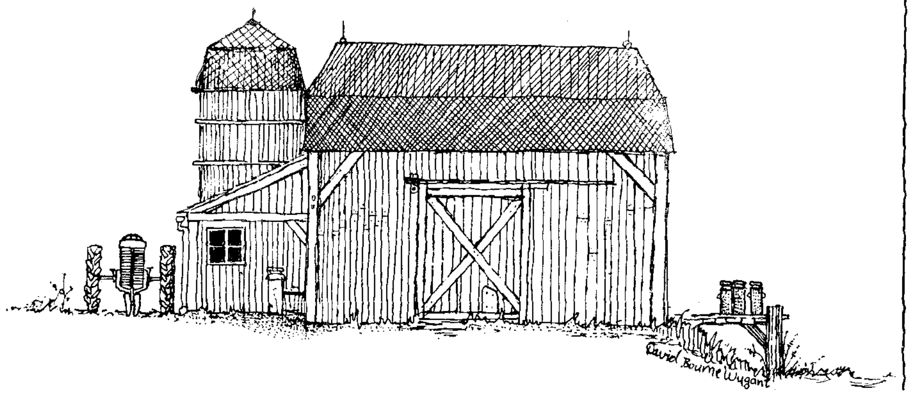
Save the Children—Filmed at the Black Exposition held in Chicago by Operation PUSH, with such singers as Marvin Gaye, the Jackson Five, the Staple Singers, the Temptations, and others. (Beekman.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cow-lidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it because of the principals' tacit determination to note that there is all the difference in the world between a wisecrack and a wise saying. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 17.)

The Second Gun—Theodore Charach's probe of the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy. Filmed by Gerard Alcan. (Trans-Lux East.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Ciné Malibu, Waverly, and Playboy.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and



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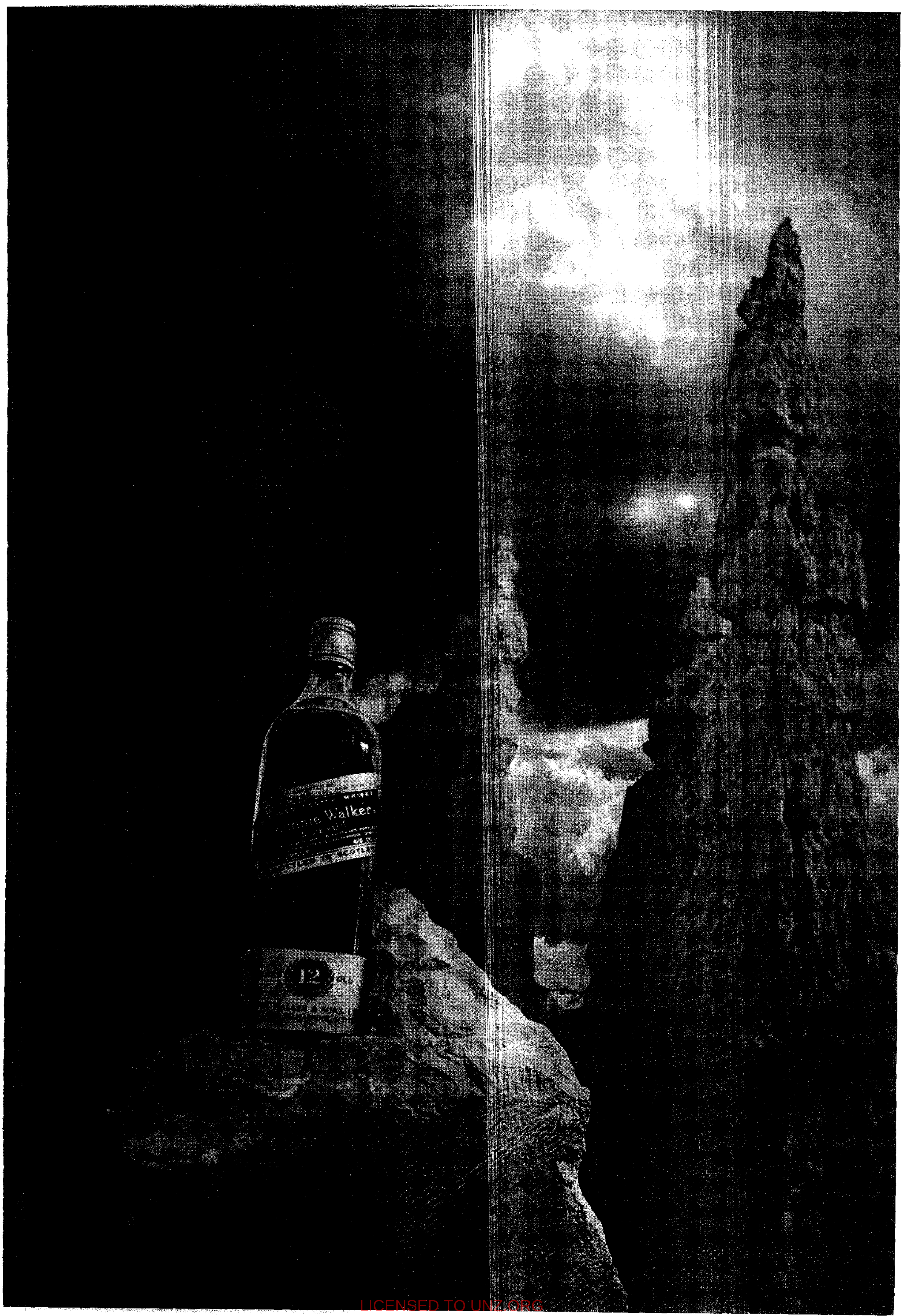
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Regency; starting Oct. 17, tentative.)

SISTERS—With Margot Kidder, directed by Brian De Palma. (East 50th Street I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THE SLAMS—With Jim Brown, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

THE SORROW AND THE PITY (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Plaza.)

SPITFIRE (1934)—Not Katharine Hepburn's finest hour. Directed by John Cromwell; with Robert Young (and was that a mistake!). (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 10.)

THE SPOOK WHO SAT BY THE DOOR—With Lawrence Cook and Paula Kelly, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2.)

STATE OF SIEGE—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Murray Hill.)

STEELYARD BLUES—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 16.)

STRAY DOG (1949)—A classic Kurosawa thriller, starring a youthful Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through Oct. 11.)

SUNNY SIDE UP (1929)—This very early musical was an enormous success, and you can still see why. Full of twinkles and dimples and adorableness though it is, it has extraordinary charm. The romantic leads are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell; the comics are Joe E. Brown and El Brendel. David Butler directed; a lovely score by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson includes "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," "(I'm a Dreamer) Aren't We All?," and, of course, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 14-16.)

THE SWORD OF DOOM (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 10. . . . ¶ New Yorker; Oct. 12-13.)

SYLVIA SCARLETT (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn as her con-man father and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 10.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Paris.)

TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Guild; through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Oct. 17.)

THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh, Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Embassy 72nd St.)

A TOUCH OF CLASS—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. The girl here is prototypical Woman as seen by the Male Chauvinist Pig—brainy, too alert, de-manning—and the man in the film is women's lib prototypical Man: expecting working women to do their jobs without talking about them and to get on with the cooking. Mild, muddled fun; interesting thesis material. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 13.)

VISIONS OF EIGHT—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (Cinema II; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Art; starting Oct. 14.)

THE WAY WE WERE—With Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford, directed by Sydney Pollack. (Loews Tower East; starting Oct. 17.)

WHAT?—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Roman Polanski. (Coronet.)

WOMEN IN REVOLT (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno-burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars." (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

WORDS AND MUSIC (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet that he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson, whose "Thou Swell" with the Blackburn Twins is a bright spot in her career. Norman Taurog directed. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 11-13.)

YEAR OF THE WOMAN—A documentary by Sandra Hochman. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Oct. 17.)

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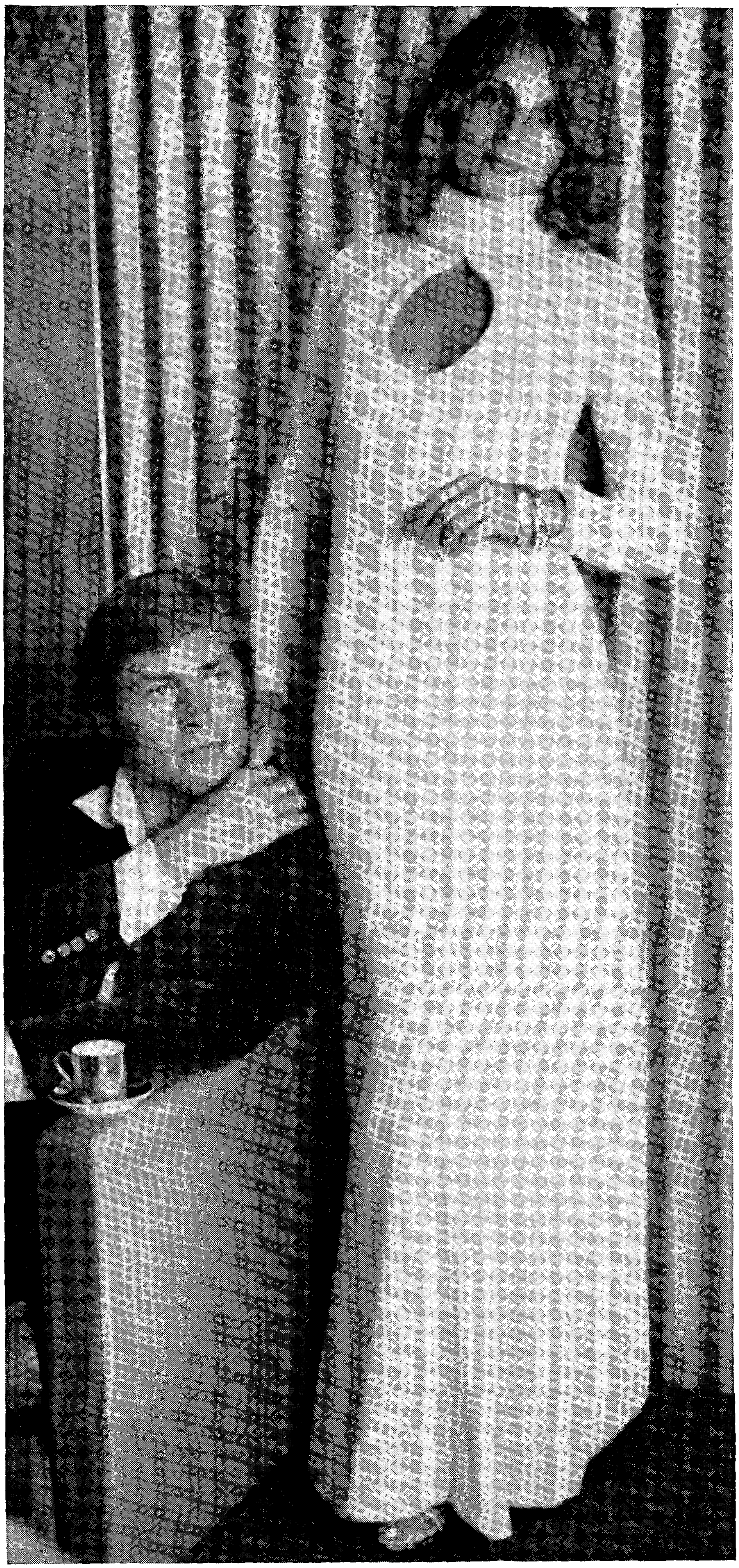

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF only it were a social law that ridiculous events were never dangerous, America would have nothing to fear from her government at the moment. For although the gravest events may be in the offing—although prominent observers have been saying for weeks that both the President and the Vice-President might well be forced to leave office within the next few months—the fact is that our affairs have an inconsequential, weightless feel that is hard to shake off. Perhaps the problem is that they fail to correspond to some fixed notions we have about what great events should be.

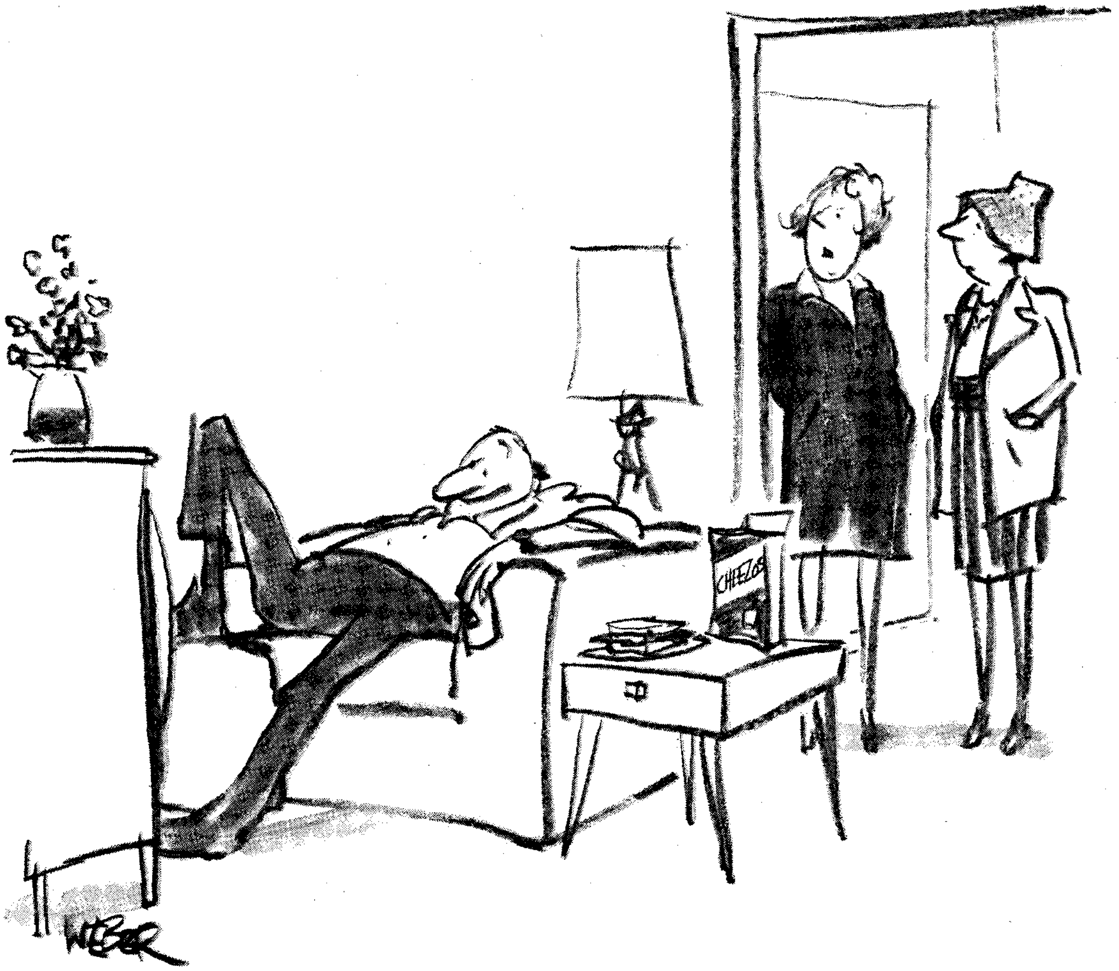
Great events, including great disasters, should be seen to affect the fate of millions, but when we watch the President and the Vice-President, the one running to the courts and attacking Congress, the other running to Congress and attacking the courts, we have the illusion that only the fates of the embattled men on our screen are involved, and a national crisis is reduced to the dimensions of a comic-strip drama. Great events should inspire great passions, and some commentators and officials have, in fact, made reference to a "nightmare of division" and "an orgy of recrimination," but actually nothing of the kind has occurred. The nation, as far as one can tell, has been attentive but calm—even placid. It judges the price of food to be more important than the crisis in Washington. One almost has the feeling that if the public were to decide that the President had to leave office, it would still find food prices more important. Whatever the meaning of such a mood may be, it doesn't look like the stuff of a national upheaval.

We are in the habit of thinking that great events take the form of great contests, but these great events have taken the form of a strange anti-contest, in which the contestants do not battle each other but, rather, enter the ring and start to beat themselves up. The way it looks from the outside, the winner must be the one who knocks himself out first. It is a contest of weakness, a contest of will-lessness. A year ago, the executive branch seemed to have gathered almost all governmental power into its own hands, and Congress seemed hardly able to give away its powers fast enough. No sooner had it handed over the last vestige of its war power than the House of Representatives was rushing across to the White House to hand over the spending power, in the form of a budget ceiling that would enable the President to cut any part of the budget he wanted to cut in the name of economy. At that point, Congress seemed a sure victor in the contest to defeat oneself. Then, this spring, the President began to give it serious competition. The White House began to tear itself to pieces. (This is the only sign so far of any "orgy of recrimination.") In a mere matter of months, it had all but knocked itself out. Not only had the men in the White House been up to their necks in indictable offenses but they had been getting the evidence in order for the prosecutors. Charles Colson had been writing up an incriminating memo listing all the other incriminating memos he could think of in the I.T.T. case. Howard Hunt and Gordon Liddy were making sure of getting photographs of themselves at the scene of their abortive burglary of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. John Ehrlichman was taping phone conversations that seemed to incriminate him as well as his colleagues. And President Nixon, leaving nothing to chance, was getting it *all* down on tape. Faced with this self-destructive display, Congress began to show some strength. It set up a select committee to investigate campaign abuses. But by the end of the summer it seemed to be back on its own self-destructive track. It decided that the hearings would be cut short. It approved one questionable executive appointment after the next. It maintained its near-perfect record of failing to override Presidential vetoes. But the White House, too, had unexpected reserves of weakness to draw on. The Vice-President came under suspicion of impeachable offenses. A rift opened between him and the President, and the executive branch of the government dissolved into a chaos of warring factions.

Finally, in great events we expect to find that everything is larger than life. But in this, too, the current events disappoint us. For the Watergate atmosphere is one that diminishes not only the nation's leaders and institutions but the nation's calamities as well.

Rarity

A REALLY good tenor, as Schuyler Chapin, the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, told us not long ago, is the rarest of beasts. His ringing top notes push the vocal cords to extreme limits. His middle voice must leap the chasm between chest and head registers with seamless agility. His low tones dip into baritone territory without a hint of growl. Small wonder, then, that many of our leading tenors are temperamental health nuts who live by choice in a self-sealing atmosphere of draftless rooms and uncritical admirers. Moreover, Italian tenors—a distinct subspecies—are generally presumed to be vain, self-centered, and rather dim in the upper regions. (A leading soprano offers the theory that the enormous amount of air that must be pumped into a tenor's head when he sings high notes doesn't leave much room for brains.) We've given you a



"Frank has heeded the President's plea and put Watergate behind him. Now it's the Jets."

• •

little background on the subject because we have just met a celebrated Italian tenor who doesn't fit any of these stereotypes. His name is Luciano Pavarotti, and during the last two years he has become the hottest property in opera. Mr. Pavarotti, a genial, bearded giant from Modena, displays many untenorlike qualities. He is shrewd about money (he invests it in real estate) and canny about the use of his voice. (He listens to critics whom he respects, and then makes up his own mind on musical matters, saying, "The people who have to sing is *me*.") He loves good food, open windows, practical jokes, and hikes through Central Park. He lives in the middle of a noisy crowd of friends and relatives who are proud of his talent but not particularly deferential to him offstage. He takes good care of his voice—a pure lyric tenor that evokes memories of Björling, Gigli, and the early Caruso—but he does not permit it to interfere with the rest of his life.

We learned that Mr. Pavarotti was returning to the Met in a new role—that of Nemorino, the credulous peasant hero of Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore"—and made arrangements to meet him at his suite in a Central Park South hotel a few days before his first performance. When he opened the door, we stepped back a pace and looked up, because Mr. Pavarotti completely filled the doorway. He is an overwhelming physical presence—standing six feet tall and weighing around two hundred and seventy pounds. His hair is black, his eyes are brown, and he has a neatly trimmed black beard that outlines the lower half of his face. ("Is very useful for dukes and poets," he says.) On this particular afternoon, he was wearing an open-necked mustard sports shirt, navy slacks, and black moccasins. As we followed him into the living room, we noticed that he moved with surprising grace. He handed us a Campari soda and asked us if we would mind waiting a few minutes while he repaired some damage in the kitchen. "I was in the shower, and I smelled something burning," he said. "Then I realized it was my wife's pork roast, so I ran from the shower, wet like a fish, but it was too late. Is burned very badly. I want to fix things before my wife gets back from the dentist. Brillo *è molto utile*." After five minutes, during which we heard sounds of vigorous scraping, Mr. Pavarotti reappeared, poured himself a drink, and sat down opposite us at a large oval table. "What do you want to know?" he said.

"Tell us about your home town," we replied.

"I am Emiliano," Mr. Pavarotti said. "That's a province in northern Italy where everybody is a little red. Many people there are Socialists or Communists, but they are *Italian* Socialists or Communists. Modena is a small city with some wealthy people—we have Ferrari, Maserati, Lamborghini, and factories for wool and shoes. Emiliani are open, friendly people, without calculation. We work hard, we argue a lot, and we like to eat and drink very well. When I began to sing, everybody wanted me to move to Milan, but I said no, I don't ever leave my city, my relatives, and my friends. If I do, it might change my personality. So I bought a three-family house at the edge of town, where I live with my wife, Adua; my three daughters, Lorenza, Christina, and Giuliana; my parents; and my wife's sister, who has four boys. I made the first payment on the house the day I was leaving for Australia to sing with Joan Sutherland. It was my first check, and I was so excited by the idea of having a bank account that I forgot to sign it."

"When did you discover that you had a voice?" we asked.

"I was a *superb* contralto when I was five, and I was born with perfect pitch—quite rare for singers," Mr. Pavarotti replied. "At fifteen my voice changed, and at seventeen I started to sing again—in church, in college, everywhere. It was a small voice at first, and the support was not very sure, but the quality was there."

Mr. Pavarotti told us that he had trained as a mathematics teacher in Modena ("That's where I met my wife") and worked for two years selling insurance before winning a singing contest in the nearby city of Reggio Emilia. "That gave me my opera début, as Rodolfo in 'Bohème,'" he said. "It's a role I love so much that I always insist on singing it first in any new house. After that, I got other engagements—Dublin, London, Australia, Milan—and in 1968 I came to the Metropolitan."

"But you didn't stay," we said.

"I got Hong Kong flu, but Mr. Bing insisted that I sing," Mr. Pavarotti said. "During the second 'Bohème,' I knew I was in trouble, so I stopped at the end of the second act and went home to Modena. I stayed silent for two and a half months, and when I started again my first performances were not so fabulous. Now I work every day with exercises and arias. And I do only lyric roles—'Bohème,' 'Rigoletto,' 'Puritani,' 'Favorita,' 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' 'Fille du Régiment'—that are comfortable for my voice. I am asked all the time to sing heavier parts—'Aida,' 'Carmen,' 'Tosca'—and I tell them maybe in a few years. At home, we say if you have ten dollars spend eight. Keep the rest for the future."

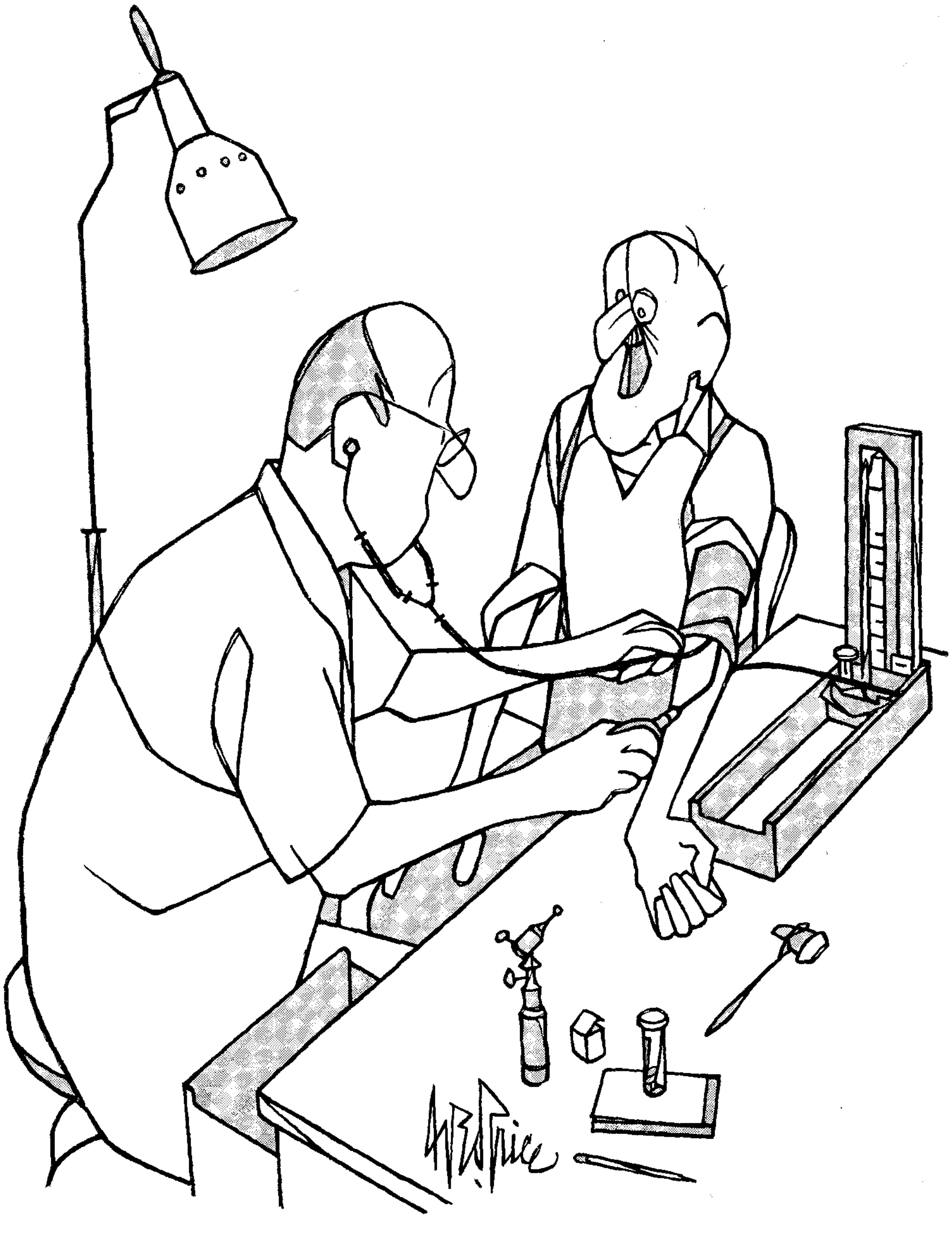
Mrs. Pavarotti, a petite, pretty brunette wearing navy slacks and a gray pullover, appeared in the doorway, holding a handkerchief to her cheek. "*Poveretta!*" said Mr. Pavarotti. He put an arm around his wife's shoulders and led her into the kitchen, explaining about the pork roast.

Preview

THE most venerable of New York museums, the Brooklyn Museum, now observing its sesquicentennial year, has set up an exhibition of Egyptian art that, we learned from no less an authority than Thomas P. F. Hoving, the director of the Metropolitan Museum, "seems to be the most important show of the season." Mr. Hoving and his wife, Nancy, were the first distinguished guests we encountered the other night at a black-tie preview of the Brooklyn's exhibition, and when we remarked that this was a generous tribute, coming from a competitor, Mr. Hoving reflected for a second. "All right," he said, in retreat. "Make it the fall season."

The show, which had lured the Hovings and perhaps a hundred other prominent people across the East River, is entitled "Art from the Age of the Sun King" and is limited to work produced during the short but apparently merry reign of Akhenaten and his consort, Nefertiti (whose name means "The Beautiful One Is Come"), which lasted from 1378 to 1362 B.C. The exhibition contains a hundred and seventy-five objects, selected from public and private collections all over the world. We weren't surprised to find that the Brooklyn, which has made extensive acquisitions in Egyptology, had contributed the largest number of pieces—forty-nine—but we were startled to learn that the second-largest donation, of twenty-one stone friezes depicting court scenes, came from a private Manhattan collection, that of Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Schimmel. (Mr. Schimmel is an industrialist, whose firm manufactures engraving machinery, and a contributor to a number of recent archeological expeditions.) We didn't meet either of the Schimmels at the preview, but we did shake hands with Dr. Jürgen Settgast, the chief Egyptologist of West Berlin's Staatlichen Museen ("Take a look at our head of Tiy, the mother of Akhenaten. I think it is the most beautiful piece in the show"); François Guillot de Rode, chief of the arts section of the French Cultural Services, who directed our attention to a fragment of a voluptuous statue of Nefertiti, from the Louvre; and W. E. H. Whyte, the director general of the British Information Services, who suggested that we keep an eye out for a polychrome glass flask, from the British Museum, that depicted "a very fishlike fish, extraordinarily contemporary in design."

These objects—and we promised to take note of them all—had been separately mounted in the Brooklyn's first-floor display area; the party to celebrate them began, however, in the third-floor gallery, within the museum's Egyptian wing, and there we found Duncan F. Cameron, the Brooklyn's director. He told us that the significance of this particular exhibition "in these revolutionary times" is that the Akhenaten reign, marked by the temporary overthrow of the Egyptian priesthood, was likewise a revolutionary



"Give it to me straight, Doc. How many more golden years would you say I have staring me in the face?"

period. One of the Schimmel reliefs, he pointed out, depicts Nefertiti sitting on Akhenaten's lap and kissing him, "which is revolutionary both artistically and politically—you don't see many rulers portrayed that way these days, either."

Mr. Cameron passed us on to Bernard V. Bothmer, the museum's curator of Egyptian and classical art, who told us that "Art from the Age of the Sun King" was the third major exhibition he had put on at the museum, and will probably be the last. "The first two were in 1960 and 1966, and, to be honest, I don't think I can last long enough for another," he explained. The planning, he said, had begun more than three years ago, when the dates for the opening were cleared with the Museums Council of New York City, and had extended to that very evening, when the museum had tried until the last minute to obtain special permission from the State Department for a representative of East Germany, which had contributed ten exhibits, to cross the East River and attend the preview. Pending their nation's formal admission to the United Nations, the delegates from East Germany had been restricted to Manhattan Island, he said, and the State Department had refused the museum's request.

Mr. Bothmer's account of the planning and negotiations that went into the exhibition continued during a buffet supper, to which we were then summoned, and concluded with a short but graceful address, in which he gave special recognition to, among others, Cyril Aldred, who is the Egyptologist of the Royal Scottish Museum, in Edinburgh, and the author of the exhibition's catalogue; Mrs. Elizabeth Riefstahl, associate curator emeritus at Brooklyn, who, at the age of eighty-four, edited the catalogue; and Bernard X. Wolff, the museum's designer of shows, "who has mounted the most beautiful exhibition I have ever seen."

"How about that!" said Mr. Wolff, having received a round of applause. "How many curators do you come across who acknowledge staff work?"

Another of our table companions at supper was Mrs. Sonia Wedge, a former newspaperwoman who is now a reference librarian at the New York Botanical Garden but was attending, she informed us proudly, as the mother of the compiler of the catalogue's bibliography—Eleanor Wedge, the Brooklyn's Egyptology librarian. "I think all parties should be held in museums," Mrs. Wedge murmured over beef Stroganoff. "What a wonderful opportunity to eat and drink in the midst of beauty!"

After dessert and coffee, we made our way downstairs to the exhibition area. We won't try to describe the exhibition itself—the catalogue, published by Viking Press, does that in two hundred and thirty-one illustrated pages—but we will say that it lived up to everything we had heard about it earlier in the evening.

Truffaut

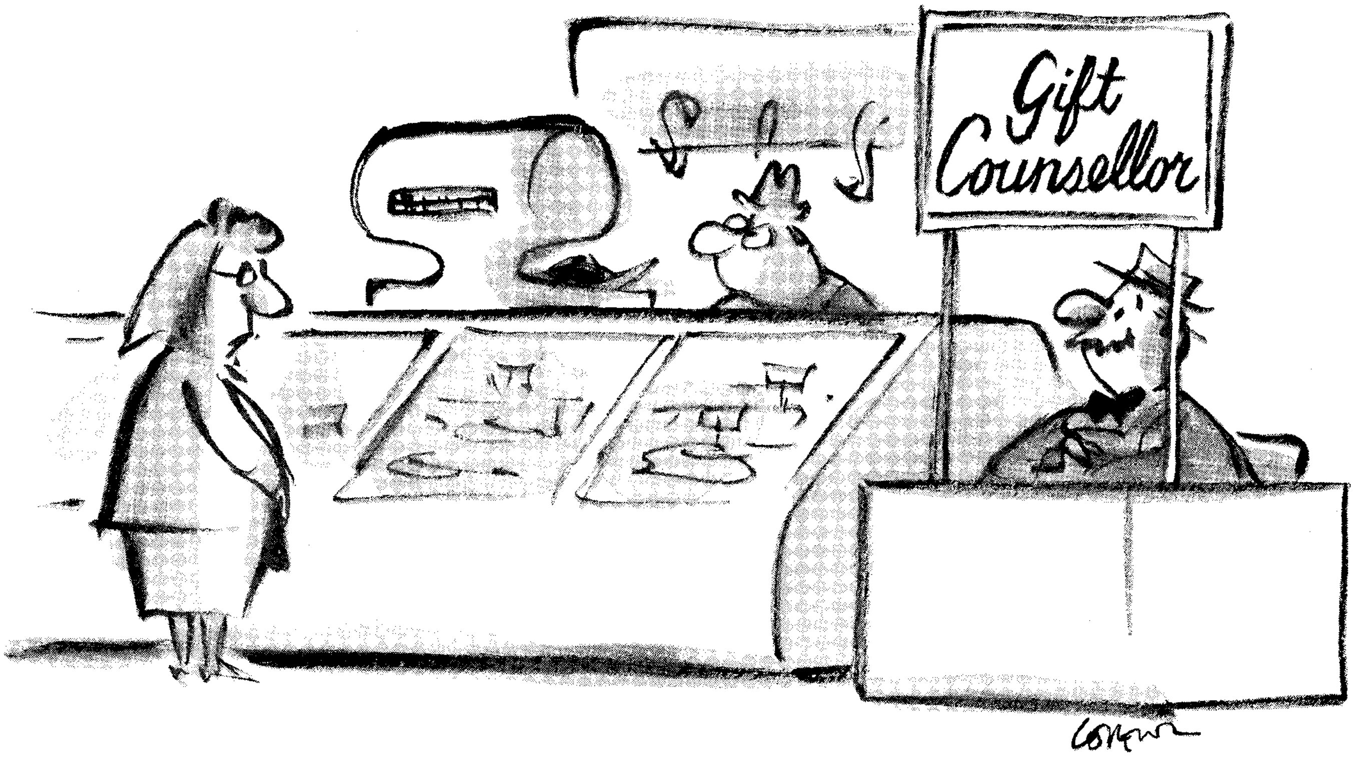
WE'RE speeding up the intervals between talks with François Truffaut. We saw him first in 1960, when he was twenty-eight and was being awarded all kinds of honors for his first feature film, "The 400 Blows." He had seen three thousand films by then. We saw him again when he was thirty-two, and had made three more feature films and seen seven hundred more. Then we had a talk with him when he was thirty-eight, with six more films made and eight hundred and fifty more seen. Last week, we had a talk with Truffaut at forty-one. He had seen four hundred more movies. He had made three more, the most recent of which, "Day for Night," is about people making a movie. In 1970, he had told us, "I would like to make a film about the making of a film. One film that is important for all filmmakers is Fellini's '8½.' There is great truth in it. But it deals with what happens *before* the shooting. What I have in mind is a film about the shooting. It would show a scene badly played, the rushes, the cutting—things like that." Well, Truffaut did exactly what he said he wanted to do. "Day for Night" was shown at the opening of the current New York Film Festival, and it got a great reception from critics, audience, and fellow-filmmakers. The actor-character in it played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who played the young hero of "The 400 Blows" and many other Truffaut films, seems to be forever going to see movies.

First, an up-to-date report on Truffaut himself: He is getting more and more lovable with age (by the time he's eighty he'll probably be a cross between Mr. Chips and Jean Gabin), and he is more and more in love with movies and moviemakers. He's gradually getting heavier around the midriff, but he still manages to look boyish. He says his hair gets grayer after each film he makes. He still smokes Celtique Caporals, though some of his friends have tried to convince him that smoking shortens one's life. His two daughters—Eva, now twelve, and Laura, fourteen—have turned into stunning young beauties, and he travels with color photographs of them that he took himself. He does not plan to make another film for about two years. Instead, he is going to work on some books: a collection of his early articles for *Arts*, *Les Cahiers du Cinéma*, and other publications; a day-to-day journal of the making of "Fahrenheit 451;" and perhaps the same for "Day for Night." He keeps getting invitations from colleges and universities to visit them—to talk or not to talk—but so far he has managed to stay away, except from Harvard. Their interest in movies is fine, he thinks, but intellectuality about movies without enthusiasm may not be such a good thing. (This opinion was given very deferentially and kindly.)

The big step forward in his life recently, Truffaut told us, was a concentrated attempt to learn to speak and to read English. He told us about it, with wry amusement, when we saw him at his suite at the Plaza, on the eve of the opening of the Film Festival. He spoke partly in English, and the rest of the time we made out with the help of a pretty young lady named Hilary James, who is the head of the magazine department of Warner Brothers, the company releasing "Day for Night" in this country. We will give you some of Truffaut's English phonetically, as we got it—along with some French—because it sounded very pleasant.

"Ze first English book I have read eez 'Mem*o* from Dav*id* O. Selz*neeck*,'" Truffaut told us. "Eet eez ay great book. *Extraordinaire!* I liked heez mem*o* about Ingrid Bergman wiz ze explana*tion* for why she had to change her name. He wrote in anozer mem*o* ze ver*ee* best name eez Ver-on-i-ca Lake, ze way eet sounds. Ze syll*a*bles. Ver-on-i-ca Lake. *Extraordinaire!*" That's the general idea.

Truffaut told us that he had spent six weeks in West Los Angeles last summer for the sole purpose of taking an intensive course in English at the Michel Thomas School of Languages. He lived in a small bungalow at the Hotel Bel-Air, he kept a red convertible parked out in front, and most of the time he led a monklike life: getting up early, driving to his lessons, spending five or six hours a day just with his teacher, Michel Thomas, having dinner alone in his bungalow while watching television or trying to read the Los Angeles *Times*. He had a little kitchen, with a refrigerator, in



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which he kept only mineral water. He would order his meals over the telephone. "Always ze same," Truffaut said. " 'Weel-you-have-my-break*fast*-brought-up-in-my-bungalow? I-would-like-black-coffee-and-some-toast-and-some-orange-juice-zat's-all.' And for ze deenair 'I-would-like-sirloin-steak-medium-rare-wiz-sal*ad*-romaine-wiz-vinaigrette-dressing-wiz-creamed-spin*ach*-wiz-black-coffee-and-one-yogurt-zat's-all.' "

We'll try to give you the rest of what he told us in straight translation. "I arrived in Los Angeles two days before the Watergate hearings started," Truffaut said. "And so I started learning English with the help of the hearings on television and with the reports in the newspapers. When I got up, because of the time difference, the hearings were already on television. The very first thing I did was turn on the television. While shaving, I would fix the mirror to reflect the television screen. Before I left the bungalow for my lesson, I would hear most of the morning session of the hearings. Then, with my teacher, I would read the newspaper reports about them. Just Michel Thomas and I alone, in his small office, with three goldfish in a bowl on his desk, and, on the walls, signed photographs of the movie stars he had taught French to—Grace Kelly, Gene Kelly, Barbra Streisand. Then we would go to a restaurant for lunch and, immediately, back to his office. For contraction of verbs—'would, would*ent*,' 'could, could*ent*.' " Truffaut gave a shrug. Then he said, in a kind of singsong, " 'I was*ent* going to tell you zat I was going to buy it for you, because I did*ent* want you to know.' " He paused and smiled, and then added, "I learned that sentence very well, but so far I have not been able to find an occasion to use it."

Truffaut told us that the Watergate hearings were much more fascinating to him than any film, and so much the stronger because there were no commercial interruptions during the showings. As soon as he got back to his Bel-Air bungalow, he would turn on his set again and watch the hearings over his dinner. "It seemed that John Dean was a much stronger character even than Humphrey Bogart," Truffaut said. "John Dean was Jean-Louis Trintignant. And John Dean's wife is Kim Novak—with a face that is rather animal and passive at the same time. The detective—the one who carried a coin changer on his belt, Ulasewicz—is Victor McLaglen. And Senator Ervin is Charles Laughton. What a big lesson for civilization, this democracy in action! I watched them all. Every morning and every night. It was amazing. I was impressed by the way their families clustered behind them. That is unimaginable in Europe. And the way John Dean's wife changed her dress every day. In Europe, it would never happen, to make public that they have money enough for that. Amazing! John Mitchell was so arrogant the first day. By the fourth day, he was putting his hand over his face, and my pity was going out to him. *Très arrogant.* But he was ready to crack. I can say very well now, 'To-ze-best-of-my-recollec*tion*-at-zis-point-in-time.' But I have no occasion to use that sentence, either."

"Did you do anything else in Hollywood?" we asked.

"Only, every few days I would drive out to see Jean Renoir, where he lives in Benedict Canyon," Truffaut said. "He is now busy dictating his memoirs. We would talk and talk about movies. About what this friend or that friend is making. How they are doing. I got to know him better in six weeks in Los Angeles than I had ever known him in France. He is so interested in what filmmakers are doing. I thought he was very content with the great films he had done, but he told me they were only a fourth or a fifth of what he would like to have done. He wanted to know all about Jeanne Moreau, because he would like to have shot a film with her. Also, we laughed a lot. About Hollywood parties, where you have to sit and eat with a plate on your knee. Renoir never eats from a plate on his knee. With Renoir, food is very important. With me, an hour later, I can't even remember what I ate."

"How did you like life in general in Hollywood?" we asked.

"I became attached to the style of it," Truffaut said. "It's the first time in my life I felt I'd like to live anywhere but in Paris. It's much more slowed down—you never see one car overtaking another—and the vegetation is so lush. Yet you get all the same efficiency you get in New York, the same services. Hollywood has a sort of colonial charm."

THE WOUND

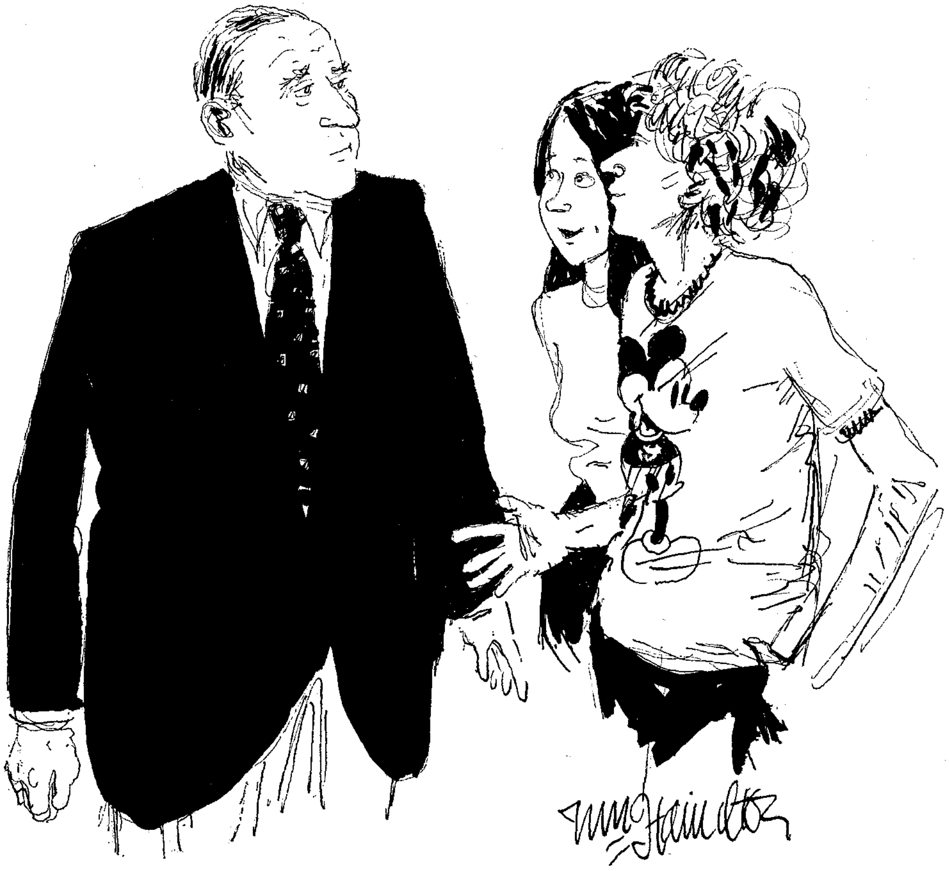
HE sits up again. He makes a wild grab for his mother's hair. The hair of his mother! But she neatly avoids him. The cook enters with the roast beef. The mother of the torero tastes the sauce, which is presented separately, in a silver dish. She makes a face. The torero, ignoring the roast beef, takes the silver dish from his mother and sips from it, meanwhile maintaining intense eye contact with his mistress. The torero's mistress hands the camera to the torero's mother and reaches for the silver dish. "What is all this nonsense with the dish?" asks the famous aficionado who is sitting by the bedside. The torero offers the aficionado a slice of beef, carved from the roast with a sword, of which there are perhaps a dozen on the bed. "These fellows with their swords, they think they're so fine," says one of the *imbéciles* to another, quietly. The second *imbécil* says, "We would all think ourselves fine if we could. But we can't. Something prevents us."

The torero looks with irritation in the direction of the *imbéciles*. His mistress takes the 8-mm. movie camera from his mother and begins to film something outside the window. The torero has been gored in the foot. He is, in addition, surrounded by *imbéciles*, *idiotas*, and *bobos*. He shifts uncomfortably in his bed. Several swords fall on the floor. A telegram is delivered. The mistress of the torero puts down the camera and removes her shirt. The mother of the torero looks angrily at the *imbéciles*. The famous aficionado reads the telegram aloud. The telegram suggests the torero is a clown and a *cucaracha* for allowing himself to be gored in the foot, thus both insulting the noble profession of which he is such a poor representative and irrevocably ruining the telegram sender's Sunday afternoon, and that, furthermore, the telegram sender is even now on his way to the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Anguish to pray *against* the torero, whose future, he cordially hopes, is a thing of the past. The torero's head flops forward into the cupped hands of an adjacent *bobo*.

The mother of the torero turns on the television set, where the goring of the foot of the torero is being shown first at normal speed, then in exquisite slow motion. The torero's head remains in the cupped hands of the *bobo*. "My foot!" he shouts. Someone turns off the television. The beautiful breasts of the torero's mistress are appreciated by the aficionado who is also an aficionado of breasts. The *imbéciles* and *idiotas* are afraid to look. So they do not. One *idiota* says to another *idiota*, "I would greatly like some of that roast beef." "But it has not been offered to us," his companion replies, "because we are so insignificant." "But no one else is eating it," the first says. "It simply sits there, on the plate." They regard the attractive roast of beef.

The torero's mother picks up the movie camera that his mistress has relinquished and begins filming the torero's foot, playing with the zoom lens. The torero, head still in the hands of the *bobo*, reaches into a drawer in the bedside table and removes from a box there a Cuban cigar of the first quality. Two *bobos* and an *imbécil* rush to light it for him, bumping into each other in the process. "Lysol," says the mother of the torero. "I forgot the application of the Lysol." She puts down the camera and looks around for the Lysol bottle. But the cook has taken it away. The mother of the torero leaves the room, in search of the Lysol bottle. He, the torero, lifts his head and follows her exit. More pain?

His mother reënters the room carrying a bottle of Lysol. The torero places his bandaged foot under a pillow, and both hands, fingers spread wide, on top of the pillow. His mother unscrews the top of the bottle of Lysol. The Bishop of Valencia enters with attendants. The Bishop is a heavy man with his head cocked permanently to the left—the result of years of hearing confessions in a confessional whose right-hand box was said to be inhabited by vipers. The torero's mistress hastily puts on her shirt. The *imbéciles* and *idiotas* retire into the walls. The Bishop extends his hand. The torero kisses the Bishop's ring. The famous aficionado does likewise. The Bishop asks if he may inspect the wound. The torero takes his foot out from under the pillow. The torero's mother unwraps the bandage. There is the foot, swollen almost twice normal size. In the center of the foot, the wound, surrounded by angry flesh. The Bishop shakes his head, closes his eyes, raises his head (on the diagonal), and murmurs a short prayer. Then he opens his eyes and looks about him for a chair. An *idiota* rushes forward with a chair. The Bishop seats himself by the bedside. The torero offers the Bishop some cold roast beef. The Bishop begins to talk about his psychoanalysis: "I am a different man now," the Bishop says. "Gloomier, duller, more fearful. In the name of the Holy Ghost, you would not believe what I see under the bed, in the middle of the night." The Bishop laughs heartily. The torero joins him. The torero's mistress is filming the Bishop. "I was happier with my whiskey," the Bishop



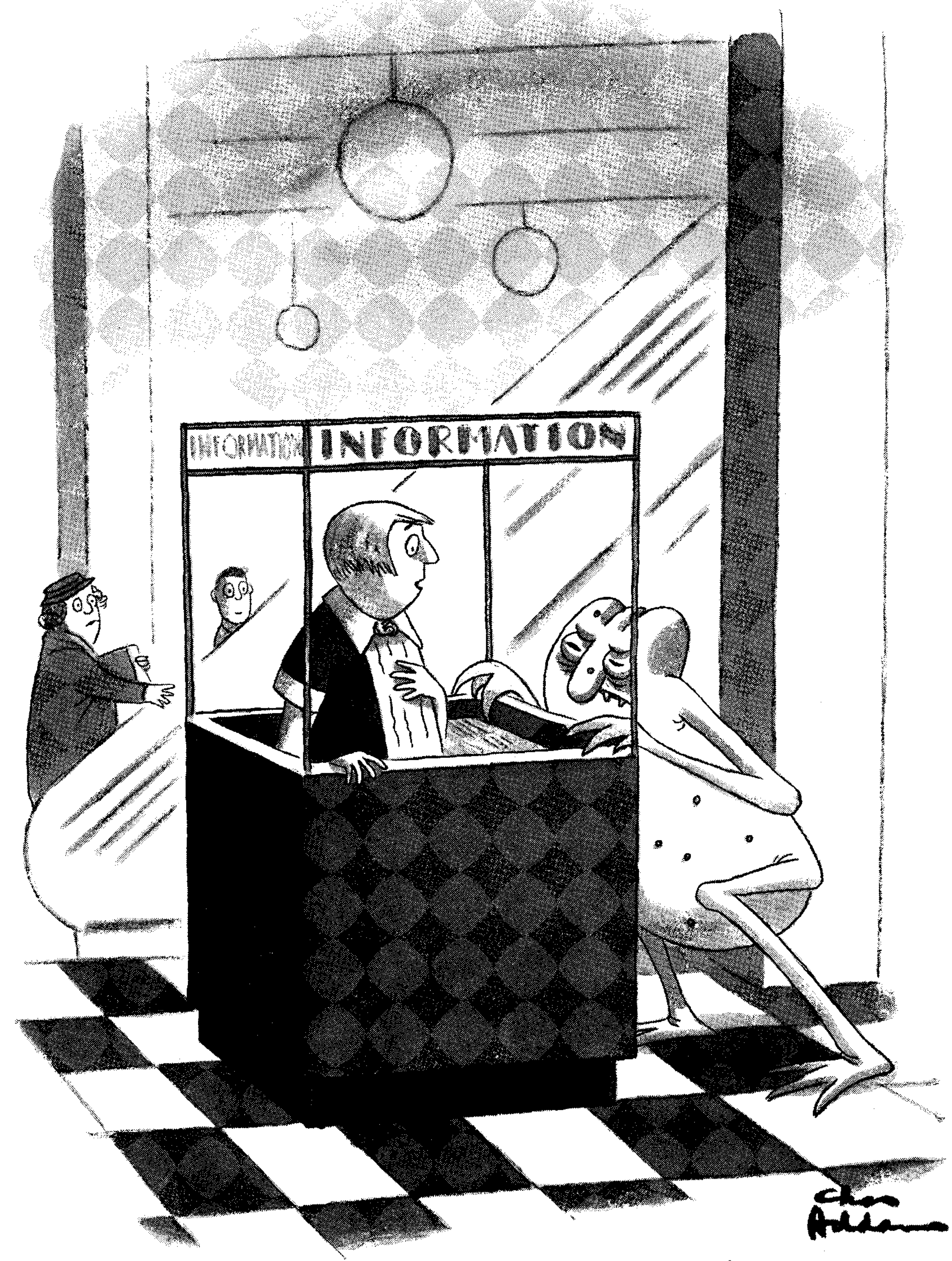
"Daddy, this is my man."

says, laughing even harder. The laughter of the Bishop threatens the chair he is sitting in. One *bobo* says to another *bobo*, "The privileged classes can afford psychoanalysis and whiskey. Whereas all we get is sermons and sour wine. This is manifestly unfair. I protest, silently." "It is because we are no good," the second *bobo* says. "It is because we are nothings."

The torero opens a bottle of Chivas Regal. He offers a shot to the Bishop, who graciously accepts, and then pours one for himself. The torero's mother edges toward the bottle of Chivas Regal. The torero's mistress films his mother's surreptitious approach. The Bishop and the torero discuss whiskey and psychoanalysis. The torero's mother has a hand on the neck of the bottle. The torero makes a sudden wild grab for her hair. The hair of his mother! He misses and she scuttles off into a corner of the room, clutching the bottle. The torero picks a killing sword, an *estoque*, from the half dozen still on the bed. The Queen of the Gypsies enters.

The Queen hurries to the torero, little tufts of dried grass falling from her robes as she crosses the room. "Unwrap the wound!" she cries. "The wound, the wound, the wound!" The torero recoils. The Bishop sits severely. His attendants stir and whisper. The torero's mother takes a swig from the Chivas Regal bottle. The famous aficionado crosses himself. The torero's mistress looks down through her half-open blouse at her breasts. The torero quickly reaches into the drawer of the bedside table and removes the cigar box. He removes from the cigar box the ears and tail of a bull he killed, with excellence and emotion, long ago. He spreads them out on the bedcovers, offering them to the Queen. The ears resemble bloody wallets, the tail the hair of some long-dead saint, robbed from a reliquary. "No," the Queen says. She grasps the torero's foot and begins to unwrap the bandages. The torero grimaces but submits. The Queen withdraws from her belt a sharp knife. The torero's mistress picks up a violin and begins to play an air by Valdéz. The Queen whacks off a huge portion of roast beef, which she stuffs into her mouth while bent over the wound—gazing deeply into it, savoring it. Everyone shrinks—the torero, his mother, his mistress, the Bishop, the aficionado, the *imbéciles*, *idiotas*, and *bobos*. An ecstasy of shrinking. The Queen says, "I want this wound. *This one*. It is mine. Come, pick him up." Everyone present takes a handful of the torero and lifts him high above their heads (he is screaming). But the doorway is suddenly blocked by the figure of an immense black bull. The bull begins to ring, like a telephone.

—Donald Barthelme



"Charm bracelets."

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There are many who take exception to that viewpoint and one is Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club, which is California's most powerful environmental group.

"We are in favor of zero population at the earliest feasible time," McCloskey said.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Another dreamer.

BOMBAY

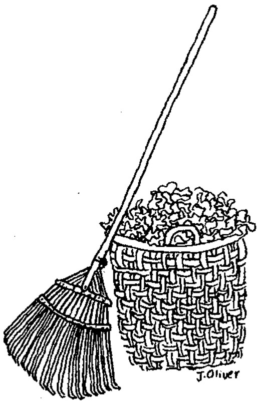
SOMETIMES the Uncle did not visit his niece for several days. He stayed in his bare, unventilated lodging and fed himself with food from the bazaar. Once, after such an absence, there was a new servant in the niece's house, who refused to let him in. "Not at home!" the servant said, viewing the Uncle with the utmost suspicion. And indeed who could blame him; certainly not the Uncle himself.

But Nargis, the niece, the mistress of the house, was annoyed—not with the servant but with her uncle. In any case, she was usually annoyed with him when he reappeared after one of his absences. It was resentment partly at his having stayed away, partly at his having reappeared.

"Look at you," she said. "Like a beggar. And I suppose you have been eating that dirty bazaar food again. Or no food at all."

She rang the bell and gave orders to a servant, who soon returned with refreshments. The Uncle enjoyed them; sometimes he did enjoy things in that house, though only if he and she were alone together.

That could never be for long. Khorshed, one of her unmarried sisters-in-law, was soon with them, greeting the Uncle with the formal courtesy—a stately inclination of the head—that she extended to everyone. Since he was family, she also smiled at him. She had yellow teeth and was yellow all over; her skin was like thin, old paper stretched over her bones. She sat in one of the winged armchairs by the window—her usual place, which enabled her to keep an eye on the road and anything that might be going on there. She entertained them with an account of a charity ball she had witnessed at the Taj Mahal Hotel the day before. Soon she was joined by her sister Pilla, who took the opposite armchair in order to see the other end of the road. They always shared a view between them in this way. They had done the same the day before at the Taj Mahal Hotel. They themselves had not bought tickets—it had not been one of their charities—but had taken up a vantage point on the velvet bench on the first landing of the double staircase. Khorshed had watched the people who had come up from the right-hand wing, and Pilla those from the left. Now they described who had been there, supplementing each other's account and sometimes arguing whether it had been Lady Ginwala who had worn a tussore silk or Mrs. Homy Jussawala. They quarrelled over it ever so gently.



Rusi came in much later. He had only just got up. He always got up very late; he couldn't sleep at night, and moved around the house and played his record-player at top volume. When he came in—in his brocade dressing gown and with his hair tousled—everyone in the room became alert and intense, though they tried to hide it. His two aunts bade him good morning in sweet fluting voices; his mother inquired after his breakfast. He ignored them all. He sank into a chair, scowling heavily and supporting his forehead on his hand, as if weighted down by thoughts too lofty for anyone there to understand.

"Look, look," said Pilla to create a diversion, "here she is again!"

"Where!" cried Khorshed, helping her sister.

"There. In *another* new sari. Walking like a princess—and they owe rent and bills everywhere."

"Just see—a new parasol, too, matching the sari."

Both shook their heads. The boy, Rusi, took his hand from his brow, and his scowling eyes swept around the room and rested on the Uncle. "Oh, back again," he said. "Thought we'd got rid of you." He gave one of his short, mad laughs.

"Yes," said the Uncle, "here you see me again. I had no food at home, so I came. Because of this," he said, patting his thin stomach.

"All dogs are like that," Rusi said. "Where there is food to be got, there they run. Have you heard of Pavlov? Of course not. You people are all so ignorant."

"Tell us, darling," said Nargis, his mother.

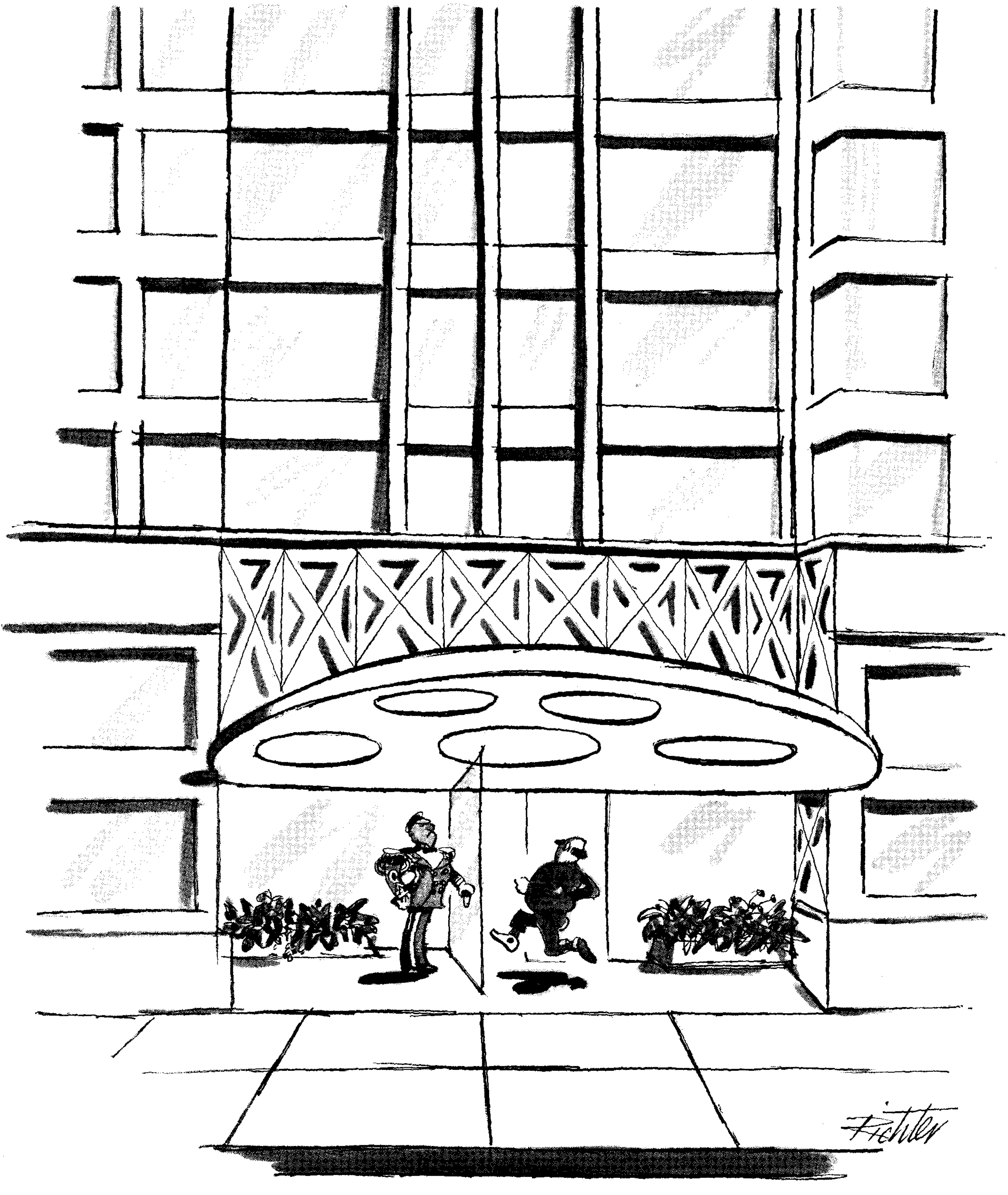
"Please teach us, Rusi darling," the aunts begged eagerly.

He relapsed into silence. He sat hunched in the chair and, drawing his feet out of his slippers, held them up one by one and studied them, wriggling the toes. He did this with great concentration, so that no one dared speak for fear of disturbing him.

The Uncle now forced himself to look at him. Every time he came here, it seemed to him that the boy had deteriorated further. Rusi had a shambling, flabby body, and though he was barely twenty his hair was beginning to fall out in handfuls. He was dreadful. The Uncle, instead of feeling sorry for this sick boy, hated him more than any other human being on earth. Rusi looked up. Their eyes met; the Uncle looked away. Rusi gave another of his laughs and said, "When Pavlov rang a bell, saliva came out of the dog's mouth." He tittered and pointed at the Uncle. "We don't even have to ring a bell! Khorshed, Pilla—look at him! Not even a bell!"

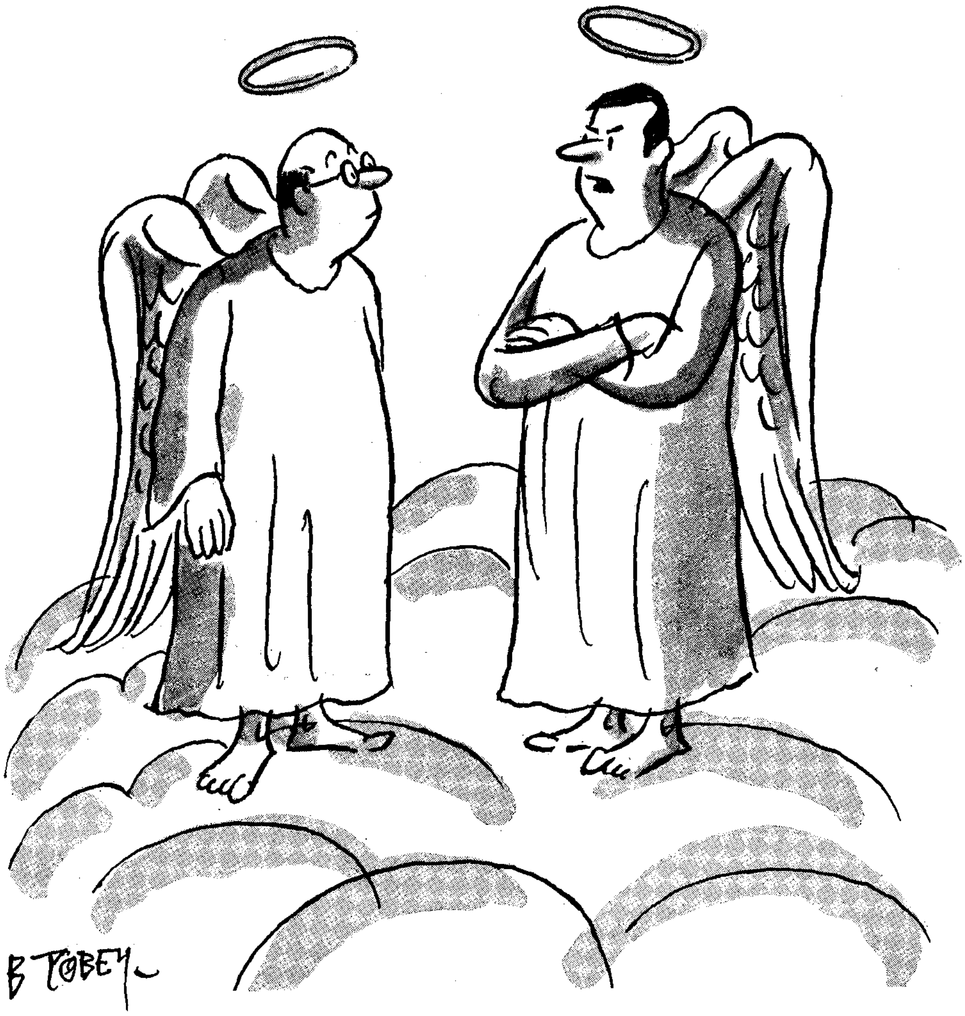
The women laughed with him, and so did the Uncle, though only after he had caught his niece's eye and had read the imploring look there. Then it was not so difficult for him to join in; in fact, he wanted to.

EVERYONE always thought of the Uncle as a bachelor, but he had once been married. His wife had been dull and of a faded color, and soon he sent her back to her parents and went to live with his brother and with Nargis, the brother's daughter. The brother's wife had also been dull and faded; she did not have to be sent away, but died, leaving the two brothers alone with the girl. These three had lived together very happily in a tiny house with a tiny garden that had three banana plants and a papaya tree in it. This was in an outlying suburb of Bombay, with a lot of respectable neighbors who did not quite know what to make of the household. It included an ancient woman servant, who was sometimes deaf, sometimes dumb, sometimes both. Whatever the truth of her disability, it prevented her from communicating with anyone outside the house and quite often with anyone in it. The two brothers didn't work much, though Nargis's father was a journalist and the Uncle a lawyer. They only went out to practice their respective professions when money ran very low. Then Nargis's father made the rounds of the newspaper offices, and the Uncle sat outside the courts to draw up documents and write legal letters. The rest of the time, they stayed at home and amused Nargis. They were both musical, and one sang while the other accompanied him on the harmonium. The whole household kept very odd hours, and sometimes when they got excited over their music they stayed up all night and slept through the day, keeping the shutters closed. Then the neighbors, wondering whether something untoward had happened, stood outside the little house and peered through the banana plants, until at last,



toward evening, the shutters would be thrown open and a brother would appear at each window, fresh and rested and smiling at the little crowd gathered outside.

Both were passionate readers of Persian poetry and Victorian poetry and prose. They taught Nargis everything they could, and since she was in any case not a keen scholar, there was no necessity to send her to school. Altogether, they kept her so much to themselves that no one realized she was growing up, till one day, there she was—a lush fruit, suddenly and perfectly ready. The two brothers carried on as if nothing had happened—singing, reading poetry, amusing her to the best of their ability. They bought her all sorts of nice clothes, too, and whatever jewelry they could afford, so that it became necessary for them to go out to work rather more frequently than in the past. Nargis's father began to accept commissions to write biographies of prominent members of their own Parsi community. He wrote these in an ornate, fulsome style, heaping all the ringing superlatives he had gathered from his Victorian readings onto these shrewd traders in slippers and round hats. In this way, he was commissioned to write a biography of the founder of the great commercial house of Paniwala & Sons. The present head of the house took a keen interest in the project and helped with researches into the family archives. Once, he got so excited over the discovery of a document



"What really hurts is that I only had six thousand miles on my steel-belted radials."

that he had himself driven to the little house in the suburb. That was how he first saw Nargis, and how he kept coming back again even after the biography had been printed and distributed.

Nargis had no objections to marrying him. He wasn't really old—in his late thirties—though he was already perfectly bald, with his head and face the same pale yellow color. His hands were pale, too, and plump like a woman's, with perfectly kept fingernails. He was a very kind man—very kind and gentle—with a soft voice and soft ways. He wanted to do everything for Nargis. She moved into the family mansion with him and his two sisters and with his servants and the treasures he had bought from antique dealers all over Europe. Positions were found in the house of Paniwala for Nargis's father and uncle, so that they no longer had to go out in order to work but only to collect their checks. Everyone should have been happy, and no one was. The little house in the suburb died the way a tree dies and all its leaves drop off and the birds fly away. It was the old woman who felt the blight first and had herself taken to hospital to die there. Next, Nargis's father lay down with an ailment that soon carried him off. Then the Uncle moved out of the house and into his quarters in the city.

NARGIS had once visited him there, to persuade him to come and live in the family mansion. He wouldn't hear of it. He also said, "Who asked *you to come here?*" He was quite angry. Her arrival had thrown the whole house—indeed, the whole neighborhood—into commotion. A crowd gathered around her large car parked outside, and some of the curious lay waiting on the stairs, and some children even opened the door of his room to peep in at the grand lady who had come. He bared his teeth at them and made bloodcurdling noises.

"Come," Nargis pleaded. She looked round the room, which was quite squalid, though it had a patterned marble floor and colored-glass panes set in a fan above the door. The house had once been a respectable merchant's dwelling, but now, like the whole neighborhood, it was fast turning into a slum.

"You needn't talk with anyone," she promised. "Only with me."

"And Khorshed?" he asked. "And Pilla?" He opened his mouth wide to laugh. He got great amusement out of the two sisters.

"Only with me."

He gave an imitation of Khorshed and Pilla looking out of the window. Then he laughed at his joke. He jumped up and cackled and hopped up and down on one foot with amusement.

"You haven't come for four days," she accused him, above this.

He pretended not to hear, and went on laughing and hopping.

"What's wrong? Why not?" she persisted. "Don't you *want* to see me?"

"How is Paniwala?"

"He says bring Uncle. Get the big room upstairs ready. Send a car for him."

"Oh, go away," he said, his laughter suddenly gone. "Leave me alone."

She wouldn't. Usually complaisant, even phlegmatic, she became quite obstinate. She sat on his rickety string bed and folded her hands in her lap. She said if he wasn't coming, then she was staying. She wouldn't move till he had promised that, even if he wouldn't go and live in the house, he would visit there every day. Then at last she consented to be led back to her car. He went in front, clearing a way for her by poking his stick at all the sightseers.

He kept his promise for a while and went to the house every day. But he was always glad to come back home again. He walked up and down in the bazaar, looking at the stalls and the people, and then he sat outside the sweetmeat seller's and had tea and milk sweets and read out of his little volume of Sufi poetry. Sometimes he was so stirred that he read out loud for the benefit of the other customers and passersby, even though they couldn't understand Persian:

> "When you lay me in my grave,
> don't say, 'Farewell, farewell.'
> For the grave is a screen hiding the
> cheers and welcome of the
> people of Paradise.
> Which seed was cast but did not
> sprout?
> And why should it be otherwise
> for the seed of man?
> Which bucket went down but
> came not up full of water?"

Then it seemed to him that everything had become suffused in purity and brightness—yes, even this bazaar where people haggled and made money and passed away their time in idle, worldly pursuits. He walked slowly home and up the wooden stairs, which were so dark (he often reproached the landlady) that one could fall and break one's neck. He went past the common lavatory and the door of the paralytic landlady, which was left open so that she could look out. He sat by the open window in his room, looking at the bright stars above and the bright street below, and couldn't sleep for hours because of feeling so good.

In the Paniwala house, it always seemed to be mealtime. A great deal of food was cooked. Paniwala himself could only eat very bland boiled food, on account of his weak digestion. Khorshed had a taste for Continental food masked in cheese sauces, while for Pilla a meal was not a meal if it was not rice with various curries of fish and meat and a great number of spicy side dishes. Servants passed around the table with dishes catering to all these various tastes. The sideboard that ran the length of the wall carried more dishes under silver covers, and there were pyramids of fruits, bought fresh every morning, that were so polished and immaculate that they appeared artificial. The meals lasted for hours. Plates kept getting changed and everyone chewed very slowly, and it got hotter and hotter, so that the Uncle, eating all he could, felt as if he were in a fever. The sisters talked endlessly, but their conversation seemed an activity indistinguishable from masticating. By the time the meal was over, the Uncle felt his mind and body bathed in perspiration, and in this state he had to retire with them into the drawing room, where sleep overtook everyone except Nargis and himself. The afternoon light that filtered through the slatted blinds made the room green and dim like an ocean bed; and uncle and niece sat staring at each other among the marble busts and potted plants, while the snores of the sleeping family lapped around them.

Once, as they sat like that, the Uncle saw tears oozing out of Nargis's eyes. It took him some time to realize they *were* tears—he stared at her as they dropped—and then he said in exasperation, "But what do you want?"

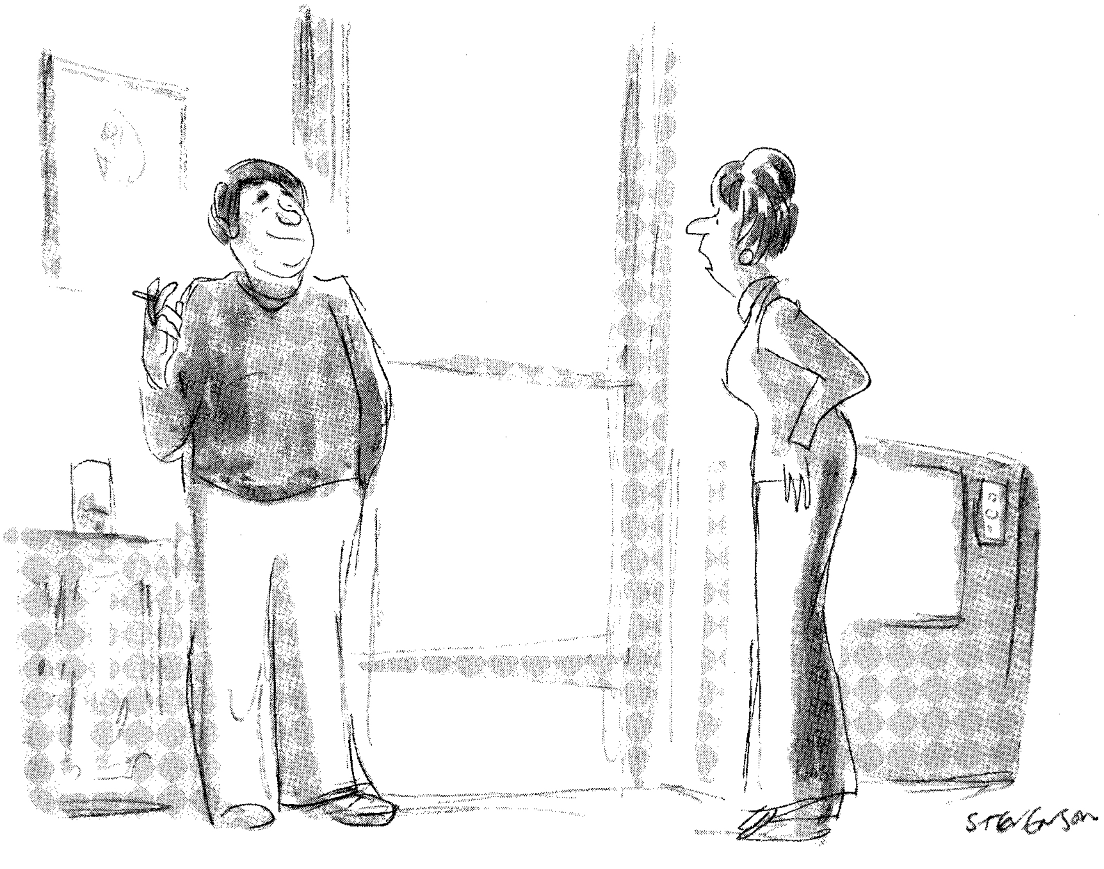
"Come and live here."

"No!" he cried like a drowning man.

ALL that had been a long time ago, before Rusi was born. After that event, although the Uncle continued to live in his slum house and the Paniwala family continued to eat their succession of meals, there was a change in both establishments. During one very heavy Bombay monsoon, an upper balcony of the Uncle's house collapsed and the whole tenement suffered a severe shock, so that the cracks on the staircase walls gaped wider and plaster fell in flakes from the ceilings. What remained of the colored windowpanes dropped out, and some were replaced with plain glass and some with cardboard and some were simply forgotten till more rain came. Also, in the same year as this heavy monsoon, the Uncle's skin began to discolor. This was not unexpected; leucoderma was a family disease and, indeed, very prevalent in the Parsi community. The Uncle first noticed the small telltale spot on his thumb. Of course, the affliction continued to spread and then the spots broke out all over him like mildew, so that within a few years he was completely discolored. It was neither a painful nor a dangerous disease, only disfiguring.

The change in the Paniwala family was both more positive and more far-reaching. Somehow, no one had expected any offspring, so that when Rusi nevertheless appeared, everyone was too excited to notice that his head was rather big or that it took him a long time to sit up. He was three before he could walk. "Let him take his time," they all said, and his slowness became a virtue, like the growth of a very special flower that one must wait upon to unfold. Only the Uncle did not much like to look at him. Rusi was always the center around which the rest of the family was, quite literally, grouped. With his big head shaking, he tottered around on the carpet making guttural sounds, while they formed a smiling circle around him, encouraging him, calling his name, reciting long-forgotten baby rhymes, holding out loving fingers for him to steady himself on. They nodded at each other, and their soft, yellow middle-aged faces beamed. And Nargis was one of them. The Uncle did not, as far as he could help it, look at the child; he looked at her. She had changed. Motherhood had ripened and extended her, and she was almost fat. But it suited her, and her eyes, which had once been tender and misty and shining as if through a veil, were now luminous with fulfillment. They never looked at the Uncle—only at her son.

The Uncle tried staying away. At first, he thought he liked it. He sat for hours outside the sweetmeat seller's and read and talked to everyone who had time. He also talked to the people who lived in the tenement with him—especially with the paralytic landlady. She had as much time as he did. She had spent over twenty years lying on her bed, looking out of the open door at



"Life to you, Harold, is just a sitcom."

the people going up and down on the stairs. Sometimes he went in and sat with her and listened to her reflections on the transient stream of humanity flowing past her door. She was a student of palmistry and astrology and was always keen to tell his fortune. She grasped his discolored hand and studied it very earnestly and ignored his jokes about how the only fortune still left to him was the further fading of his pigmentation. She traced the lines of his palm and said she still saw a lot of beautiful living left. Then he turned the joke and said, "What about you?" Quite seriously, she stretched out her palm and interpreted its lines, and they, too, it seemed, were as full of promise as a freshly sown field.

However long he stayed away now, Nargis never came to visit him or sent him any messages. If he wanted to see her, he had to present himself there. When he did, she rarely seemed pleased. His clothes were very shabby—he only possessed two shirts and two patched trousers, and never renewed them till they were past all wear—but whereas before Rusi's birth Nargis had taken his appearance entirely for granted, now she often asked him, "Why do you come like that? How do you think it looks?" He feigned surprise and looked down at himself with an innocent expression. She was not amused. Once, she even lost her temper and shouted at him that if he did not have enough money to buy clothes, then please take it from her; she said she would be glad to give it to him. Of course, he did have enough, as she knew; his checks came in regularly. Suddenly she became more angry and pulled out some rupee notes and flung them at his feet, and rushed out of the room. There was a moment's silence; everyone was surprised, for she was usually so calm. Then one of the sisters bent down to pick up the money, gently clicking her tongue as she did so.

"She is upset," she said.

"Yes, because of Rusi," said the other sister.

"He had a little tummy trouble last night."

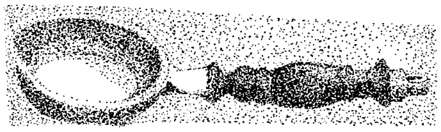
"Naturally, she is upset."

"Naturally."

"A mother . . ."

"Of course."

They went on like that, like a purling, soothing stream. They did this partly to cover up for Nargis, and partly for him, so that he might have time to collect himself. Although he sat quite still and with his gaze lowered to the carpet, he was trembling from head to foot. After a time, ignoring the sisters, he got up to leave. He walked very slowly down the stairs and was about to let himself out when Nargis called to him. He looked up. She was leaning over the curved bannister with Rusi, whom she was dancing up and down in her arms. "Ask Uncle to come up and play with us!" she told Rusi. "Say, 'Please, Uncle! Please, Uncle dear!' " For reply, Rusi opened his mouth wide and screamed. The Uncle did not look up again but continued his way toward the front door, which a servant was holding open for him. Nargis called down loudly, "Where are you going!"



At that, the child was beside himself. His face went purple and his mouth was stretched open as wide as it would go, but no screams came out. This made him more frantic, and he caught his fingers in his mother's hair, pulling it out of its pins, and then flailed his hands against her breasts. He was only three years old but as strong as a demon. She fell to the floor, with

SONG

Yesterday he could still look in my eyes, yet
today—his looks are bent aside. Yesterday
he sat here until the birds began, but
today—all those larks are ravens.

I am stupid; you are wise, alive,
while I am stunned and motionless. Arise,
lament of women in all times—
My love, what was it I did to you?

And tears are water, blood is
water. A woman always washes in blood and tears.
Love is a stepmother, and no mother.
Then expect no justice and mercy from her.

Ships carry away the ones we love.
Along the white road they are taken away.
And one cry stretches across the earth—
My love, what was it I did to you?

Yesterday he lay at my feet. He even
compared me to the Chinese Empire!
Suddenly he let his hands fall open,
and all my life fell out like a rusty kopeck.

A child-murderer, before some court
I stand; loathsome and timid I am.
And yet even in Hell I shall demand—
My love, what was it I did to you?

I ask this chair, I ask the bed, Why?
Why do I suffer and live in penury?
His kisses stopped. He wanted to break you,
To kiss another girl, is their reply.

He taught me to live in fire, he threw me there
and then abandoned me on steppes of ice.
I know, my dear, what you have done with me.
My love, what was it I did to you?

I know everything; don't argue with me.
I can see now I'm no longer a lover.
I understand wherever love has power
Death approaches soon, like a gardener.

It is almost like shaking a tree; in time
some ripe apple must come falling down. So
for everything, for everything forgive me,
my love, whatever it was I did to you!

—MARINA TSVETAYEVA

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Elaine Feinstein.*)

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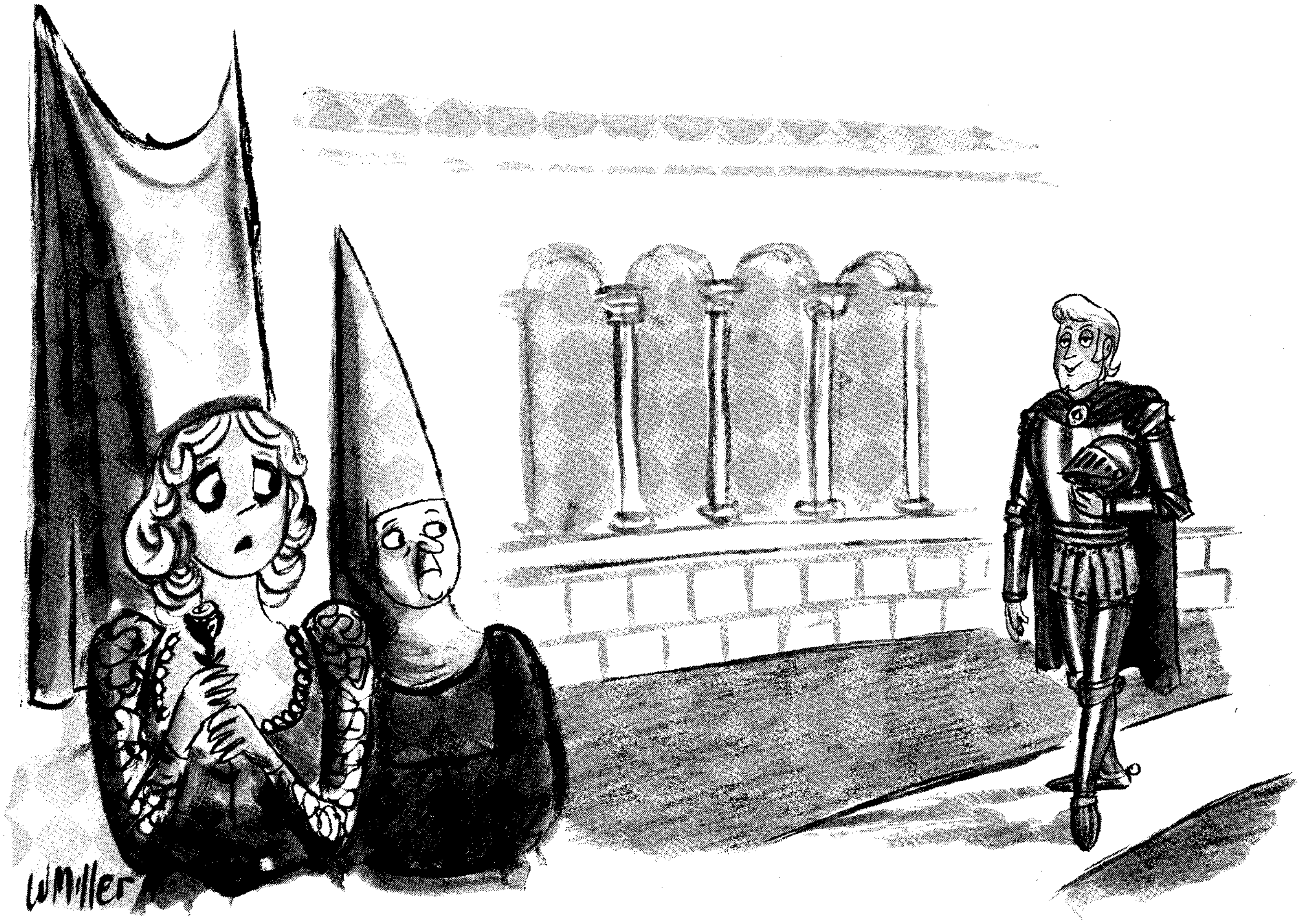

“I suppose he is charming, but why doesn’t he oil his damn joints once in a while?”

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him on top of her. The Uncle ran up the stairs as fast as he could. He tried to help her up, tugging at her from under the child, who now began to flail his fists at the Uncle.

“Yes, yes, I’m all right,” Nargis said, to reassure them both. She managed to sit up; her hair was about her shoulders and there were scratches on her face. “Where are you going?” she asked the Uncle.

“I’m not going,” he said. “I’m here. Can’t you see?” He shouted, “I’m here! Here!” very loudly, in order to make himself heard above the child’s screams.

As Rusi grew up, it was decided that he was too brilliant. He did too much thinking. His mother and aunts were disturbed to see him sitting scowling and hunched in an armchair, sunk in deep processes of thought. Occasionally, he would emerge with some fragment dredged up from that profundity. “There will be a series of natural disasters due to the explosion of hitherto undiscovered minerals from under the earth’s surface,” he might say. He would fix his aunts with his brooding eyes and say, “You look out.” Then they became very disturbed—not because of his prophecy but because they feared the damage so much mental activity might do his brain. They would try and bring him some distraction—share some exciting piece of news with him regarding a wedding or a tea party, or feed him some sweet thing that he liked. Sometimes he accepted their offering graciously, sometimes not. He was unpredictable, though very passionate in his likes and dislikes.

The person to whom Rusi took the deepest dislike was the Uncle. He baited him mercilessly and had all sorts of unpleasant names for him. The one he used most frequently was the Leper, on account of the Uncle’s skin disease. Sometimes he said he could not bear to be in the house with him and that either the Uncle or he himself must leave. Then the Uncle would leave. Next time he came, Rusi might be quite friendly to him—it was impossible to tell. The Uncle tried not to mind either way, and the rest of the family did all they could to make it up to him. At least Paniwala and his sisters did; Nargis was more unpredictable. Sometimes, when Rusi had been very harsh, she would follow the Uncle to the door and be very nice to him, but other times she would encourage Rusi and clap her hands and laugh loudly in applause and then jeer when the Uncle got up to go away. On such occasions, the Uncle did not take the train or bus but walked all the way home through the city in the hope of tiring himself out. He never did, though, but lay awake half the night, saying to himself over and over, “Now enough, now enough.” Then he thought of the landlady downstairs eagerly reading in his palm that great things were still in store for him. It made him laugh, for he was in his seventies now.

Rusi ordered a lot of books, though he did not do much reading. His aunts said he didn’t have to, because he had it all in his head already. For the same reason, there was not much point in his going to school; he only quarrelled with the teachers, who were very ignorant and not at all up to his standards. In all the schools he tried, everyone eventually agreed that it would be better for him to leave. Then came a succession of private tutors, but here, too, there was the same trouble—there was just no one who knew as much as he did. Those who did not leave quite soon of their own accord had to be told

to go, because their inferior qualities made him take such a dislike to them. Once, he got so angry with one of them that he stabbed him with a penknife. Although everyone was disturbed by this incident, still no one said anything beyond what they always said: the boy was too highly strung. It came, his aunts explained, from having too active a mind. They recommended more protein in his diet and some supplementary vitamin pills. Nargis listened to them eagerly and went out to buy the pills. The three women tried to coax him to take them, but he laughed in derision and told them how he had a method, evolved by himself, of storing extra energy in his body through his own mineral deposits. He had plans to patent this method and expected to make a large fortune out of it. The aunts shook their heads behind his back and tapped their foreheads to indicate that he had too much brilliance for his own good. When he looked at them, they changed their expression, to appear as interested and intelligent as possible. He said that they were a couple of foolish old women who understood nothing, so what was the use of talking to them; the only person in the house who might understand something of what he was saying was his father, who was going to put up the money for the project.

His father was not seen very much in the house nowadays. It seemed he was very busy in the office and spent almost all his time there. Weeks passed when the Uncle did not meet him at all. When he did, he found him more gentle than ever, but there was something furtive about him now and he did not like to meet anyone's eye. If he was present while Rusi was baiting the Uncle, he tried to remonstrate. He said, "Rusi, Rusi," but so softly that his son probably failed to hear him. After a while, he would get up and quietly leave the room and not come back. Once, though, when this happened, the Uncle found him waiting for him downstairs by the door. "One moment," Paniwala said and drew him into his study; he pressed the Uncle's hand as he did so. The Uncle wondered what he was going to say, and he waited and Paniwala also waited. A gold clock could be heard ticking in a very refined way.

When Paniwala at last did speak, it was on an unexpected subject. He informed the Uncle that the oil painting on the wall above his desk—it was of the Paniwala ancestor who had founded their fortune—was not done from life but had been copied from a photograph. Even the photograph was the only one of him known to be in existence; he had not been a man who could be induced to pose very often in a photographer's studio.

"He came to Bombay from a village near Surat," Paniwala said. "To the end of his days, what he relished most was the simple village food of chapati and pickle. He built this house with many bathrooms, but still he liked to take his bath in a bucket out in the garden, thereby also watering the plants."

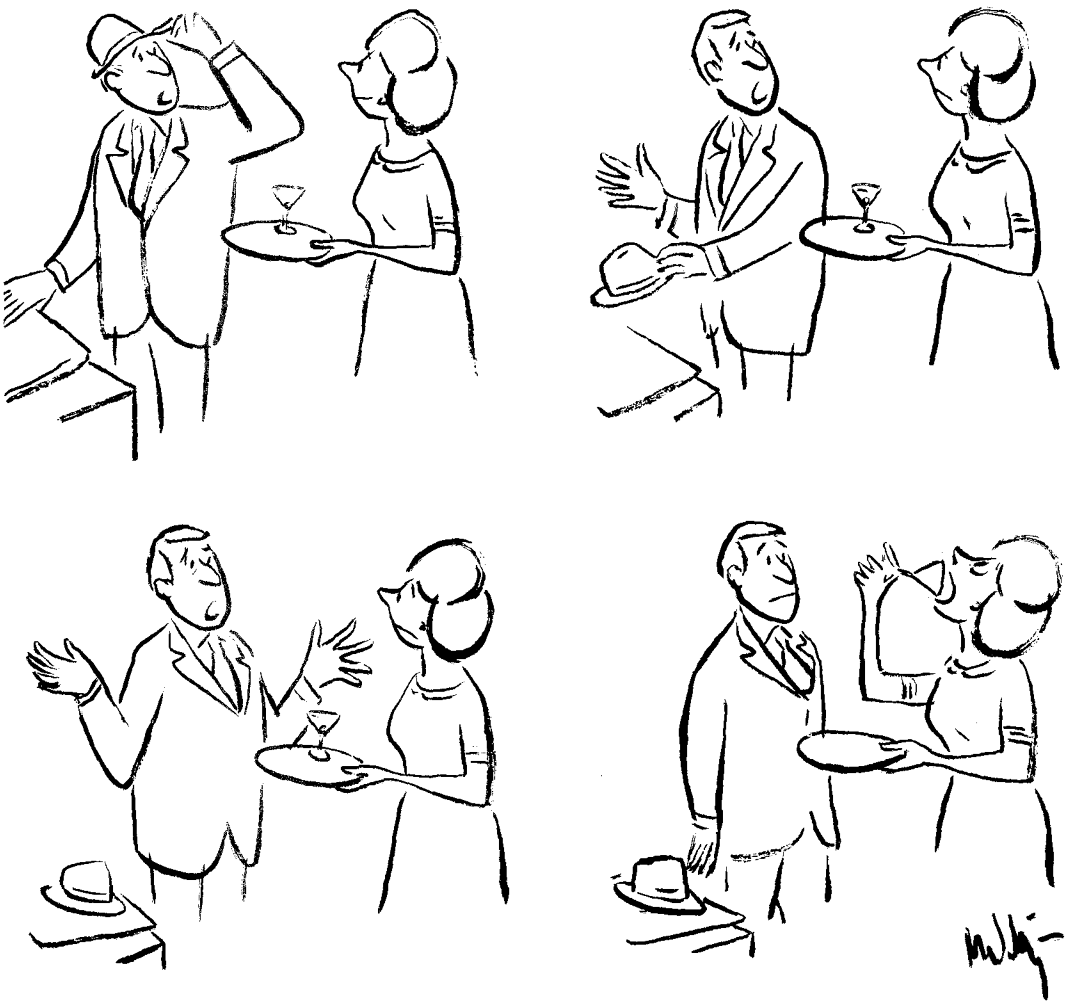
Paniwala chuckled, and both of them looked up at the portrait, which showed a shrivelled face with a big bony Parsi nose sticking out of it. Paniwala also had a big nose, but his was not bony; it was soft and fleshy. Altogether, he looked very different from his ancestor, being very much softer and gentler in the contours of his face and in expression.

"He was a very strict man," Paniwala said. "With himself and also with others. Everyone had to work hard, no slacking allowed. My grandfather also got this discipline from him. Yes, in those days they were different men—a different breed of men." He passed his hands over his totally bald head. When he spoke again, it was to say, "Your expenses must have gone up; money is not what it was. I wonder if your check . . . You'll excuse me." He lowered his eyes.

The Uncle waved his hand in a gesture that could mean anything.

"You'll allow me," said Paniwala, terribly ashamed. "From the first of next month. Thank you. The little house where he was born, near Surat, is still there. It is so small you would not believe that the whole family lived there. There were nine children, and all grew up healthy and well. Later, he brought his brothers and brothers-in-law to Bombay, and everyone did well and they, too, had large families . . . You are going? No, you must take one of the cars—what are they all standing there for? Allow me." But the Uncle wanted to walk, so Paniwala escorted him to the door. He told him how his grandfather had always insisted on walking to the warehouse, even when he was very old and quite unsteady, so that the family had made arrangements for a carriage and an attendant to follow him secretly.

The two sisters also often spoke about their family—not about past generations but about the present one. They were always visiting relatives, many of whom were bedridden, and then they would come home and discuss the case. Sometimes they predicted an early end, but this rarely came to pass. The family tended to be very long-lived, and though crippled by a variety of diseases, the invalids lingered on for years and years. They stayed in their mahogany bedsteads and were fed and washed by servants. There was also an imbecile called Poor Falli, who had lived in the same Edwardian house for over fifty years, though confined to one room with bars on the windows; he was not dangerous, but his personal habits made it difficult for other people. The two sisters spoke about all these family matters quite openly now before the Uncle. It had not always been so. True, they had always been scrupulously polite to him—ignoring his shabby clothes, calling him by his first name, never omitting a greeting to him on entering or leaving a room—but he had remained an outsider. Nor had they forgotten the difference between his family and theirs. But as the years passed they regarded him more and more as one of themselves. This happened not all at once but gradually, and only after Rusi's birth—an event, in the eyes of the sisters, that had final-



ly drawn the two families together and made them as one.

THE Uncle fell ill with fever. He lay in his room, tossing on his string bed, which had no sheets but only a cotton mat and a little pillow hard as a stone. Neighbors came in and, because he was shivering so much, covered him with a blanket and tried to make him drink milk and soup. He let them do whatever was necessary. His body felt as if it were being broken up bone by bone by someone wielding a stone hammer. He wondered whether he was going to die now. All the time, he was smiling—not outwardly, for he groaned and cried out so much that the neighbors were very worried and sent messages to the Paniwala house, but inside himself. Sometimes he thought he was at the sweetmeat seller's, sometimes he saw himself back in the little house in the suburb with his brother and the old woman and Nargis ripening like a fruit in sunshine. It didn't matter in which of these places he fancied himself, for they were both wonderful, a foretaste of Paradise. He thought if he were really going to die now, he would never need to return to the Paniwala house at all. When he thought of this, tears welled into his eyes and flowed down his cheeks, so that the neighbors exclaimed in pity.

When Nargis came, he was better. The fever had abated and he lay exhausted. He had not died and yet he felt dead, as if everything were spent. Nargis wasted no time. She paid what was left of his rent and reimbursed the neighbors. They helped her pack up his things. He kept wanting to say no, but he didn't have the strength. Instead, he wept again; only now the tears were cold and hard. The neighbors, not seeing the difference, told Nargis that he had been weeping like that all through his sickness, and when she heard this, she also wept. At last, he was carried down the stairs, and as they passed the door of the paralytic landlady, she called out to him in triumph, "You see! It has come true what I said! It was all written in your hand."

SOMETIMES, as he lay in the large fourposter in the Paniwala bedroom, he looked at his hand and wondered which were the lines that had told the landlady about the new life awaiting him. It was very still and quiet in that room. He gazed at the painting on the opposite wall; it had been specially commissioned and showed a scene in the Paniwala counting house at the beginning of the century. The Paniwala founder sat at a desk high up on a dais, and his sons at other desks on a slightly lower dais, and they overlooked a hall full of clerks sitting cross-legged in rows and writing in ledgers. It had been done in dark, murky colors, to look like a Renaissance painting. When he was tired of it, he looked at the other wall, where there was a window and the top of a tree just showing against it. Nargis had engaged a servant for him, who made his bed and washed him and performed other personal functions. Khorshed and Pilla came in at least once a day and sat on either side of him and told him everything that was happening, in the family and in Bombay society in general. Rusi also came in; he had been warned to be good to his uncle, and for quite some time he observed this injunction. But as the weeks and then the months passed and the Uncle still lay there, Rusi could not help himself and reverted to his former manner. He was especially gleeful if he happened to come in while the Uncle was being fed. This had to be done very carefully and with a specially curved spoon, and even then quite a lot went to waste and trickled down the Uncle's chin.

It was usually his servant who fed the Uncle, but sometimes Nargis did it herself. Although she was less satisfactory than the servant and got impatient quite quickly, the Uncle much preferred her to do it. Then he would linger over his food as long as possible. Then Rusi could stand there and say what he liked—the Uncle didn't care at all. He just looked into Nargis's face. She always sat with her back to the window and the tree. Even when she got annoyed with him—saying, "You are doing it on purpose," when the food dropped on his chin—still he loved to have her sitting there. At such times, it seemed to him that his landlady had been right and that his life was not over by any means.

—R. PRAWER JHABVALA

PROFILES

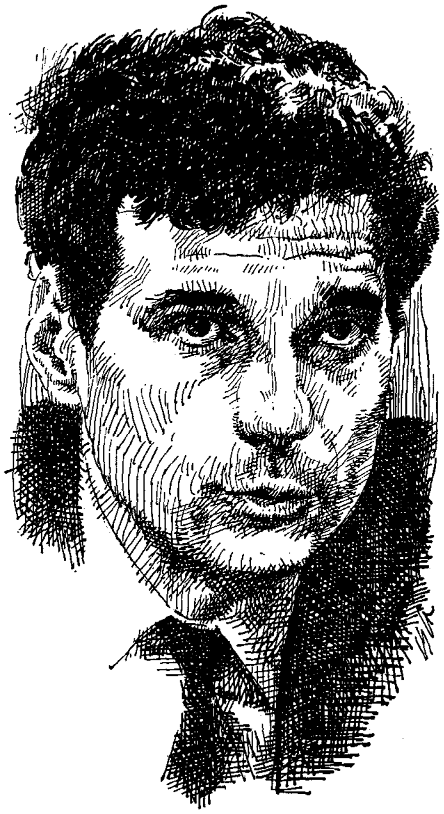
A COUNTERVAILING FORCE—II

As a defender of the rights of the individual threatened by the encroachments of big government and big business, Ralph Nader travels frequently, both to spread his gospel and to raise money, in the form of lecture fees, for the multifaceted organization he has built up in Washington during the past few years. A while ago, I accompanied him on one of his trips, which was typical in that, in the course of a week, Nader lectured at a dozen or so widely scattered points, covered a few thousand miles, and made a number of appearances on campuses, which are among his favorite lecture stops and usually receive him warmly. One of his speaking dates was at Defiance College, in the town of Defiance, in the northwest part of Ohio, to which we were driven from the Toledo airport. After we had checked in at a motel, we were taken to the campus, where we had an informal lunch with faculty members and a number of students. Afterward, Nader chatted with some of our companions. One girl remarked that her family, who lived in Defiance, had their suspicions about the water supply, which came from the Maumee River. Another student said that her married sister had been advised by her doctor not to give her baby this water, and added that she herself didn't drink it more than she had to. She asked Nader whether he had had any at lunch and whether he had noticed anything odd about its taste.

Nader, who is ordinarily a man of considerable equanimity, was upset. "What!" he said, with a sweeping gesture of his arm. "Here you were at lunch with me. I drank a quarter of a glass of water. You *let* me drink it. Why didn't you *warn* me about the water I was drinking? How many people at that table were drinking that same water? You saw me drinking it, and you didn't tell me it was bad! Supposing *you* came here from out of town and *I* wouldn't drink it but I wouldn't tell *you* anything about it?" Then, becoming calmer, he asked, "Why doesn't someone test the water here?"

"There's a water-treatment plant here in Defiance. They test the water," a student said.

"No, I mean test the water *here*—at the college," Nader said. "What people aren't doing is testing the water at the receiving end of the line, where it



Ralph Nader

comes out of the faucet." He went on, energetically, "Now, *there's* a project! Why don't you get a study group going—Dirty Water 101? Get an analysis done of the drinking water on the campus. Isn't there a chemistry lab here? Get your report together. Then present it to the press. Before you know it, students at Oberlin will be saying, 'What's going on with that water-analysis project at Defiance?' And they'll start their own water-analysis program. There's *no excuse* for people not to determine the quality of the water they drink."

In a short time, we were driven to the campus gymnasium, where Nader was to give his speech. As the car entered the gymnasium parking lot, which was filled with student cars, we passed a couple of Corvairs—the car whose shortcomings were the particular target of Nader's 1965 book "Unsafe at Any Speed." One Corvair bore a large sign reading "I LOVE MY CORVAIR, MR. NADER!" The sign was called to Nader's attention, and, giving it a glance, he said, "The question is not whether they love their Corvairs. It's whether their Corvairs love them."

Having arrived at the gymnasium a few minutes early, Nader was escorted into a room of green-painted concrete block—evidently the athletic coaches' headquarters—to wait. As he entered the room, he pointed to something above his head and exclaimed, "Oh, no!" He was pointing to a yellow No-Pest strip hanging from the ceiling. He declared that the product had been put on the market without fully adequate testing, and he said that until further research had been undertaken into its potential for producing carcinogenic, mutagenic, and teratogenic (fetus-deforming) effects in animals he thought it outrageous that sale of the pesticide to the public should be allowed.

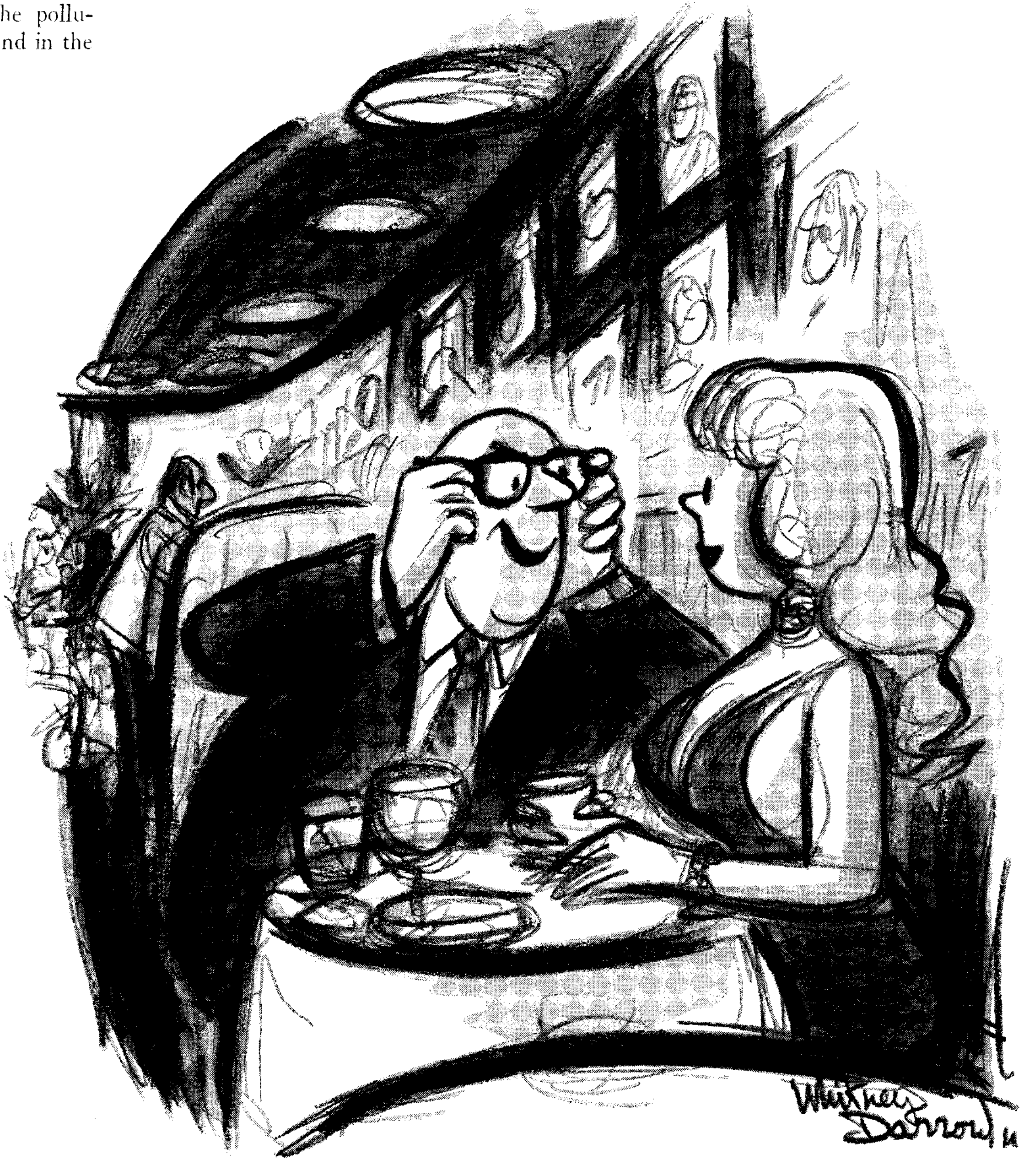
A moment or so later, Nader spotted a basketball in a small annex to the coaches' room. He picked it up and began bouncing it on the concrete floor and dancing around a little. "Are basketballs getting smaller or is my hand getting bigger?" he asked. Nader gave the ball a light toss and it bounced off the ceiling. Nader turned to me and said, "I've been in gyms where basketballs get tossed to ceilings that happen to be coated with asbestos. And the asbestos comes floating down in a fine rain. And the athletes and the audience breathe in those carcinogenic particles." He reverted to the subject of the students' apparent indifference to their drinking water. "If students can't do something about their own drinking water, how can they be expected to do something about the world environment?" he said. "They need to be *shown* how to do this sort of thing. And it's a great learning experience."

THEN Nader was summoned into the gymnasium. He made an hour's speech, and afterward held a long discussion with students in a nearby lounge. Then, back at the motel, he had a short time to rest before being picked up and driven to the airport. During that time, he talked to me about the variety of conditions that pose both imminent and long-range threats to human life and health.

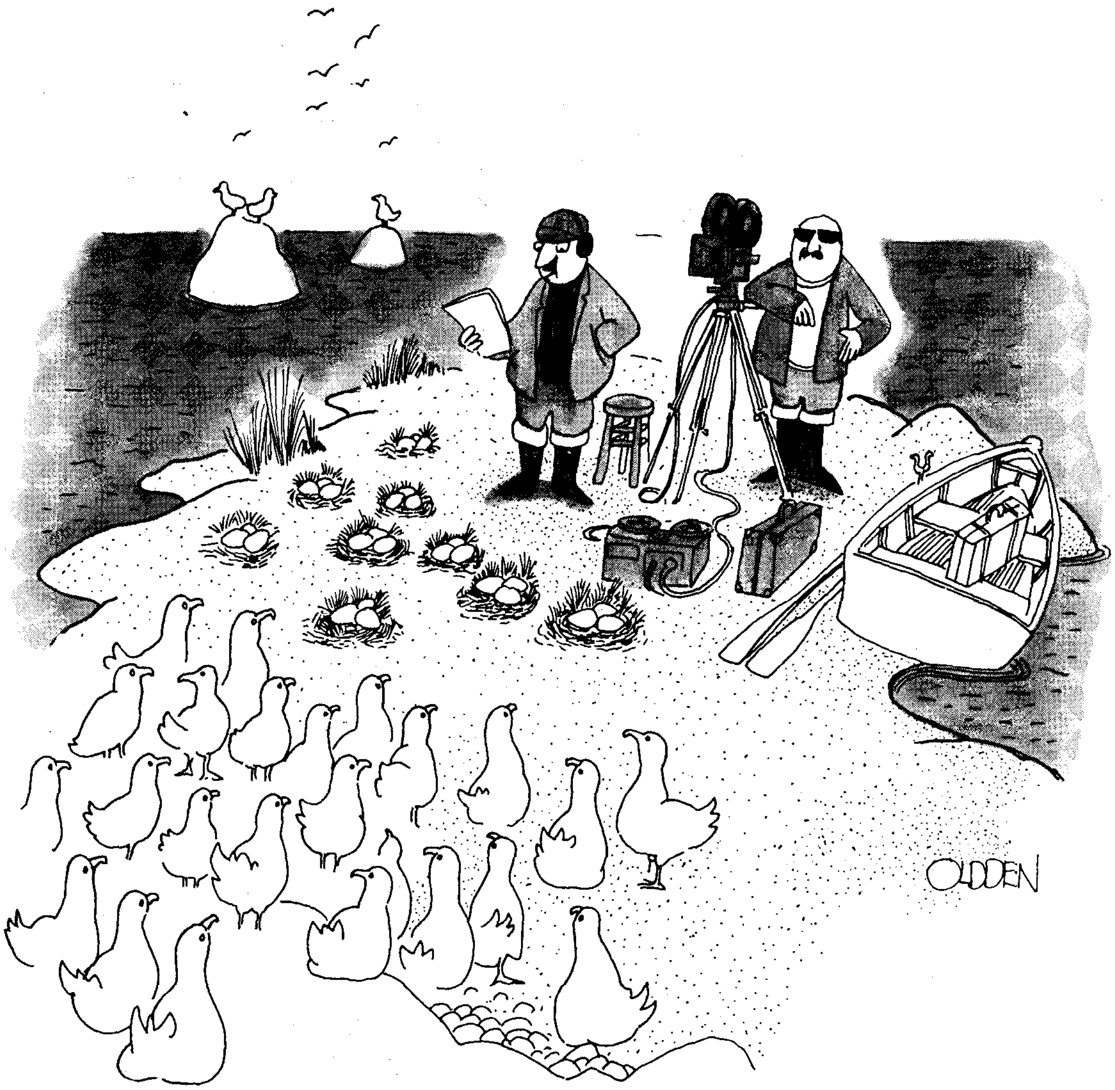
These conditions represent what Nader calls "the new styles of violence," by which he means violence exerted on a huge scale but somehow kept, by the workings of the prevailing system of power in our society, from reaching a popularly perceived threshold that triggers irresistible public pressure for reform. By the new styles of violence Nader does not mean, say, the violence of actual automobile accidents, which as a cause of trauma and death have no challenger in this country, and of which millions of citizens are only too keenly aware. "What we must get across to people is that endemic forms of violence are going on daily in this country on a scale that completely dwarfs the common concept of violence as meaning primarily crimes in the street," Nader told me. "Air pollution alone is a devastating form of violence. It takes far more lives and maims far more victims each year than street crime, and destroys more property each year than all the bank robbers' hauls a thousand times over. According to government figures, bank robbers have gotten away with more than twenty million dollars a year in recent years—their biggest ever—but the cost of air pollution alone in one recent year ran to more than sixteen billion dollars." Increasingly, he went on, the violence being done to citizens in an industrialized society comes silently, invisibly, and cumulatively, through the pollution of air, land, and water, and in the form of leaks of highly potent industrial contaminants, such as mercury, cadmium, pesticide residues, beryllium, coal dust, benzene, and manganese and asbestos particles, not to mention the radiation hazards from inadequate medical and dental X-ray processes and the nuclear-energy industry—whose effects, in most cases, are not immediately discernible. "The new forms of violence don't draw attention to themselves by attacking pain thresholds on contact or causing bleeding at the outset," Nader said. "Their effects show up years after the initial exposure, in the statistics on lung cancer, emphysema, genetic damage, and so on."

Nader made it clear that he found people tragically unwilling to face up to the looming consequences of what he saw as a fundamental Darwinian conflict taking place in industrialized society. "The problem is that our mutations occur at glacial speed and the changes in our man-made environment occur at supersonic speed," he said. "We have to face up to the fact that we are becoming biologically obsolete, in that our senses can't smell radiation or detect these environmental damages to health and safety. The complexity and seriousness of the impact that pollutants and contaminants have on us seem to escape people's sensory abilities to comprehend. They don't respond in any active fashion. The threats that people do tend to respond to are mostly of the immediate, physical kind. People don't react to the concept of infiltration, and infiltration is an essential process of the corporate system. Industry infiltrates the whole person of the citizen. It invades his privacy as an individual. It infiltrates the bodies of millions of people in this country with its contaminants. Its violence is all-pervasive, whatever its various motivations may be."

Nader continued, "The fact is that those who define what is permissible and impermissible violence in our society have been responsible for committing a very large part of it. This perhaps explains why so much of the industrially caused violence that is taking place either is excluded from the embrace of the law or has had forged about it a protective system whereby the law has virtually no application. The law has to be made to develop definitions of violence that correspond to the conditions we face. In terms of the violence it is currently committing, industry is largely beyond the law. One problem is that the law in this country has not developed in such a way as to require positive duties of citizens. The law has developed to punish certain positive acts, not certain kinds of inaction. As matters stand, institutions are structured in such a way that corporations can achieve their economic objectives by inaction—for example, by reducing their costs through *not* taking steps to reduce the pollution they create. And by the


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"The better to see you with, my dear."



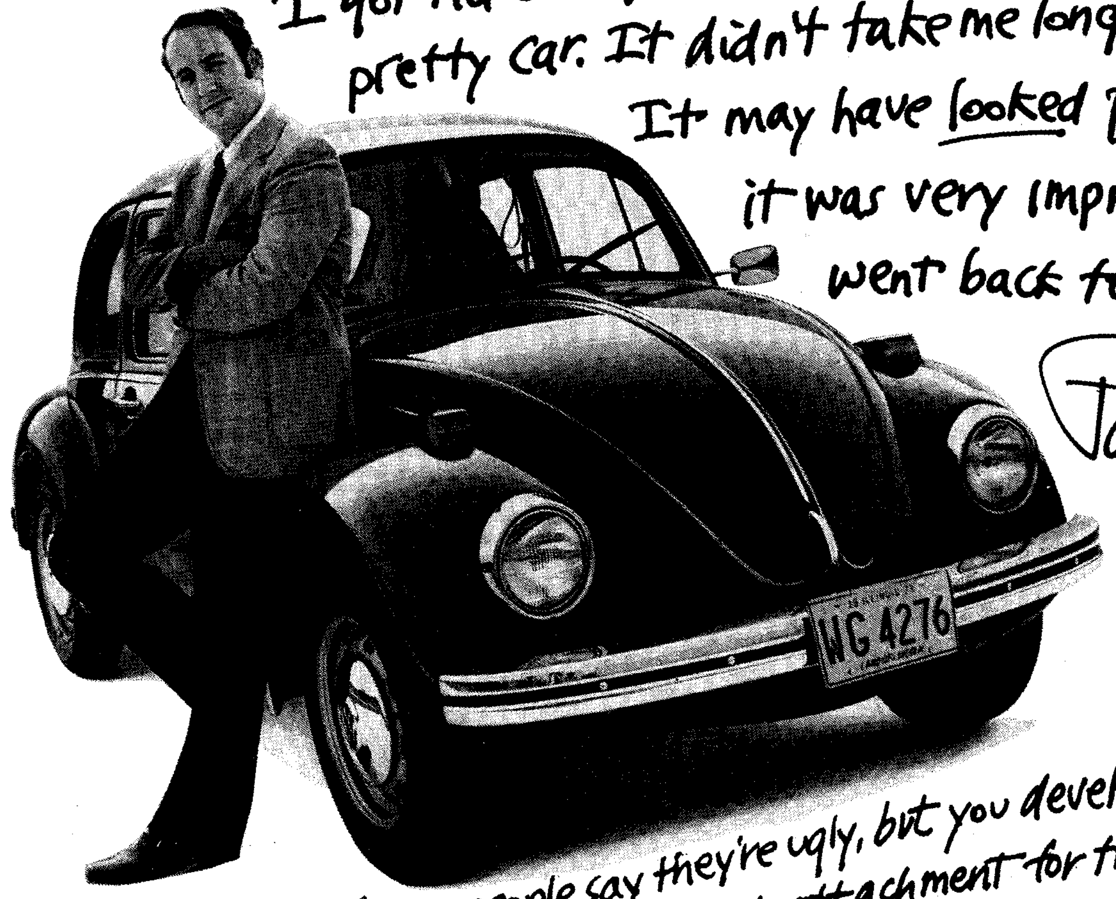
"Now, this next scene, after you do your little dance, I want you all to run back to your eggs and sit on them."

• •

same inaction they escape the law. When you couple this deficiency of the law with the new style of violence that doesn't provoke an image of a criminal act, such as a common street crime, you have a combination of the power to devastate increasingly large sections of humanity and a decreasing degree of personal accountability. That is a prescription for social suicide. The president of a chemical company knows that no matter what his company does *he* won't go to jail, as long as he *personally* does not act, or instruct his subordinates to act, in violation of the law. Our law is basically a legacy of ancient ethics in which A can harm B only by positive action against him. But increasingly, as people have become members of large organizations—for example, of the corporations that make up the automobile industry—they have arrived at a position of being able to harm people more by doing nothing."

Nader was warmed up. "If you were to send ten pickpockets to New York and each of them were to do fifty jobs a day, that would, I suppose, make front-page news. But set up a system of acquisition that is derivative and obscure, like the oil-depletion allowance or the oil-import quotas, and nobody pays much attention. You can get away with it on that scale. That's the genius of the corporate system—the genius of being able to achieve the same thievery three stages removed. The genius of developing an abstraction of burglary! Again, I think we're very limited by our biological parameters; that is, we tend to react principally to biologically proximate stimuli—to see, smell, taste, feel the immediate physical blow. People tend to envision physical threats in human form. But the corporation is the antithesis of anthropomorphism. People don't know who is heading the biggest corporations in the country. They may be able to name senators enough. But the chairmen of the boards of the top four companies in the country? The machinery capable of making the names of these corporate executives universally known is there, but, as a rule, the system is directed toward the cultivation of anonymity and abstraction and physical detachment. In New York City, there are far more people angry about cabdrivers than people disturbed by the combined depredations of all the banks and finance companies in the city. 'Oh, those cheating cabdrivers!' they keep saying. But the cabdriver knows a thing or two about corporate life. He listens to those corporate executives in the back of his cab. He gets some idea of how the big boys are stealing millions. And he tells himself that if *they're* stealing millions, *he* might as well get *his* share. That's one reason New York is in an advanced stage of decomposition: the victims are becoming corrupted. And when the victims become corrupted, that's the beginning of the end. As long as the victims remain innocent, you can clean out the perpetrators, but when the victims themselves become corrupted—as in so many of the unions, for example—the perpetrators are secure. Again, that's the incredible flexible genius of the corporate system. It is not completely tyrannical. It allows the lowest levels to share a few of the crumbs in order to get the biggest possible share of the pie for itself. That's how labor has been taken over by industry. Big unions have become superb administrative devices for corporations. The corporations would rather deal with one person who is in a position to deliver, say, sixteen locals and sixteen thousand workers—and the union leadership, as part of the return for what it gets, keeps its focus narrow and doesn't trouble companies with complaints about the corruption of the political process or about the perpetration of consumer fraud. As for the union membership, can the workers in this country be aroused to spend just half as much time doing something about corruption, job hazards, or property taxes as they spend watching baseball and football on TV? There's plenty wrong with the people, and

"I'll never fall for a pretty face again!"



I guess it was my male ego.
I got rid of my '71 VW and bought a big, fancy, pretty car. It didn't take me long to wise up!
It may have looked pretty but it was very impractical. So I went back to Volkswagen.

Paul Hundriesen
Park Forest So.
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there isn't a politician around with the guts to say so. Nothing is going to work properly in this society unless there is a maximizing of those systems that give power to the victims. But it's necessary to let people know that the fact of their victimization doesn't mean that standards of performance aren't going to apply to them, too."

NADER has observed that "the moment a locus of power in any institution loses its sense of potential insecurity, it rushes headlong into authoritarian display." I became aware of this belief of Nader's when I first met him, shortly after the Senate subcommittee hearing in March, 1966, during which the president of General Motors felt obliged to make a public apology for the company's harassment of Nader by hired detectives. During our talks then, Nader said that while he was a student at Harvard Law School he had developed a deep admiration for Dean Roscoe Pound's ideas on social advocacy, and that, partly from exposure to Pound's ideas, he had come to believe that an individual, acting as catalyst between the public and the institution, possessed an extraordinary mobility, which was a prime asset. Nader said that this conviction had been underlined in his own confrontation with General Motors, for once the attention of the media had been attracted to the issue—and he acknowledged that he had played his own part in helping attract it, by keeping the press informed of the details of the harassment he was being subjected to—he found that as an individual in an adversary situation he had a certain advantage over an organization like General Motors, which in this case had kept stumbling all over itself in its public attempts to explain away its investigation of him. "Compared to an individual, a corporation, although it has enormous power, has little mobility in a situation like this," he told me. "The corporation is too bulky. It isn't structured to move instantly. It's amazing how one individual can move; the corporation has nothing like this flexibility. General Motors just couldn't come up with adequate answers to the specific disclosures that I kept making about its culpability in the area of auto safety. Given accurate and important facts, an individual has the advantage of being able to move immediately into action. He doesn't have to write memorandums to any committee explaining what he would like to say. The individual has no corporate hierarchy to pass through. He can keep going around the clock."

That was seven years ago, and what

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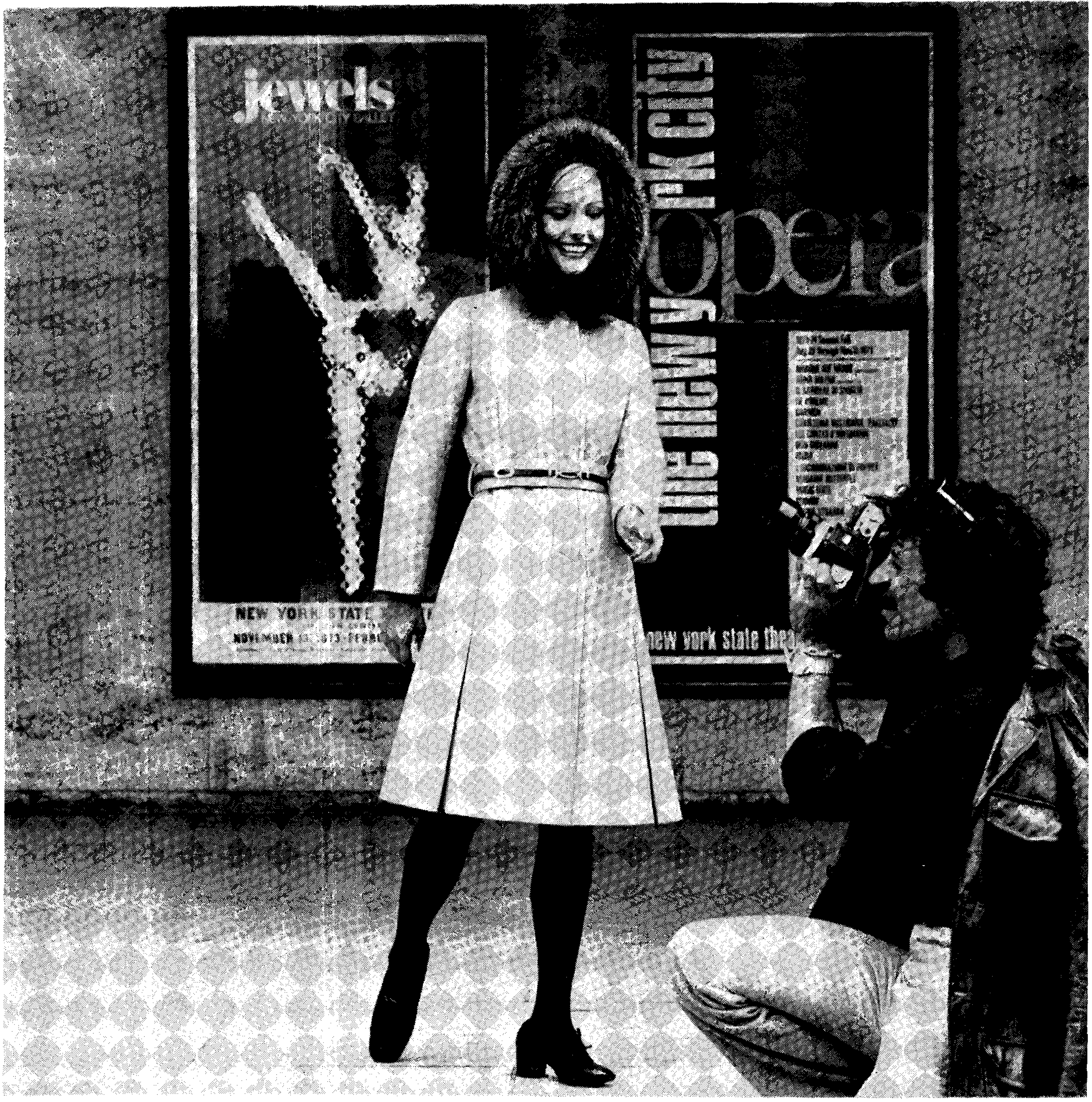

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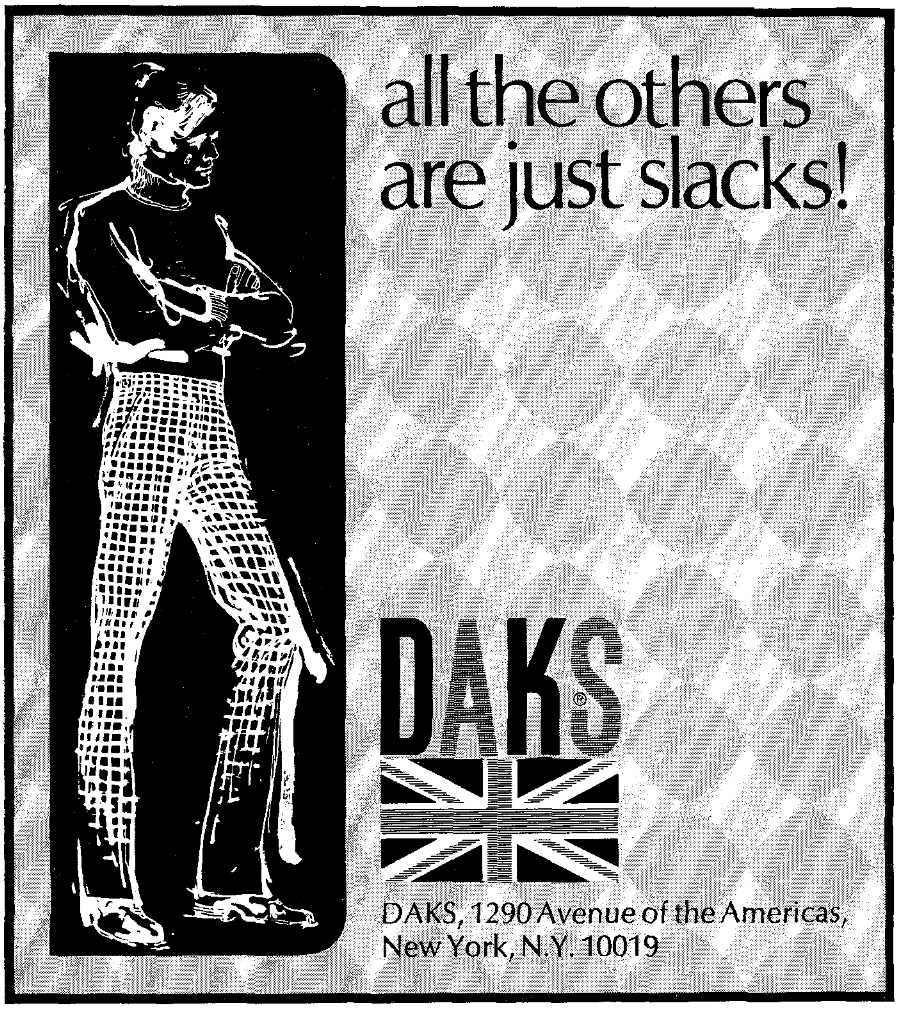
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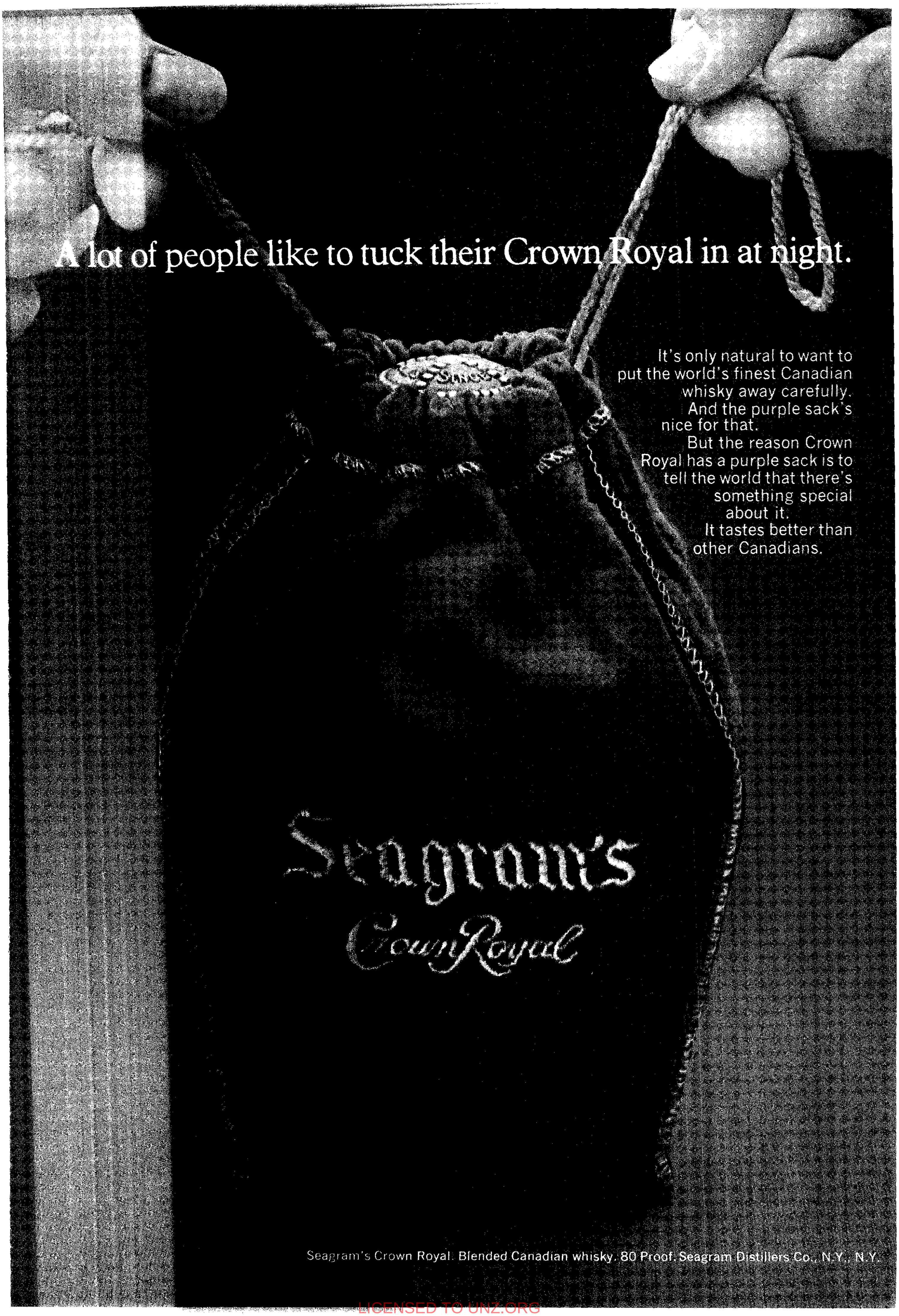
Nader had to say then raises a question in 1973. Nader himself has now become the center of a semi-corporate web, based on his three main Washington organizations—the Center for Study of Responsive Law, the Corporate Accountability Research Group, and Public Citizen, Inc. All in all, how does Nader run the million-dollar-a-year operation he heads? Perhaps the best way to look for an answer to this is to consider the kind of people that Nader has gathered around him, what he seems to want from them, and the kind of relationship that exists between him and his co-workers. What he seems to have done is to choose as his colleagues young, intelligent, hard-working people who are doing graduate work or have recently completed it—particularly in law schools—and are capable of acting as more or less independent contractors under his general guidance. There seems to be very little sense of hierarchy in the organization—and, for that matter, very little group spirit.

"We are not interested in staff jolly-ups, or in organizing a baseball team," I was told by Theodore J. Jacobs, one of Nader's closest associates, who is the executive director of the Center for Study of Responsive Law. By the very nature of what Nader is attempting to accomplish, he is interested in having as co-workers people who are capable of exercising hard critical judgment, so he looks for those who are highly self-directed as well as highly motivated.

"Ralph doesn't want, and we don't want, people who are eager to *work for Ralph*," Robert Fellmeth, until recently the director of a major Nader project—an analysis of Congress—told me. "He wants to get people capable of learning that they don't *need* Ralph—that all they need is themselves." He added, "Ralph has been the best teacher in the world, and that's partly because he doesn't teach you. What he does is to project a wonder and curiosity about the world and the way in which society is organized, and so lead you to make the best use of your energy, education, and talent. He gets you to understand the value of having the right kind of self-confidence—not a know-all sort of self-confidence but the sort that allows you to go into the regulatory agencies, for example, and question the whole system from top to bottom. It goes without saying that you have to have a certain body of knowledge when you start on one of these projects, but, beyond that, you have to have the fortitude not to be intimidated by all those experts. You have to be able to say to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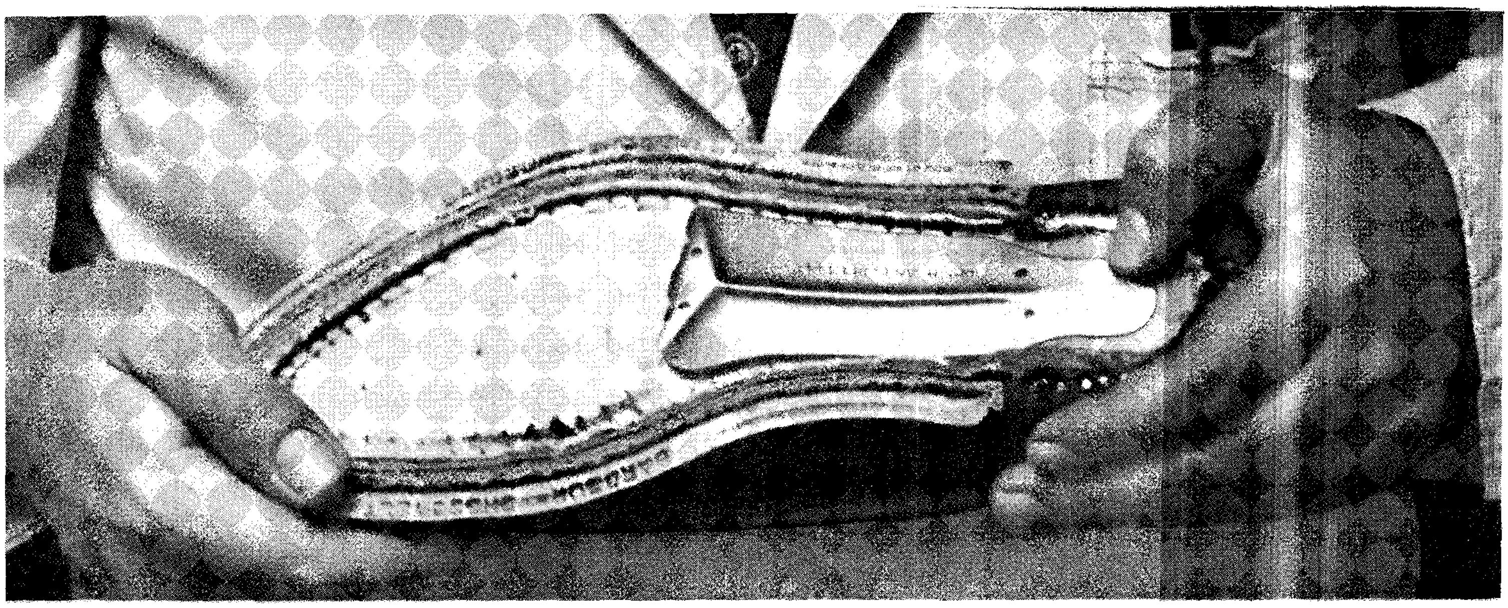

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them, 'The real question here is not expertise but public policy.' "

William Osborn, the author of a Nader group study critical of the Maine pulp-and-paper industry, made much the same point to me this way: "Ralph has filled a great void in education. In college, you learn law but you don't learn how it's used by power systems. Working with Ralph has taught me an awful lot about power systems—about the lines of authority, the tyranny of large organizations, and about the need to build in countervailing power. Ralph gives you the confidence to doubt, to ask questions."

NADER's people have no set working hours, at least in the formal sense; probably a good many of them would be pleased if they had. What they do have is a silent and pervasive pressure upon them in the form of the standard set by Nader's own work habits. "To tell the truth, Ralph is not the kind of person who sets high standards for himself but is generous about the weaknesses of people around him," John C. Esposito, the author of a Nader group report on pollution, entitled "Vanishing Air," and until recently one of Nader's long-term associates, remarked a while ago. Esposito went to work for Nader in Washington in the summer of 1966, between his second and third years at Harvard Law School. "Ralph made it clear to me when we first met that what he generally had in mind was a seven-day-a-week job," Esposito continued. "I remember his sitting back and saying, 'Well, *maybe* sometime, every few weeks, you might take off on a Sunday. I think it's good for you to take a day off once in a while and get refreshed.' He said this as though he had really discovered something. But he obviously thought that this was an indulgence." Another Nader associate has said that Nader seems to think it almost frivolous that someone working with him should require between six and seven hours of sleep a night. On being asked once how long a working week he thought desirable for people engaged on his projects, Nader replied that he thought "a hundred hours would be perfect." His own working day is eighteen or twenty hours, seven days a week—which, figured conservatively, makes a one-hundred-and-twenty-six-hour work week.

"This work really drains you," Reuben B. Robertson III, one of Nader's senior associates, said some time ago. "You keep going and going and going, and I suppose there's a flameout problem. There's a difficult adjustment to make when you go to work with

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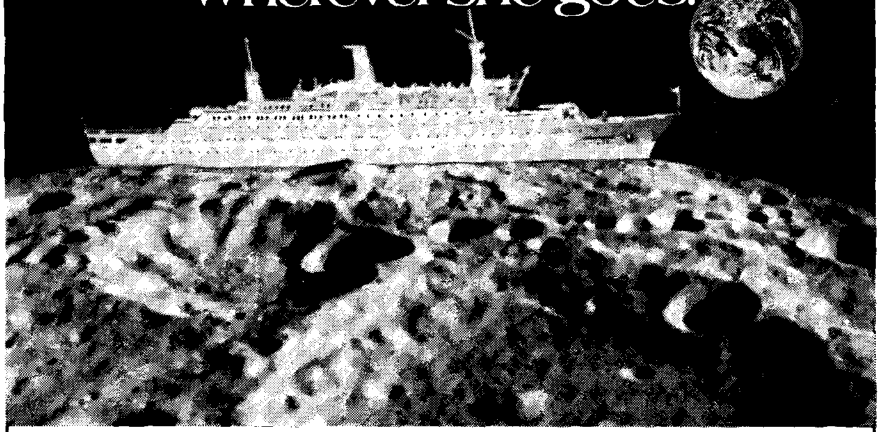

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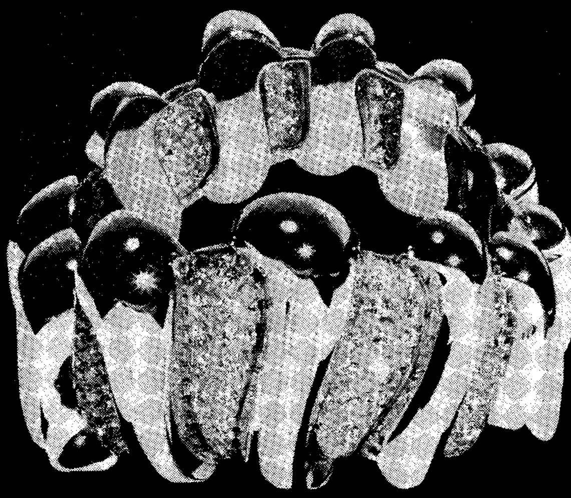

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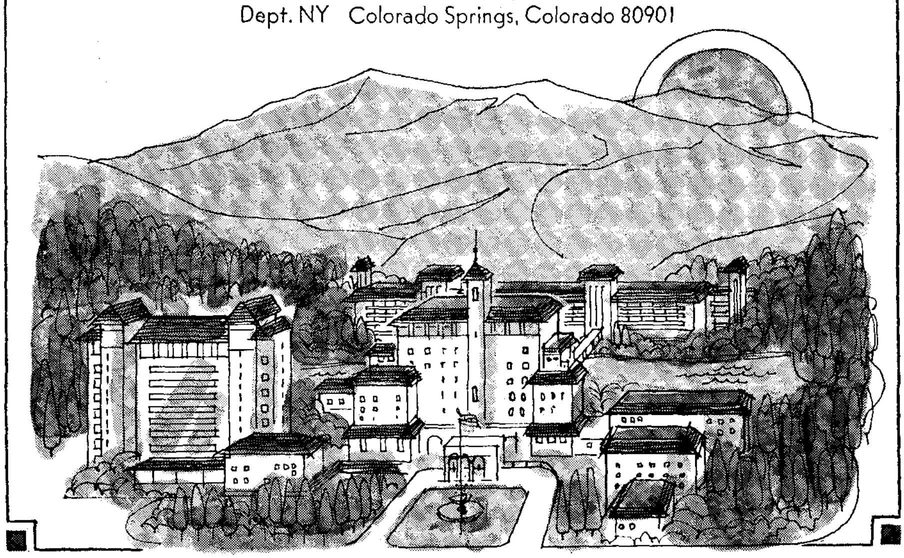

Ralph. It's tremendously useful to have someone older and more experienced to talk to and get advice from, but Ralph sees listening and advice-giving as a luxury he doesn't have much time for. He says, 'Don't ask me questions—just go get at them.' He demands tremendous independence. For some people, it might be a disastrous working relationship, but for me it happens to be a great one."

Robert Fellmeth says, "Ralph expects you to give up everything for the work at hand, and that's pretty much the way things work out. If Ralph calls me early in the morning at home and I'm not working at the time, I usually start in again when he's finished the call. He has that kind of effect on me."

There is a driving air about the Nader projects that is far indeed from the sort of communal atmosphere that prevailed, for example, among the on-campus or post-campus New Left activists of four or five years ago. "Nader's organization is a rather cold place," one of his young co-workers told me. "You don't have anything remotely like what some people would call a radical life style, where the way you behave is in keeping with your ideology—doing things together, being open and friendly, and so on. In the radical movement, ideological considerations come first. In the Nader movement, the substantive issue comes first. And once the substantive issue is defined properly, the analytic framework comes easily. The work here is done on the basis that social theory will come out of the accumulation of facts."

What Nader's organization does is based on fact-finding, and fact-finding is unglamorous work; indeed, a high proportion of what must be done in Nader projects consists of sheer drudgery—going through vast masses of undigestible stuff such as statistical reports stored away in government bureaus. Whatever excitement attaches to the work comes from being able to discover patterns in this unpromising material, and from breaking new ground in the public interest. "Very few people realize when they come here what truly hard work is involved, and a lot of people can't hack it," Peter Petkas, of the Corporate Accountability Research Group, told me. "Ralph has ways of turning the screws to make people maximize their effort."

Larry Silverman, a member of the task force that has investigated the corporate practices of Union Carbide Corporation in relation to pollution, tax rates, and occupational health and safety in the company's towns in West Virginia, said, "What Ralph does for

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Nader applies the pressure quite deliberately. There is a heavy emphasis on written production in his organization. Not that he demands it overtly, or makes a habit of setting rigid work quotas—it's just that the people who work with him feel that a high rate of production is expected. Partly because of this pressure, many of the reports that Nader's people turn out, although they contain a great deal of interesting material, are unduly bulky and unduly wordy. Spareness is not the hallmark of the Nader study-group report. A bit thin as scholarship, a bit thick as journalism—that's the general texture. But as public-interest advocacy the reports are highly functional; they were written for the purpose of producing social consequences.

Performing fast and copiously under high pressure is an integral part of the Nader operation. Nader considers it basic training for a public-interest advocate—almost a process of redeveloping one's innate bodily habits. "For anyone preparing a project report here, the pressure, the long hours without sleep or letup, just the grinding quality of the work—it's all educative," Peter Petkas told me. "I don't mean that in the sense of just making you more efficient. I don't think that Ralph is all that interested in making people efficient, the way someone running a company would be. But this emphasis on heavy production marks you. It heightens your realization of what it takes to get things done in the public interest. You become aware in a very *physical*

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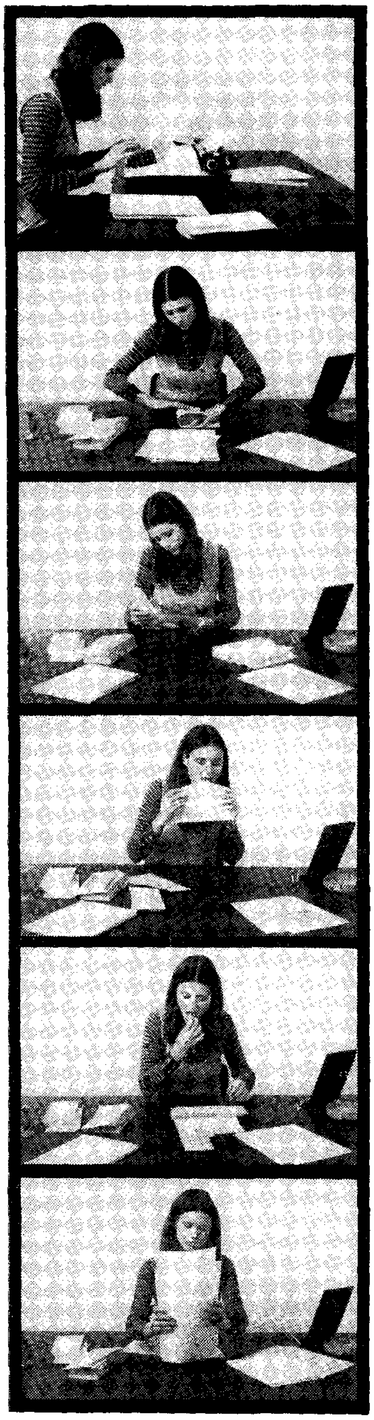

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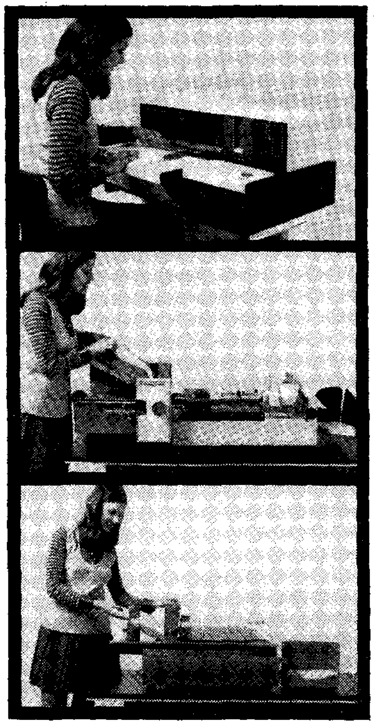

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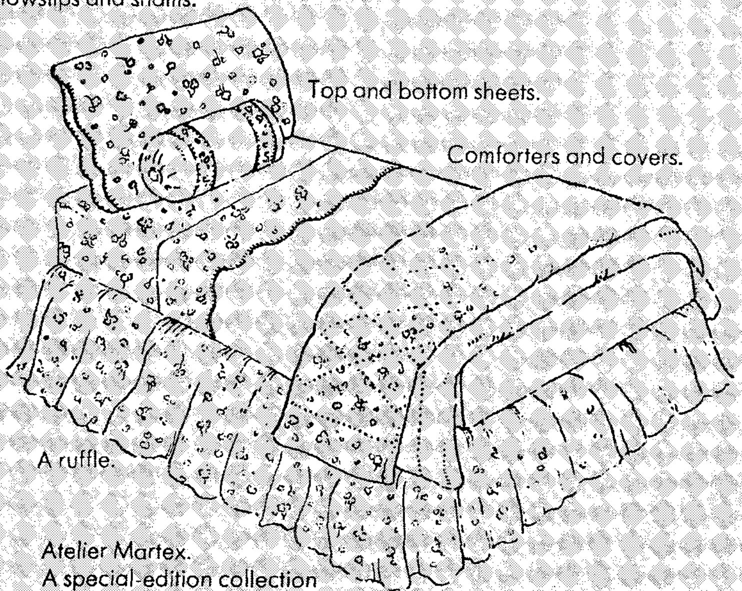
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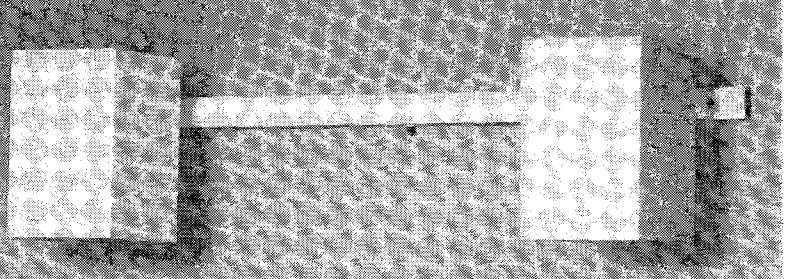

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sense of how hard you have to work to overcome the forces against you."

SOME time ago, I talked with James D. Welch, a former Nader co-worker in his mid-twenties who was one of the organizers of Public Interest Research Groups around the country. "When I came from law school, I thought that what I would be doing for Ralph would be something traditionally legal—appearing before administrative agencies, and so on—but it turned out to be quite different," Welch said. "Very long hours of research and writing; organizing student groups by travelling around the country and speaking eight or nine times a day in Ralph's behalf on campuses; holding radio and TV press conferences; raising money; dealing with people. It was really an amazing experience. Ralph would call it a steeling—a hardening. And one day Ralph called me up and suggested that I start looking into the Lockheed loan situation. And I did—and testified about it on the Hill, together with Ralph. Working for Ralph, you have the opportunity to do things that you wouldn't be able to do until the age of forty-five or fifty in any other framework." This steeling process has developed a group of people who are extremely dedicated and extraordinarily energetic even by the standards of young lawyers in private practice—themselves a very hardworking group. "Young people at Covington & Burling drive themselves at a hard pace," said Mark Green, of the Corporate Accountability Research Group, referring to what is possibly the most powerful law firm in Washington. "But it's one thing to work fifty-five hours a week at Covington, with forty hours of that being paid for by the client at forty dollars an hour, and it's another thing to work a hundred hours a week because you *like* it. I know that sounds puritanical and workaholic-ish. But I've always worked at this pace. I feel very much in harmony with my work, and I expect to be constantly in motion."

Robert Fellmeth has said much the same thing: "I'm *going* all the time. It's not that I'm nervous. I'm just *going*, and I keep going seven days a week, and enjoy it." Joan Claybrook, one of the most energetic of Nader's co-workers, who until last year specialized in automobile safety and now heads a Nader group called Congress Watch, which monitors the performance of Congress and represents consumer interests on specific legislation, apparently functions in pretty much the same way. "Joan admits that she just

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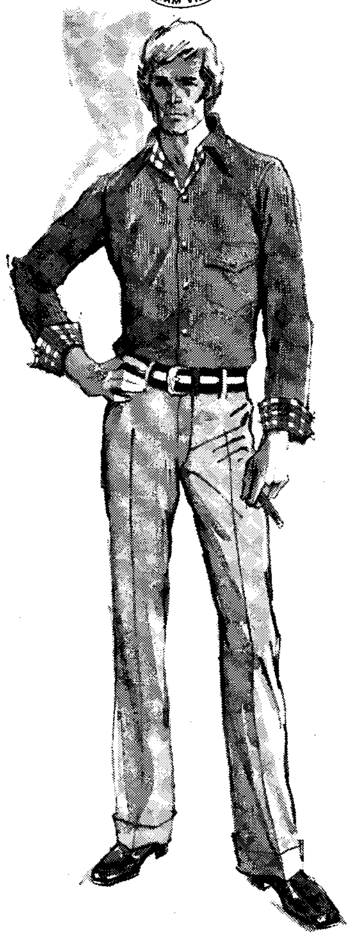

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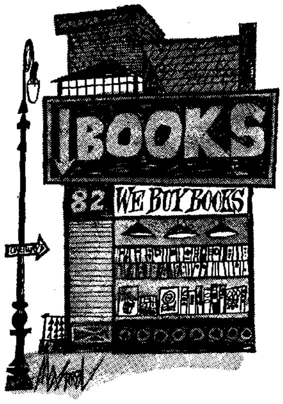
can't stay away from work for a second—that it's a kind of obsession," Fellmeth says.

The feeling these people have of being in harmony with the work they have undertaken and their ability to give it almost every waking hour are interesting reflections of the intensity of Nader's own drive. Nader seems to have this feeling of harmony to a truly remarkable degree. I once said to him that if he had put five per cent less effort into his work he might not have been able to accomplish even fifty per cent of what he had accomplished. I gathered that he agreed. The sense of putting out an absolutely maximum personal effort every day, always, is apparently a source of unending inner pleasure to him, and, even in the most trying or exhausting circumstances, although he can show anger, he never shows any sign of being flustered. When things go wrong, he spends very little time stewing over them. He hands out few reprimands. "Your best teacher is your last mistake," he tells his co-workers over and over. He seldom looks back. When someone tries to draw him out about his past accomplishments, he gives the impression of being uninterested or restless. His peculiar combination of driving qualities seems to allow him simply to leave behind him as he goes the kind of anxiety that could restrict the activities of another man. "Ralph never carries anything over until the next day if he can help it," Harrison Wellford, who used to be one of his senior co-workers and is now the chief legislative assistant to Senator Philip Hart, of Michigan, remarked to me. "His daily life is entirely dictated by deadlines of one kind or another, and those in themselves tend to take away opportunities for fretting."



Nader long ago divested himself of the hangup of trying to make money and, it seems, the diversion of looking for a mate. He is possessed by his vision of what must be accomplished. I must admit that I have no great interest in digging into Nader's early life, since what really counts about him—the substantive issue, as Nader would say—is what he is doing now. I find myself ready enough to accept at face value, because it seems to fit what I know about Nader, the observation of a Washington friend of his about Nader's background, even though this man did not know Nader when he was growing up, in Winsted, Connecticut—where he was born, in 1934, to parents who had come there from Lebanon in the first decades of the century. His father was a restaurant owner, and Ralph was the youngest of four children. "From all that I gather, Ralph's family were quite volatile, very, very community-oriented," my informant told me. "A noisy immigrant family. On some evenings, it seems, they would sit around the dinner table for hours and talk about the outrages that the civic authorities had inflicted on the citizenry. I would be surprised if Ralph hadn't become indignant about the bureaucracy by the time he was old enough to sit up in the bathtub." While I was tagging along with Nader, I heard him make a few remarks about the education of the young which bore out his friend's hunch about his early outlook. Nader told a faculty member who was driving him to the airport after a campus speech that he thought the Montessori method of teaching had the right idea—"just wandering around collecting information." He said he saw no reason for children not to start examining social issues at a very early age. "I've seen a seven-year-old girl who's a militant reformer at her school—she evaluates almost like an adult," he said. "Do you know how *rare* that is? When do kids usually get mad? When someone takes their lollipop away or hits them. There's an interesting point here. You usually don't see an emerging sense of social values in even the brighter children until the age of about twelve. Why don't these values emerge earlier? How many kids do you see, aged six, seven, saying, 'That's the wrong way to do it'? *I* had that at four years of age. I used to say, 'That was the wrong thing, what the mayor did.' And my father and mother were delighted."

The people who work with Nader are not fundamentally changed by contact with him. They were all high-energy types to begin with. What Nader has done for them is to heighten and help focus their energies by the example of his own life and his own social outlook and his steeling process. For all the self-sacrifice and grinding effort involved in his career, Nader certainly seems to carry on in high spirits—tearing past the reception desk at

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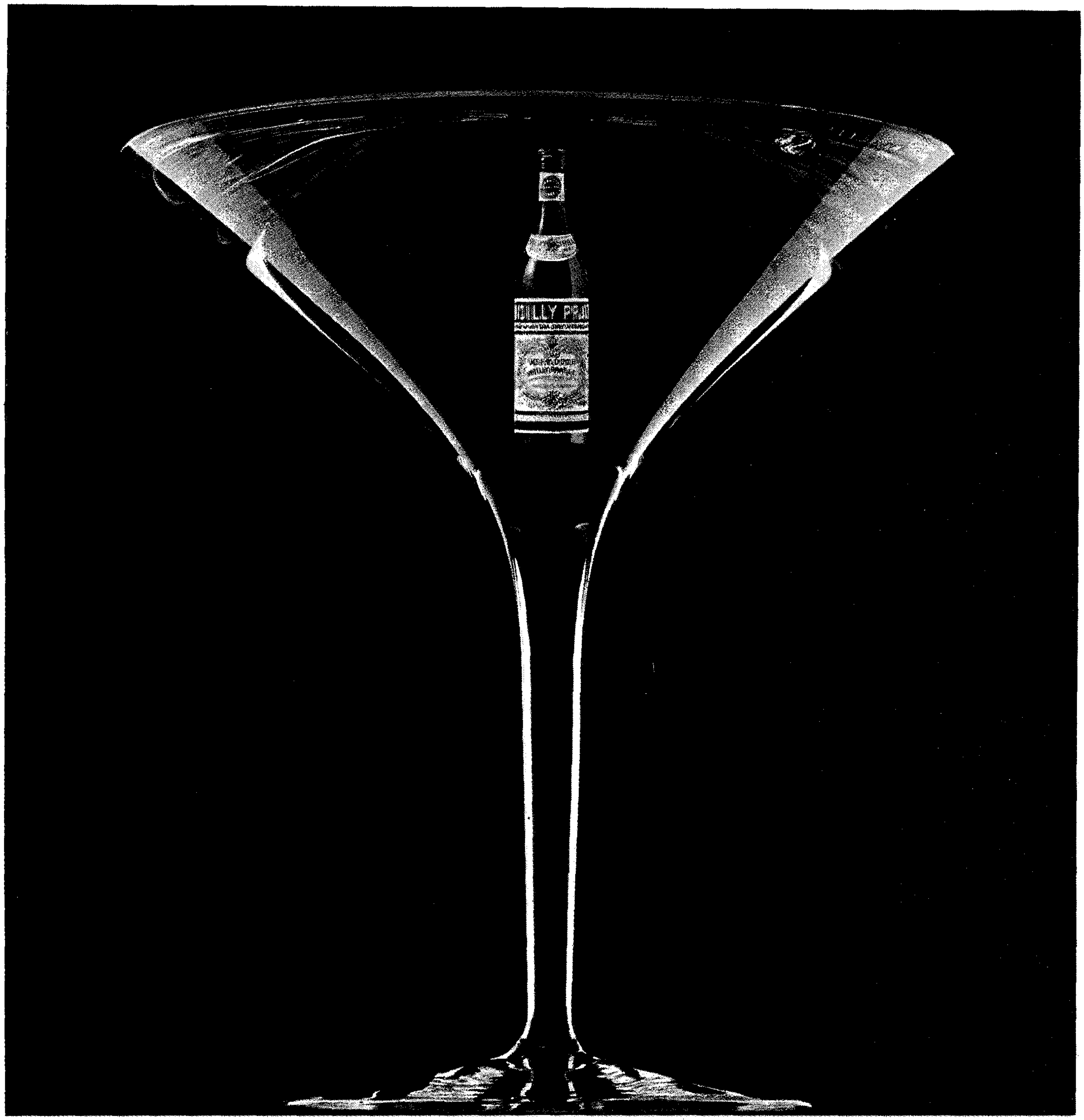

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the Center, past sacks of mail addressed to him, and down the stairs, a manila folder in hand, crying, "The mail is piling up!," or poring over a draft biographical sketch of a congressman whose record he didn't like but who turned out, from the sketch, to have some surprisingly sympathetic attributes ("Help! Help! I'm *falling* in love with him!"), or warning one of his young co-workers, who was riding with him in a car, against listening to much advice ("Advice bears about the same relationship to intellectual effort that massage bears to physical exercise").

There is a talkative Nader, and there is a silent Nader whom one can hardly get a word out of. There is Nader the businessman—the man who knows what it is to meet a payroll, haggling with one co-worker after another, trying to get the most he can for his money. (The basic first-year salary for Nader's co-workers is six thousand dollars, although some of the senior people get double that or more.) "Ralph is a kind of businessman that is no longer fashionable—a wheeler-dealer with a very personal concern about where every last dollar of the money is going," a young lawyer on one of Nader's projects told me. "He'll joust and bargain with you over every dollar of salary. He'll say, 'I'll give you two thousand dollars a year less, and you can make some speeches and write some articles and make it up that way.' He's particularly tightfisted about doling out what he calls 'hard money,' which he defines as 'the kind of money that you come by by the sweat of the brow in deserted airports in the early hours of the morning between planes.' " (To save stamps and stationery and make the most of the money solicited for Public Citizen, Nader states in his ads that the money sent in by contributors won't be acknowledged.)

There is Nader the unfaddish but prudent eater, refusing to feast on the limp takeout pizza slices that seem to form a fair part of the regular diet of the people at the Center and at Public Citizen. As a matter of principle as well as taste, Nader refuses to eat so-called "junk food," the mass merchandising of which by the food industry happens to be the subject of a current Nader study-group investigation. According to one of his associates, Nader one day "blew his stack" when someone proposed the installation of a Coke machine on the premises. "Ralph wouldn't allow himself even the slightest gesture toward the promo-

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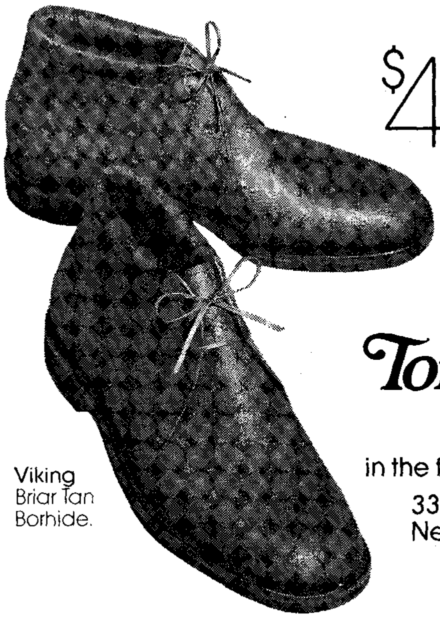

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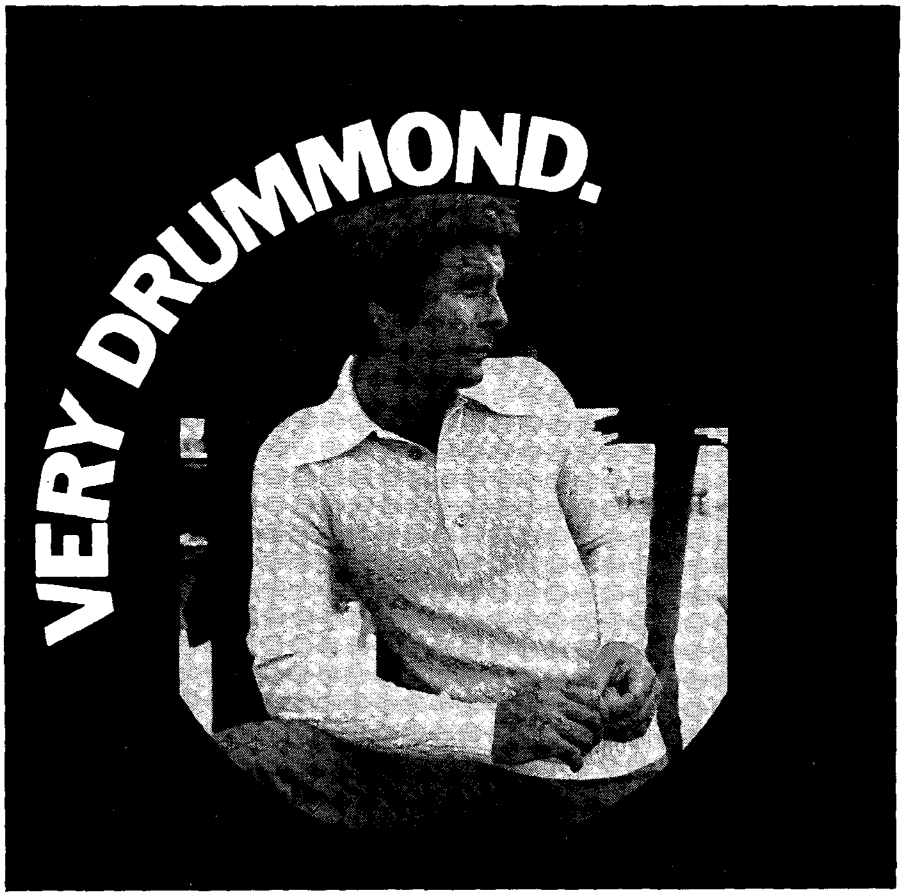
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tion of Coca-Cola," Harrison Wellford told me. "Nader believes that Coke has little, if any, nutritional value, and he knows that it is a staple of the poverty diet. Some kids in the ghetto drink eight to ten Cokes a day. For Ralph, Coke symbolizes the worst in American food habits." Nader seldom gets or takes time to eat in any sort of fancy restaurant, and he has only the greatest scorn for people in Washington who regularly lunch in such places. He often goes for long periods without a meal. When I talked with him in Washington one evening at about nine o'clock, he remarked that he hadn't had a meal since three o'clock in the afternoon of the previous day. He had been too busy making speeches out of town and taking long car rides. To supplement his irregular meals, he eats cookies or an occasional banana.

On rare occasions, I have had dinner with Nader, either alone or with one or two of his co-workers, usually at an Arab restaurant in northwest Washington. "A really clean restaurant," Nader called it—quite a tribute, coming from him. Each time, Nader had a plate of *homous* (a preparation of chick peas, sesame *tahini*, lemon, and olive oil), which, he informed me, is "the most nutritious thing in the world," and Arab bread. His conversation on such occasions was an odd mixture of denunciation of corporate advertising practices, knowledgeable lawyer talk about current appellate-court decisions and the judges responsible for them, and discussion of the progress of studies being made by his co-workers. He told me, for example, of a study that a young law student at the University of Michigan named Ron Landsman was making of the alleged unresponsiveness of the national and most of the state organizations of the American Automobile Association to their membership and to the public interest. During one particular meal, which took place before this summer's Watergate hearings, Nader remarked that Edward F. Cox, President Nixon's son-in-law, had worked on the early Nader study-group report on the Federal Trade Commission. Nader indicated that he had considerable respect for Cox's abilities. When Cox married President Nixon's daughter Tricia, in 1971, Nader attended the wedding reception, in the East Room of the White House. I told Nader that I recalled seeing a picture of the reception line on that occasion which showed, among the illustrious Administration officials, Nader standing with his arms folded and looking rather grim. I said, "When I

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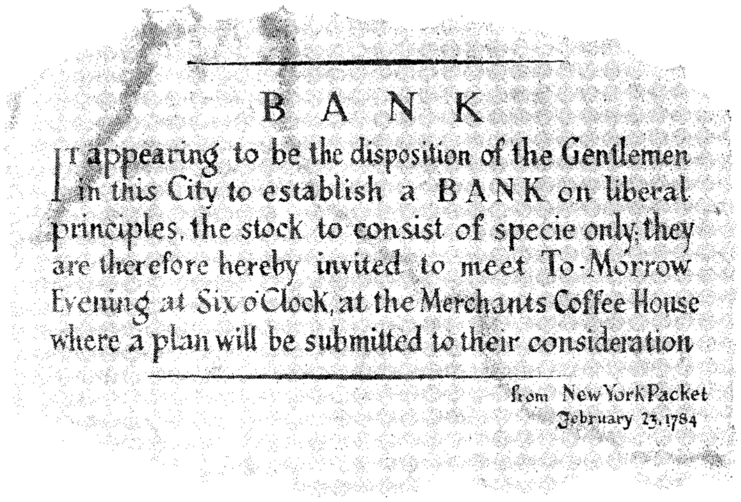

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from New York Packet
February 23, 1784

BEFORE THERE WAS A U.S. DOLLAR, THERE WAS A NEW YORK BANK.

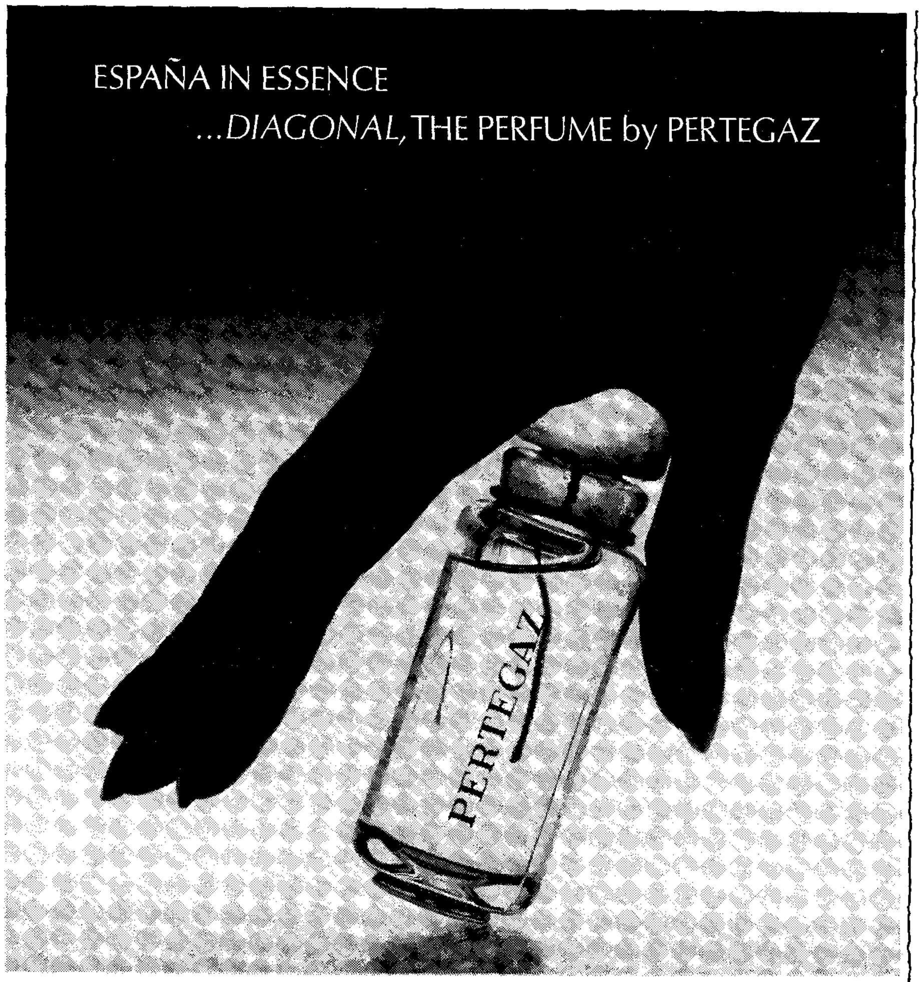
saw that picture, I thought you were asking yourself, 'What am I doing standing in line here when I could be filing some public-interest lawsuits?' "

"Not at all," Nader answered. "I was just thinking how many defendants were there, all in one place."

Whenever we were at the restaurant, Nader would get up from the table from time to time to make calls from a public telephone nearby. I gathered that he was checking on the progress of various projects. Dime after dime would go into the machine as he made one call after another—always talking in a confidential manner. Once, Nader asked the other party to call back, and then resumed his conversation at table. The public telephone rang. Nader got up, took the telephone off the hook, and said smartly, "Duffy's Tavern." Then he went into another quiet conversation.

Nader shared a cab with me after one of these meals, and I dropped him off near the rooming house in northwest Washington where he lives. He asked to be let off not at his address but at a certain street intersection. From there, he made his way home on foot. He had the usual huge pile of work with him, and I learned the next day that he had worked most of the night. I have never seen Nader's living quarters, and after reasonably diligent inquiry have encountered only two people who say they have. One is Theodore Jacobs, and he had nothing to volunteer about the place. The other is Nader's publisher, Richard Grossman, and he claimed to have seen the place early in 1966, shortly after the publication of "Unsafe at Any Speed." Grossman said he remembered "a lot of filing cabinets," and had the impression of being in a "well-organized place—it was no rabbit warren." Nader is said to have remarked once that even if he wanted to move out of the rooming house he couldn't, because of the mass of paper around him. It is all quite mysterious. Nader has effectively discouraged his landlady from discussing him with strangers. And if Nader can't move out because of all the paper and filing cabinets, his landlady apparently can't bring herself to raise his eighty-dollar rent, which hasn't changed in eight years. From what I've heard, she's shy about being thought of as the landlady who raised Ralph Nader's rent. At any rate, the arrangement remains undisturbed.

Seven years ago, testifying before a Senate subcommittee about General Motors' investigation of his personal life, Nader said that he preferred not



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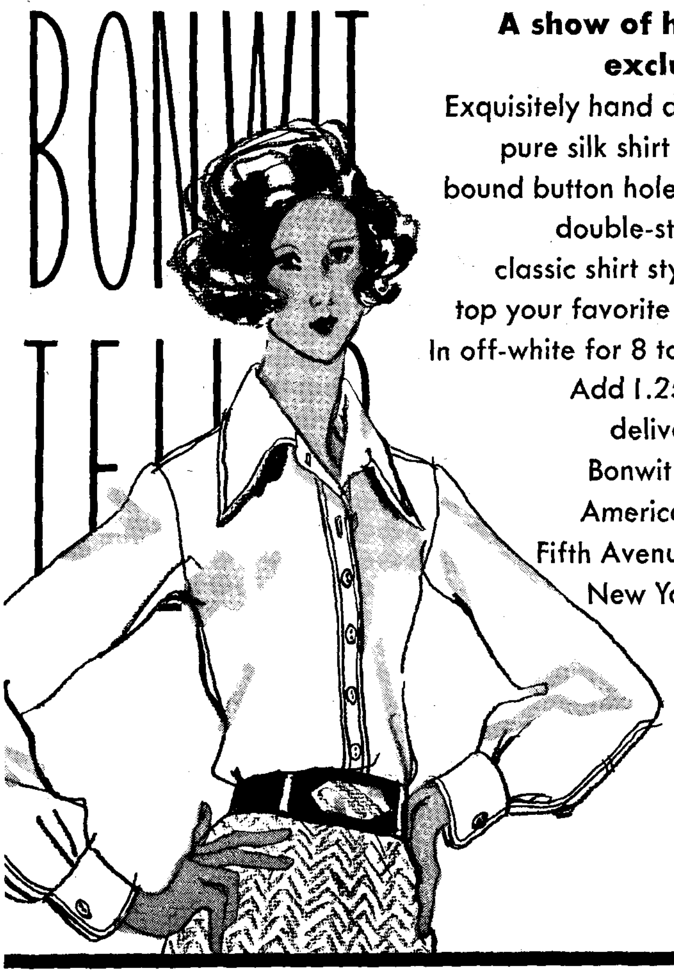

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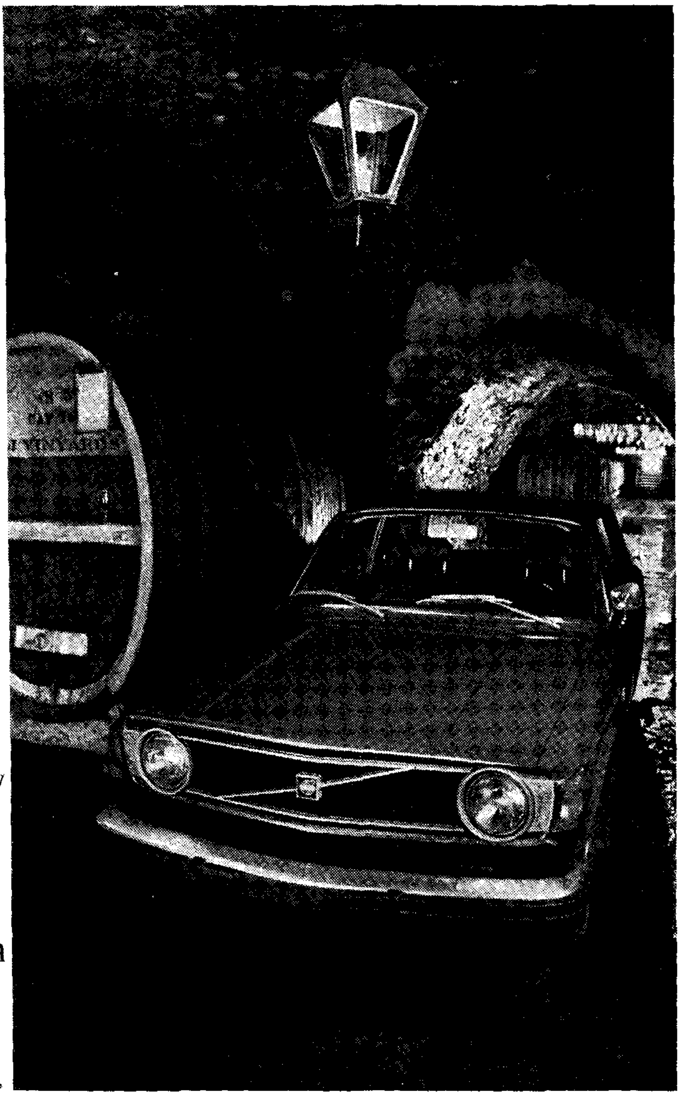

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VOLVO

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to use the phrase "invasion of privacy;" rather, he said, he would call it "invasion of the self." Nader is an utterly private person, and his sense of privacy contributes a great deal to the impression he creates, and has a great deal to do with his effectiveness in dealing with people. Nader has about him an enigmatic quality, which is felt even by the people who are closest to him. He does not advertise his next move. "Ralph has a habit of keeping people off balance," one of his co-workers has said. One sees this in the advice that another co-worker recalls getting from Nader on dealing with opponents: "When you're under attack, never explain away the things that you've done. Always jump the gun. *You* must be the one to raise the issue. And to follow up fast." A third co-worker told me, "Ralph takes notes on everything he does—time, place, all the details—and keeps his notes around. He suggested that I do the same, and said, 'When you're on the phone, use a felt-tipped pen. It makes less noise on the paper than a pencil.' "

Nader is, above all, the advocate, and some of those who have dealt with him describe a sense they get from him of the adversary coiled and ready to spring. Never apologize, never explain—that seems to be part of the air around him. "Ralph can be very cruel," one of his associates has said. "He once called publicly for the resignation of a man in a high official position whom most of us here believed to be well-meaning and dedicated." If that man's resignation had been brought about by Nader's demand for it, and if Nader had come to recognize the demand as a mistake, would he have made public amends? Fortunately, the question is purely theoretical. But with all his sincerity and drive, Nader has a manipulative streak that even his extraordinary self-discipline must have difficulty in restraining, as many reporters can testify.

NADER's relationship with four or five of his senior co-workers, though it does involve an apparently indissoluble element of personal distance, is nevertheless intense. Even after the longest of working days, his principal associates may get late-night telephone calls from him. "Ralph knows when everyone goes to sleep, and when he can phone until," I was told by Mark Green, who is the editor of two Nader study-group reports on the concentration of economic power, "Corporate Power in America" and "The Monopoly Makers," and co-author of "The Closed Enterprise Sys-

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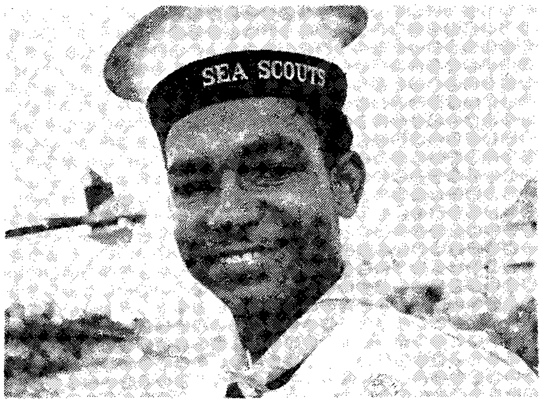

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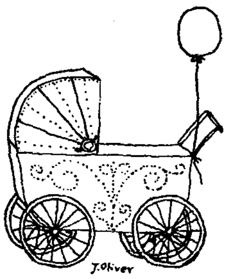
tem.” “He can get me as late as one-forty-five in the morning. Those night phone calls are to me an education. Ralph will begin, ‘Lesson for today, colon,’ and he’s off on tactics, strategy, and organizational matters concerning the issue at hand. He’ll never focus on what he has accomplished that day, no matter how great it is. His attention is always on what he *hasn’t* accomplished. When I told him one night that our paperback ‘Who Runs Congress?’ would be on the best-seller list the following Sunday, his only response was ‘I wonder how far up the list it will be *next* week.’ He’s always pressing on—too much to do in too little time. ‘The unborn aren’t going to know if atomic-energy plants are being badly sited,’ he keeps saying. To work well with Ralph requires a commitment of time that has the effect of reducing your independence. That may sound strange, when Ralph is so determined to have independent-minded people around him. It isn’t a *dependence* that you develop in relationship to Ralph—it’s just that there’s a mutual commitment of such proportions that it doesn’t leave you really free for anything else. And it’s a commitment not only on issues—it involves a close to total emotional commitment, too.”

Robert Fellmeth told me that he would get calls at home from Nader up to two o’clock in the morning, and that—since Nader’s usual sleeping hours are between 4 A.M. and 9 A.M.—he would have been getting calls a lot later than that if it weren’t that Nader had become somewhat sensitive to the feelings of Fellmeth’s wife, who sometimes showed resentment at the degree to which working with Nader narrowed her husband’s private life.



It appears that the casualty rate in the marriages of Nader co-workers has been rather high; Fellmeth told me that he could think of eight or nine marital breakups in the Nader organization within the past few years. Gary Sellers, who for several years was a close associate of Nader’s and was his principal assistant in much of his lobbying on legislation, such as the Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act of 1969, and who is no longer in the organization, says that Nader was his best man at his wedding but that when he eventually decided he had to leave the organization it was partly because the strain on his marriage was too great. “I told Ralph that because of my wife I’d like him not to call after eleven o’clock at night,” Sellers recalls. “So Ralph would call at one minute before eleven and talk for ten or fifteen minutes. Night after night after night. It was as though he were testing the situation. I couldn’t cut the conversation short, either. It made my wife very unhappy. There was a real rivalry there. It got to the point where I knew I had to begin taking one day a week off, and when you get to feeling you have to take a day off every week, you shouldn’t work for Ralph anymore. You have to realize how Ralph looks at all this. He has a colossal task that he’s determined to carry out. He has no time to waste on massaging egos. He knows that everybody around him is making sacrifices, but that’s nothing new to him. If he sat down to think of how he could repay other people for what they have been doing in this field, he wouldn’t be able to give a thought to anything else. He knows that the people around him are getting tremendous psychic satisfaction from what they’re doing, and he can spare only so much time for tender feelings. He just keeps applying the imperious test of relevance.”

ONE morning some time ago, after a press conference at the Mayflower Hotel, Nader had to go to Capitol Hill, where he was scheduled to testify before a Senate subcommittee considering President Nixon’s latest wage-and-price proposals. Patrick Sloyan, a reporter for the Hearst News Service who had been at the press conference, told Nader he was going to the Hill, and offered him a ride. Sloyan’s car was parked across the street, and he waited in it while Nader picked up some papers. Soon Nader, carrying his usual manila folder, hurried out, only to stop short three feet from the car. “Oh, *no*. I can’t go with you,” he said. “You’re driving a VW. I can’t go in a VW. I’ll take a cab.” Both Nader and Sloyan made it to Capitol Hill safely and at about the same time.

In the nearly eight years since “Unsafe at Any Speed” was published, Nader, in support of proposed legislation he believed to be necessary, or in opposition to bills he believed to be inadequate or retrogressive, has testified before various Senate and House committees on some hundred different occasions. Topics that his testimony has dealt with in detail include—besides the need for strong federal auto-safety standards—the need for more effective federal

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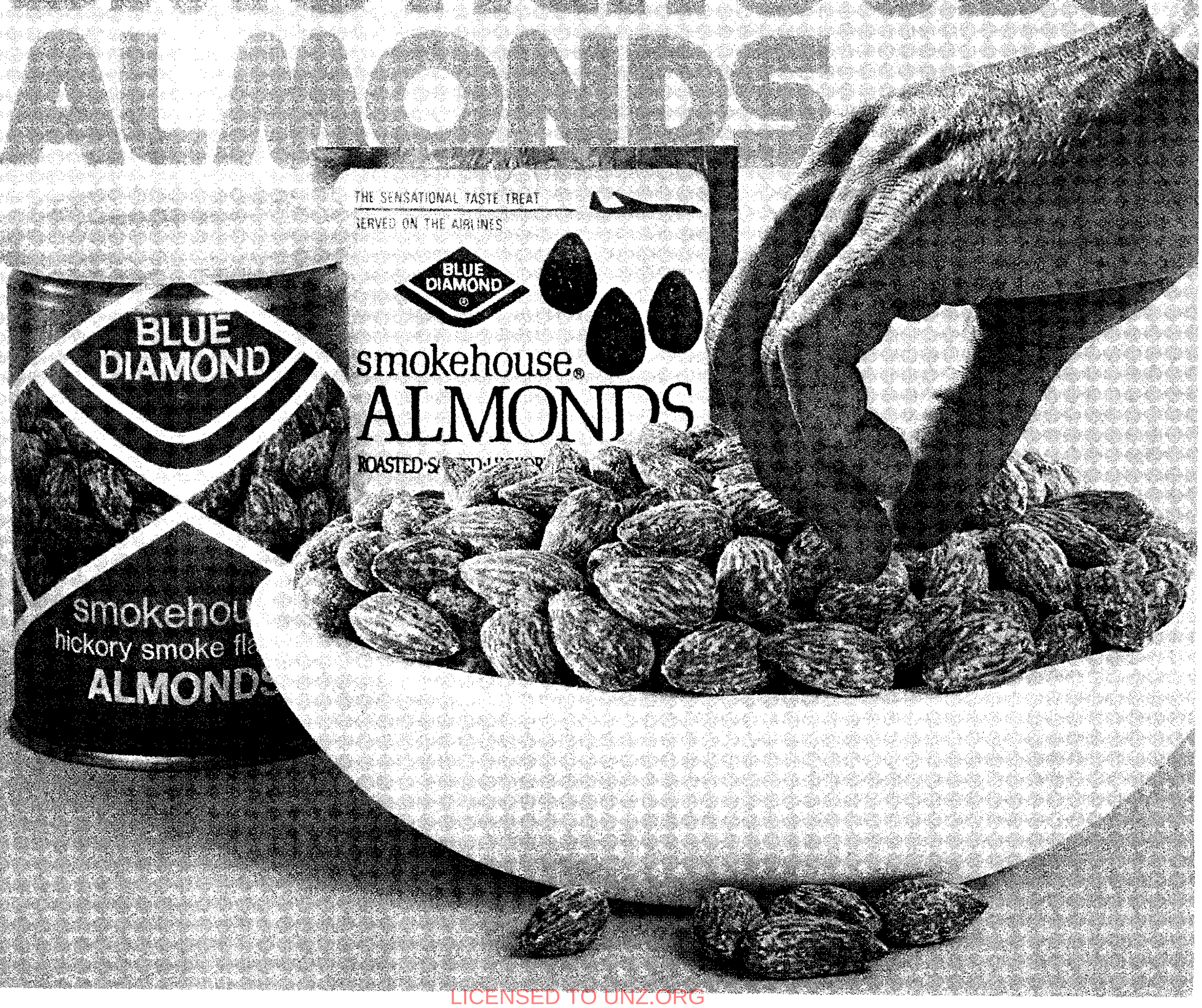
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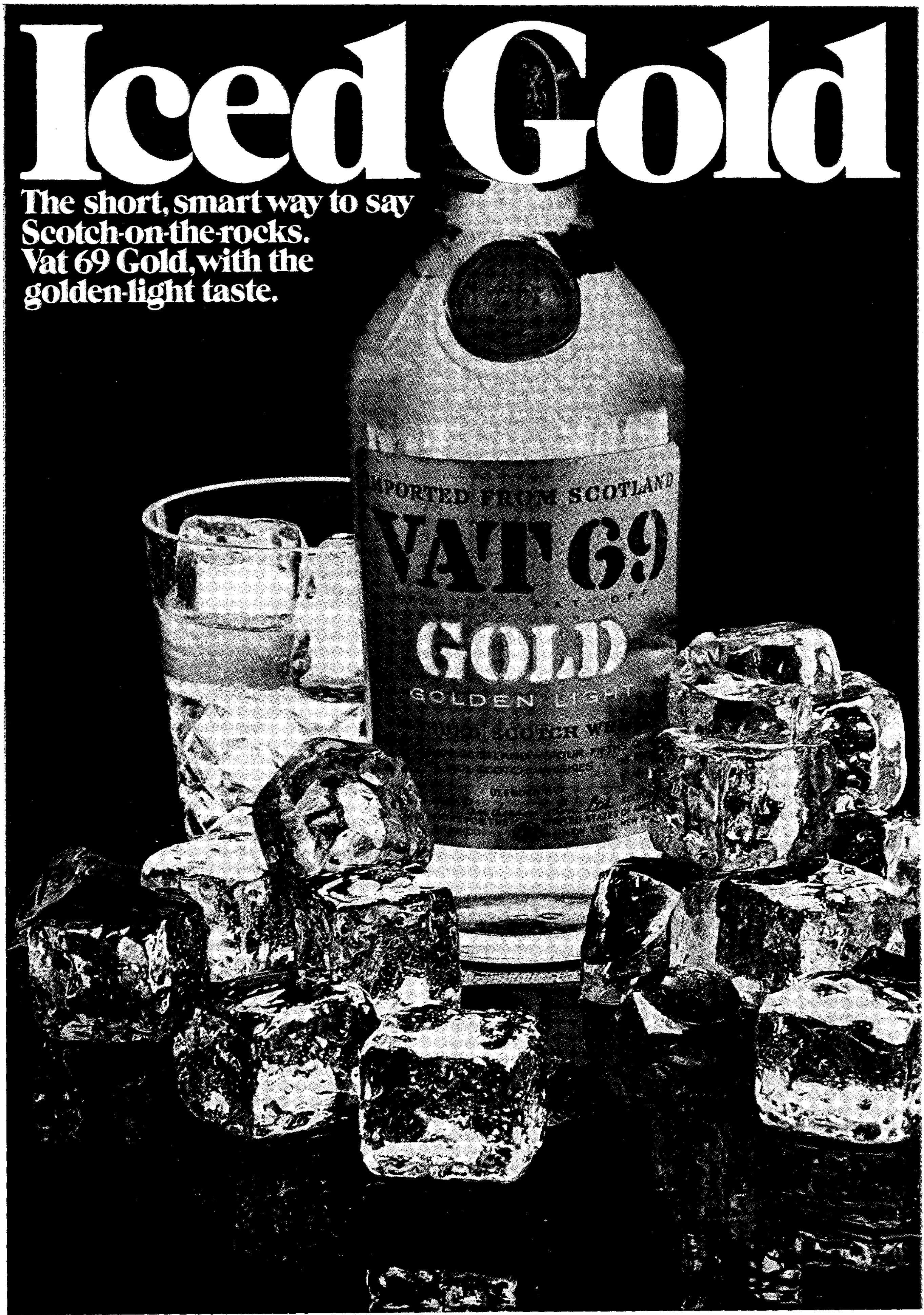
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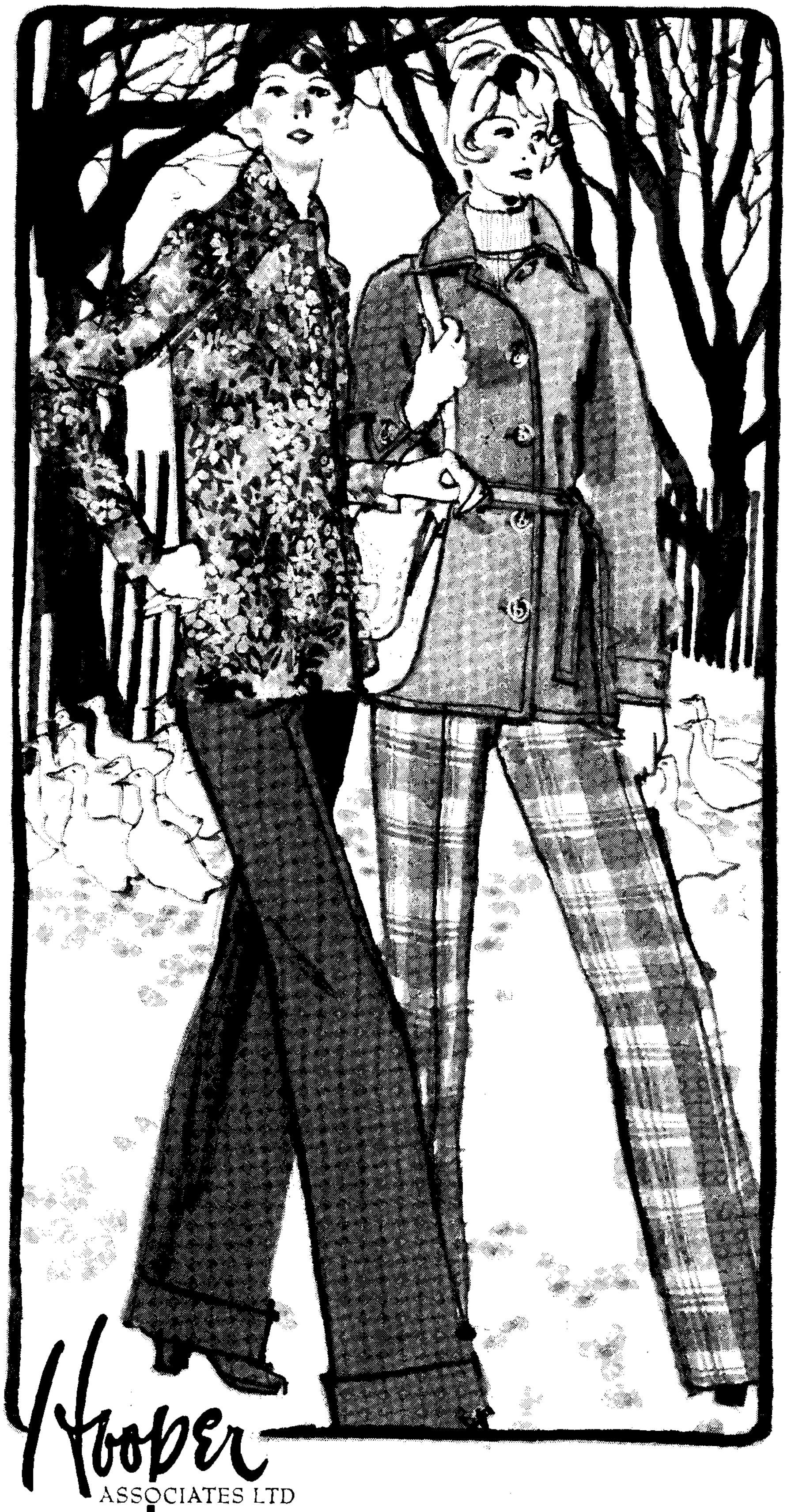
standards in meat and fish inspection, in railroad safety, in occupational health and safety, in product safety, and in banking and consumer-credit practices. He has also testified on air- and water-pollution legislation, on legislation to regulate deceptive advertising, on legislation to permit class-action litigation by consumers, and on property-tax reform.

The way Nader has been treated by congressional committees has changed a great deal since February, 1966, when, during his auto-safety testimony before a Senate subcommittee, Senator Carl T. Curtis, of Nebraska, accused him of using the occasion as "a bookselling proposition." Nader's reputation and his influence have by now grown to the point where his appearance before a congressional committee is usually prefaced by deferential introductory remarks from the chairman. Nader's presence at such a hearing sometimes determines whether or not the hearing is covered by network television, and network-TV coverage is often regarded by committee members as one of the crucial ingredients—along with coverage by the Washington *Post*, the *Times*, and the wire services—in establishing a propitious atmosphere for pending legislation. Whatever testimony Nader may deliver is seldom designed to stand on its own; instead, it is part of a continuing effort he makes to influence the course of pending legislation on Capitol Hill—an effort that includes persuasive behind-the-scenes talks on strategy with committee counsel and administrative and legislative assistants, telephone calls day and night to these and other interested parties, memorandums, letters for release to the papers, press conferences, closed meetings with senators and representatives, and, when it suits his purpose, firm and angry protests against the way things are going. For Nader, legislation never really goes well; the passage of a bill he believes in seems never to constitute a triumph but only the removal of one of an endless series of impediments to the advancement of his cause.

In the opinion of a senior staff member of one of the most powerful committees in the Senate, Nader "has to be one of the most effective lobbyists, if not the most effective, walking the halls of Congress today." One of the reasons, this man says, is that "Nader has unique access to the legislative process." He adds, "Congressional staff people tend to treat private-interest lobbyists with suspicion and keep them at arm's length. Nader, however, is usually treated as an insider and is given special treatment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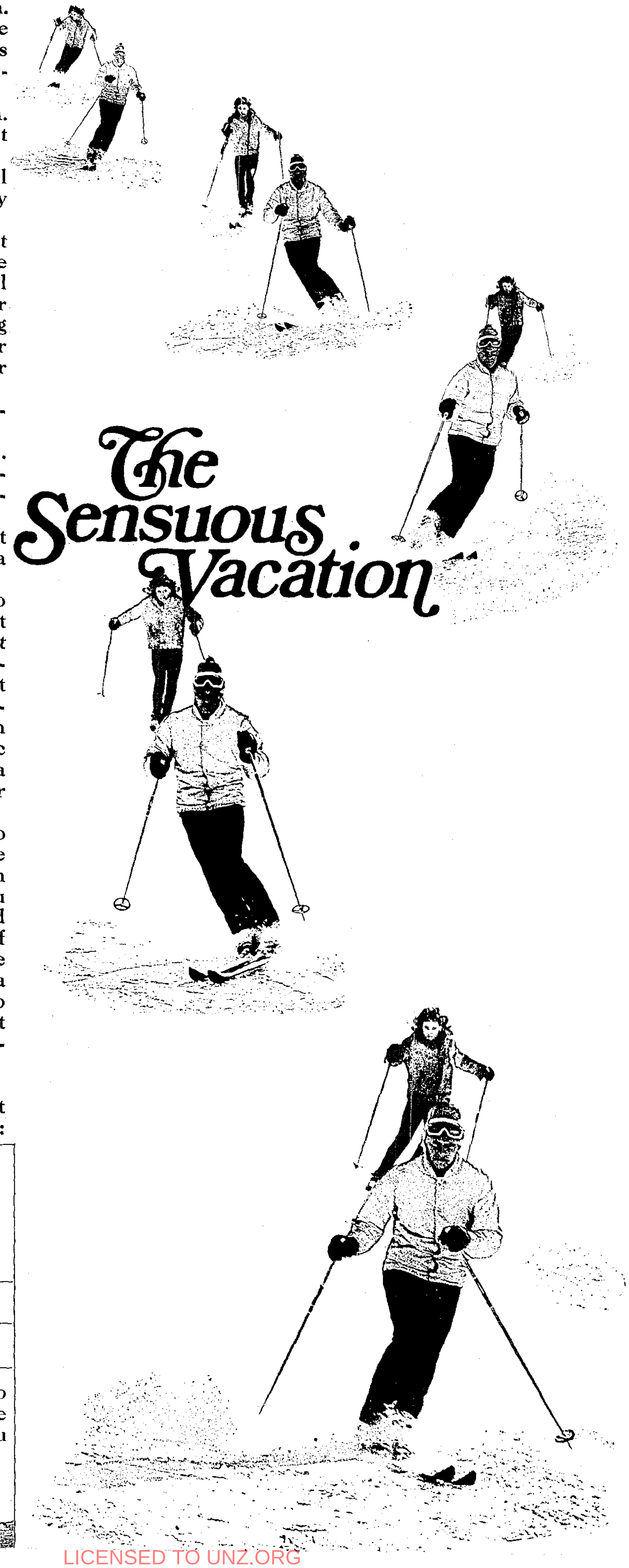

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during the decision-making process." Presumably, such special consideration can be attributed to Nader's reputation for independence; his absolute devotion to a cause entirely untainted by commercial interests; his detailed knowledge of the legislative process; and, finally, an unremitting drive to get what he sees as the best bill possible under the circumstances. The same committee staff man remarks of Nader's lobbying techniques that he has shown himself unusually skilled in knowing whom to get in touch with and when, and that staff people find him helpful in suggesting the language for portions of bills and in specifying changes in existing drafts. "He also knows how to bring public pressure to bear at the proper time from without the system," the staff man says. And, at the same time, "he retains his independence, and is perfectly likely to disagree with you on one issue while working extremely closely with you on another."

Gary Sellers says that one quality that has helped make Nader so effective on Capitol Hill is his indomitable persistence and his capacity for working, and getting others to work, virtually around the clock. "If you don't show that you're going to stick with an issue you've taken up, you'll get zero up on the Hill," Sellers says. "It's the last few extra hours a week that count when you're dealing with legislation. A lot of those bills metamorphose between Friday night and Sunday night, and don't think Ralph isn't thoroughly aware of that. Besides this, Ralph understands the law, and he understands what's possible under it. He's extraordinarily creative and responsive to changing conditions. In the preparation of Senate or House bills, situations evolve very rapidly, and Ralph has the capacity to respond to these changes swiftly and effectively. He can do in ten minutes what it might take someone else ten hours to do. It's a chess game, and the clock is running. Ralph will go to a Senate staff-committee meeting one afternoon, do some bargaining, and reach a compromise on what can be achieved. Then he will start figuring out the language that should be used in the bill. He'll stay up all night working on it, and when the staff people come in to work the next morning there's a written statement on their desks. And it's complete and fair, and in the appropriate legal language."

Michael Pertschuk, the chief counsel to the powerful Senate Commerce Committee, has had long experience with Nader as a public-interest lobbyist,

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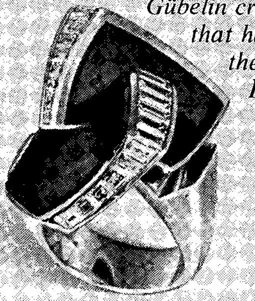

Sculpture II, an 18-carat white-gold ring with 24 diamond baguettes and two smoky quartzes, fancy cut, is a unique work of art to be worn on one finger, and without doubt rightly among the Gübelin creations that have taken the Diamonds-International Award.

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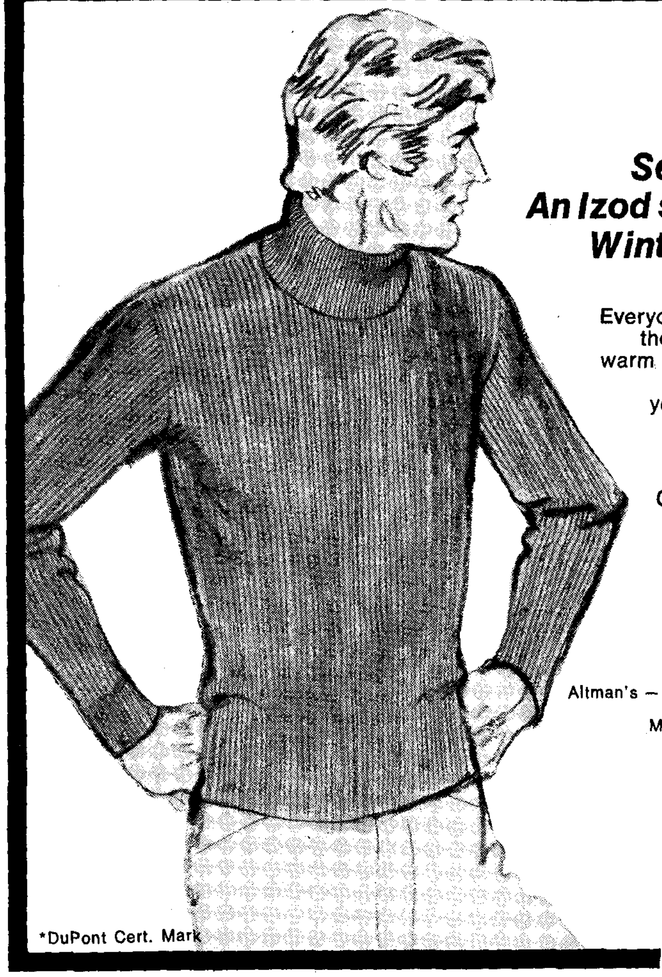

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beginning with the travail that went into the preparation of the National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act of 1966. "What Ralph succeeded in doing with the auto-safety law—and, subsequently, with other legislation—was to teach congressmen and senators and their staffs that they could set their sights higher than they'd been setting them," Pertschuk said to me. "Until Nader came on the scene, the common pattern on the Hill with consumer legislation was for the sponsors to introduce the strongest bill they could conceive of passing and then hold on for dear life while it got whittled away during its passage through both houses. The auto-safety law reversed that pattern—it reached Congress from the executive branch in minimal form and became *strengthened* during its progress through Congress. In his lobbying, Ralph always attempts to raise the sights of the people he is dealing with. He doesn't challenge their good faith. He knows how to use flattery. On the auto-safety law, he always spoke to me as though he assumed my good faith and commitment. He kept pointing out in forceful terms how the legislation fell short of what was necessary, and, like a pep-talking coach, kept insisting, 'You can do it.' His faith was flattering, as I think he intended it to be. By taking the attitude that anyone he is speaking to is basically interested in the public good, he presents a moral challenge that is very effective. His tone is usually calm, patient, and good-humored. But when Ralph speaks of injustice or corporate violence, the good humor disappears and an edge of anger and outrage creeps in."

The outrage may surface at any stage in the preparation of legislation, and if Nader considers it necessary he will not hesitate to take the members of a committee collectively to task while he is appearing before it. For example, in May, 1971, testifying before the Senate Commerce Committee on the Motor Vehicle Information and Cost Savings Act—a principal purpose of which was to set sufficiently high standards of efficiency for automobile bumpers to reduce repair bills resulting from low-speed collisions—Nader openly accused the committee of dilatory tactics. "How many examples of deceptive packaging must this committee send to the Senate floor before it ceases grovelling before the Senate Committee on Appropriations with such boiler-plate language as in Section 503 of the bill?" he demanded.

One senator on the committee, Ted Stevens, a Republican from Alaska,

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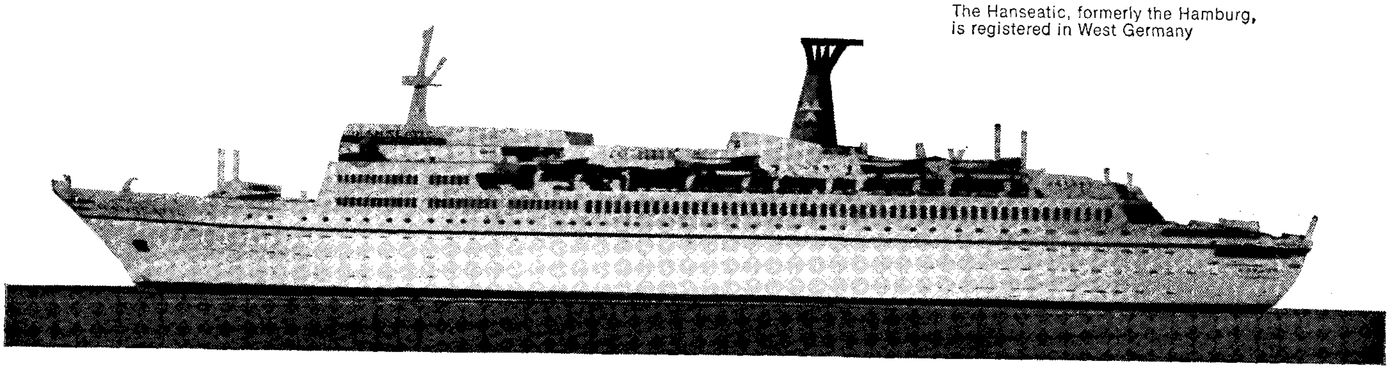

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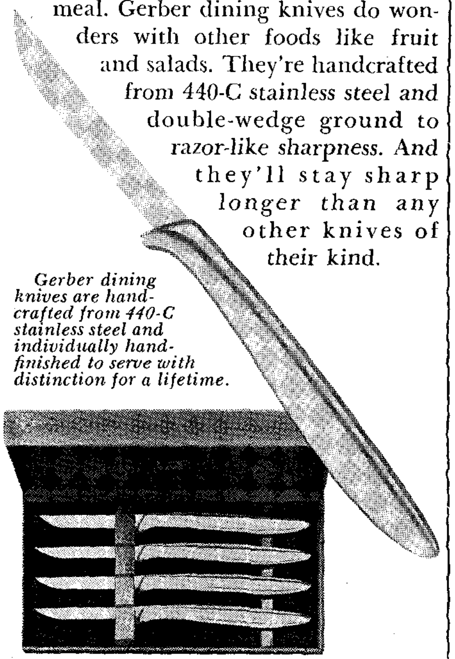

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didn't like that at all, nor did he like a prepared statement of Nader's that charged the automobile industry with "massive thievery" and "criminal fraud" in producing cars with bumpers that wouldn't protect against bumps. "The fact is that you are not giving credit to the American [automobile] industry where it is due for the progress that has been made," Stevens declared. While the television cameras picked it all up for the seven-o'clock news, Nader retorted angrily, "Do you give credit to a burglar because he doesn't burglarize ninety per cent of the time? What kind of nonsense is that? We are talking about pathology here . . . about documented fraud, about the kinds of things that Senator Hart has been documenting year after year, billions of dollars. . . . Do you want me to read the eighteen volumes [of hearings] before this committee and the Senate Antitrust Committee? . . . The facts are overwhelming. The bumpers on an Impala rear-ended at five miles per hour [sustain] four hundred and forty dollars' damage. What kind of utter nonsense and outrage is that?"

Later the same day, Nader poked his head around the door of Pertschuk's office, and Pertschuk waved him in. The rest of Nader's body and his omnipresent manila folder crossed the threshold. He was just checking in, he said, but he wanted Pertschuk to know that the hearing that day had been "like something out of Kafka," and that "this is a real weak bill." He went on, "The committee treated the issue of car-bumper standards as the opening shot instead of the end of three years of hearings. It wasn't easy for me to say that this bill is a brazen fake. I thought they'd break in and say, 'This time you've gone a little too far.' They're so blistered by moonbeams! What you see here is a theme of accommodating greed. The greed of the car manufacturers and the greed of the insurance companies. You know, all these laws *have* to have criminal sanctions. But write a bill that says to people, 'You've got some remedies,' and just try to get that bill through! It's easier to set up a whole new regulatory agency than that!"

After some insiders'-view gossip on a couple of pieces of pending legislation, Nader departed. "I guess Ralph just wanted to see how I was reacting to what I'd heard about his testimony earlier today," Pertschuk remarked.

The Motor Vehicle Information and Cost Savings Act was passed in the last days of the Ninety-second Congress, but in a version that, Pertschuk

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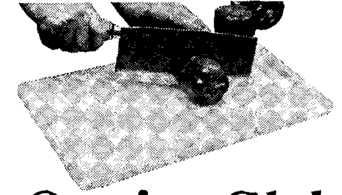

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And what are some of the teachings of the Master?

Well, one of the first has to do with the cutting of the meat. "A Benihana chef is an artist, not a butcher," the Master says. So you must learn to wield a knife with dazzling grace, speed and precision. Your hands should move like Fred Astaire's feet.

You also learn that to a Benihana chef, Hibachi cooking is never solemn. As the Master says "It's an act of pure joy." So joy, really, is what you must bring to the Hibachi table. A joy that the people around you can see and feel. A joy they can catch as you sauté those jumbo shrimps. Or as you dust that chicken with sesame seeds. Or as you slam that pepper shaker against the grill and send the pepper swirling over those glorious chunks of steak.

Perhaps most important of all, is this saying of the Master's: "Benihana has no cooks. Only chefs." Which means that while you should be joyous, you must always strive for perfection. So you learn everything there is to learn about sauces and seasonings. You labor to make your shrimp the most succulent shrimp anyone's ever tasted. Your sirloin the most delicious and juicy. Your every mushroom and beansprout a song.

Over and over the Master drills you. Again and again you go through your paces. Fifteen exhausting, perfection-seeking weeks.

But the day comes when you're ready. Ready to bring what you've learned to the people of such faraway places as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

It's a great moment.

"Sayonara, Honorable Teacher," you say.

"Knock 'em dead, Honorable Graduate," he replies.

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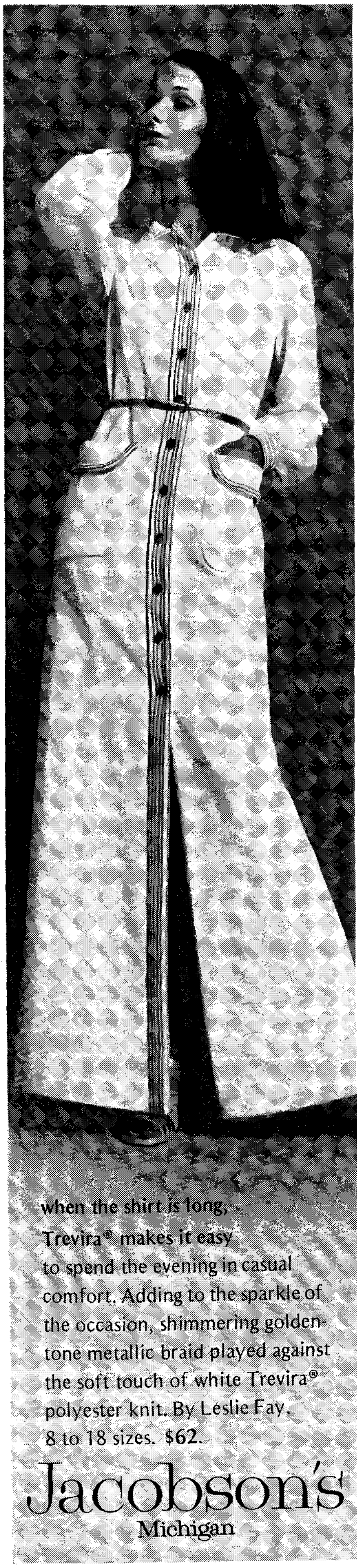

when the shirt is long, Trevira® makes it easy to spend the evening in casual comfort. Adding to the sparkle of the occasion, shimmering golden-tone metallic braid played against the soft touch of white Trevira® polyester knit. By Leslie Fay. 8 to 18 sizes. $62.

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says, "was not nearly what Ralph had been pressing for."

In the process of lobbying for a bill, Nader displays great patience in listening to objections that senators and representatives make to his proposed version. Gary Sellers has said, "Ralph can talk to a Kansas conservative who's shying away from a version of a bill because at the back of his mind he's been irritated by some bizarre abuse of a particular law in Kansas and understand just what's going on. Ralph will suggest a solution that doesn't offend that Kansan's stance. He knows how to tailor his case to the right nerve endings while keeping the logical framework intact. And he knows what headway the opposition is trying to make. On a bill involving, say, the protection of citizens from unfair industrial practices, he'll give congressmen detailed, point-by-point memorandums refuting arguments offered by industries that would be regulated under the legislation."

ONE of the causes that Nader has pushed hardest on Capitol Hill, in person and through aides, is the creation within the government of a Consumer Protection Agency. For the past four years, serious legislative effort has been put behind bills that would establish such an agency. The agency would not have regulatory powers of its own but would be empowered to intervene in certain proceedings before federal regulatory agencies as an advocate and petitioner for consumers on a broad range of subjects, including automobile safety, drug safety, equitable air and railroad fares, and the protection of children against the manufacture and sale of flammable fabrics. The proposed legislation to establish the new agency has been the object of both frontal attacks and all sorts of oblique attempts to weaken it, by spokesmen for such industrial groups as the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Grocery Manufacturers of America, General Mills, and Procter & Gamble, and this opposition has had its effect. In the fall of 1971, an exceedingly weak bill, bearing the name of Representative Chet Holifield, of California, was on the floor of the House, and Nader was of no mind to accept it. As an example of Nader's ability to move quickly, Gary Sellers, who was helping him, recalls accompanying him, at a crucial time during the consideration of this legislation, to an 11 P.M. meeting with Lawrence O'Brien, who was then Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, at O'Brien's apartment in Washington, to present to him a memorandum that contained what Sellers calls a set of "relevant points" that Nader felt O'Brien needed to be aware of and was in a position to be helpful about. Nader's memorandum, which he had just typed up himself, pointed out that the draft bill as it stood was "significantly weaker" than bills that had been drawn up at the beginning of the year, one of them under the principal sponsorship of Representative Benjamin S. Rosenthal, of New York, who—though Nader's memorandum to O'Brien did not say so—happened to have relied heavily on a text drawn up by Nader. The memo said, in part:

> It [the current Holifield draft of the Consumer Protection Agency bill] restricted, as of today, Sept. 21, the spectrum of petition-intervention of the C.P.A. to *pending* rule-making and license revocation (put back in on a 5–4 vote with Holifield voting for restoration) and a very, very limited slice of the adjudicatory process—i.e., no adjudicatory proceeding principally for the purpose of imposing a penalty, fine, or forfeiture. This means that the great bulk of agency process—[in] particular the informal processes where the ball game is decided or not decided—is off limits to the C.P.A.'s legal standing to petition on, be heard, and possibly [have its case] reviewed in court.

The memo went on to enumerate eight jurisdictional areas excluded from the current House bill: the right of the agency to represent consumers in asking for federal investigations into particular problems, its right to initiate proceedings before regulatory agencies, its right to challenge the public-information and disclosure policies of agencies, its right to petition for the improvement of procedures and practices of regulatory agencies, its right to petition concerning "chronic non-enforcement" practices of agencies, the right to petition against systematic agency "refusal to act where there is a duty to act," the right to petition to challenge or propose agency supervisory practices, and its right to participate in state-agency actions involving consumer-protection activities delegated to the agencies by federal laws. The memorandum continued:

> Such segments of the spectrum of agency process should be open to C.P.A. NOT TO REGULATE, NOT TO COERCE, but simply to challenge the agencies to prove their case or explain their inaction or justify their procedures. The key here is giving the C.P.A. the authority to have *legal standing* to pursue such challenges or initiatives.
>
> All this can be done by adding on page 18, line 21 of the new draft print, after

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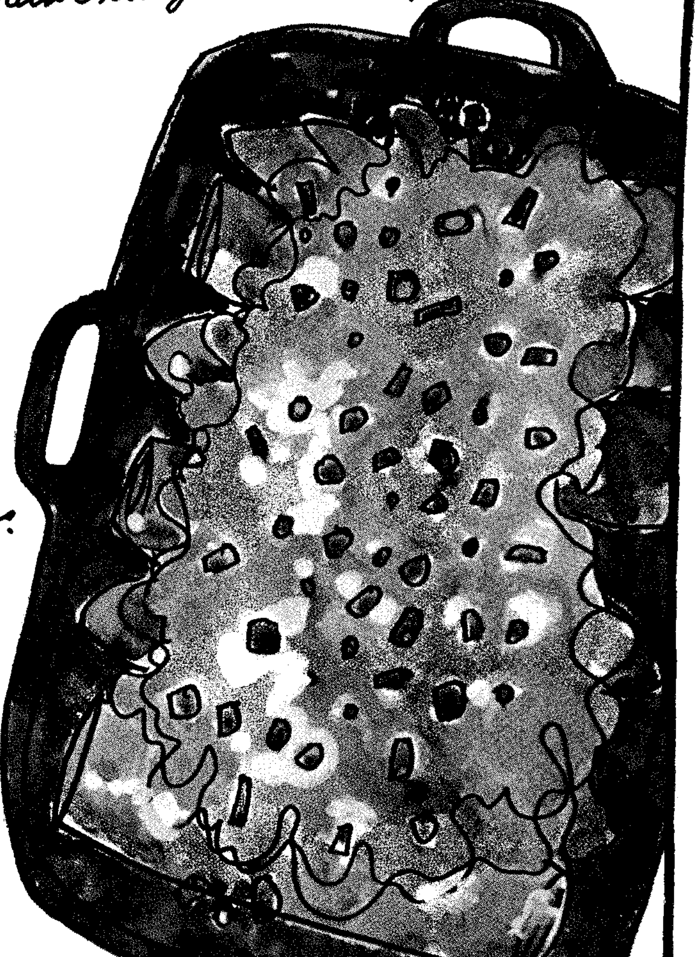

The original Chiles Rellenos.

1 can (7 oz.) Ortega® Whole Green Chiles.
2 cups grated jack cheese.
2 eggs. 1 cup milk.
Salt and pepper to taste.
1 can (7 oz.) Ortega Green Chile Salsa.

Slit chiles lengthwise and open flat. Remove seeds. Divide 1½ cups of cheese and place on chiles. Roll up each chile. Place rolls, seam side down in greased 9"x5"x3" loaf pan. Beat eggs, milk, salt and pepper. Pour egg mixture over chiles and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake in preheated oven (375°) 35-40 minutes, or until puffed, browned and firm. Heat salsa and spoon over chiles. Serves 4.

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the word "code," "or investigation or any informal matter or process which may conclude with an agency action."

But, for all Nader's midnight persuasiveness, and in spite of a vigorous last-minute floor fight by congressional allies of his, the House passed the bill, on October 14, 1971, pretty much in the form Nader had objected to. Nader had already told the press that the bill had been "stripped of its integrity and effectiveness."

In 1972, a stronger Senate bill, under the principal sponsorship of Senator Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, was reported out by the Executive Reorganization Subcommittee. But when the bill went to the floor of the Senate, at the end of September, a combination of intense industry pressure, opposition on the part of the Nixon Administration, and a filibuster against it, led by Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, made its prospects for passage dubious before the Ninety-second Congress ended. Three times the proponents of the bill attempted to invoke the cloture rule to end the filibuster, and three times they failed. An article in the Washington *Post* reported that spokesmen for the Nixon Administration, although they professed themselves neutral on the filibuster, were covertly encouraging it. Although they would have been delighted with no bill at all, they preferred the weaker House version and feared that the Senate bill, if it passed, would prevail in conference. Just before the second attempt at cloture, Nader tried one more tactic. He wrote a letter to Edward Cox, his former associate, and asked him to appeal to the President to support the bill "or at a minimum . . . urge him to order a relaxation of obstructive efforts by his assistants." Then Nader leaked the contents of the letter to a Washington *Post* reporter. "By doing that, Ralph made it certain that Patrick Buchanan would *have* to put the item in the President's news summary," Sellers told me later. "The letter might embarrass Cox, but it would make the President aware of the problem. You'll never get Ralph to pull a punch for a friend."

But nothing worked. Just before the third attempt at cloture, Nader, according to a man familiar with the floor management of the bill, "sent us a note saying, 'Hold firm.' We were two or three votes short of cloture at the time, and it was clear that we had to try to make a deal with the opposition if we were to obtain cloture."

This year on Capitol Hill, Nader has continued lobbying as hard as ever

Something about Eagles.

Usually reliable sources say the Eagle belongs in the family Accipitridae, which means, roughly speaking, *fast fliers.*

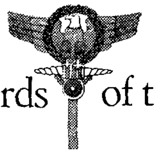
Webster's dictionary says Eagles also are famous for their "strength, size, grace and keen vision."

The national emblem of the United States is the Bald Eagle (*H. leucocephalus*) a species confined to North America.

Benjamin Franklin, who must have been kidding, said he favored the turkey instead of the Eagle.

All through history, the Eagle has been identified with strength, dignity and authority.

Symbols of the Eagle were used by the ancient Persian warriors to frighten the enemy.

The Eagle also appeared on the standards  of the Roman legions as they conquered the known world.

In the Medieval Ages, the Eagle was flown only by kings.

In modern times, the Eagle has become a popular symbol for business brands—denoting supremacy and high quality.

In the Manhattan phone book, for example, there are almost two columns of trade names beginning with "Eagle."

But only two listings for "Turkey."

When Eagles set out to do something, they don't just fool around. One Eagle nest, blown to the ground during a severe storm, weighed two tons!

"Eagles range throughout the world," says the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Not in wild profusion, however.

Eagles never flock. You have to find them one by one.

In all the world, there are only eight species like the American Eagle.

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One by one, we've built the most respected
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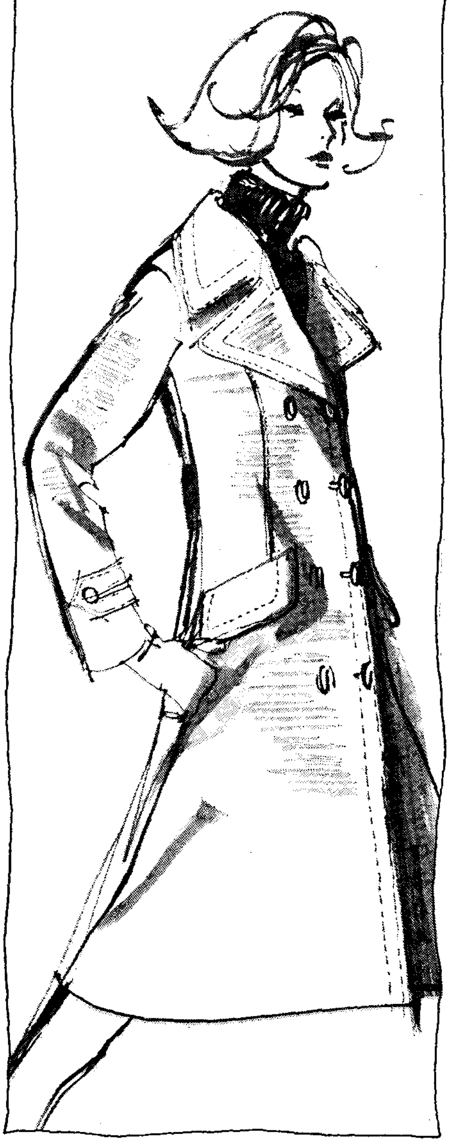

for a Consumer Protection Agency bill. Of the various versions now in committee, Nader has given his general support to two: a Senate bill sponsored by Senators Ribicoff, Jacob K. Javits, of New York, and Charles H. Percy, of Illinois, and another House bill sponsored by Representative Rosenthal. Nader believes that a bill will be passed, probably early next year, and he has been holding out for the strongest version obtainable, but he is realistic about how much can be accomplished. One crucial issue that remains unresolved is whether such a bill would authorize the agency to intervene in informal proceedings before other agencies—which, he points out, is where perhaps eighty per cent of significant regulatory decisions are at present being made. Further, Nader believes that the Nixon Administration, which three or four years ago had no very strong feelings about such legislation, has come to recognize that such an agency could be an extremely potent force for making the existing regulatory agencies effective, and Administration people are only too well aware of the extent to which powerful business interests have rallied around to weaken it, if they cannot destroy it in the formative stage. That Nader should have come so close and yet up till now failed to obtain what he considered a strong version of so vitally important a bill is perhaps a measure of the limits of his current effectiveness in directly influencing legislation.

THERE has been evident, in fact, during the last eighteen months or so, a certain air of a regrouping of forces against Nader's efforts toward the reform of existing institutions and toward the strengthening of the individual's power in an industrial society. Perhaps an indication of this changing temper is contained in a confidential memorandum (later released by the *Washington Report*, a biweekly newsletter of the United States Chamber of Commerce) addressed by Lewis F. Powell, Jr., in August, 1971 (four and a half months before he became a member of the Supreme Court), to the chairman of the Education Committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce. The memorandum was headed "Attack on American Free Enterprise System." It said, "No thoughtful person can question that the American economic system is under broad attack. . . . What now concerns us is quite new in the history of America. We are not dealing with sporadic or isolated attacks from a relatively few extremists or even from the minority socialist cadre. Rath-

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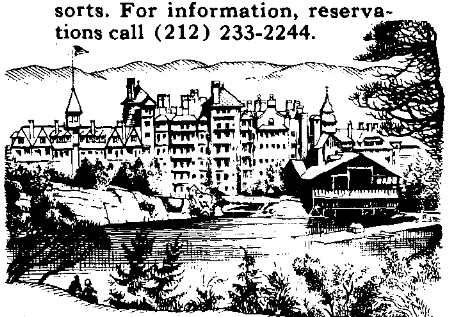

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And among all Bees on this Continent, only one species produces honey.

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These non-producers are called drones.

(Remember: We're talking about real Bees, not pretend-magazine-Bees.)

We regret to inform you that all drones are of the male gender.

Drones are tolerated only as long as nectar keeps coming into the hive. Otherwise, they are driven out to starve.

It is also sad to report that while the male drone always dies after mating, most drones die of other, less interesting, causes.

Possibly the most useful thing to remember about Bees—real or otherwise—is that just rounding them up and packing them into a Bee Hive doesn't guarantee a flow of honey.

Which is quite otherwise in the case of Eagles.

We will now discuss the Eagle.

About Eagles.

Nobody ever called an Eagle a drone and got away with it.

The Eagle is the most.

Which is why readers of The Wall Street Journal are called "Eagles."

The best thing about Eagles, if you're a business advertiser, is that you don't have to guess.

Whenever you see an Eagle, you already know a lot about him.

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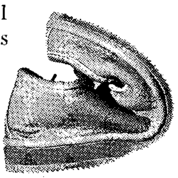

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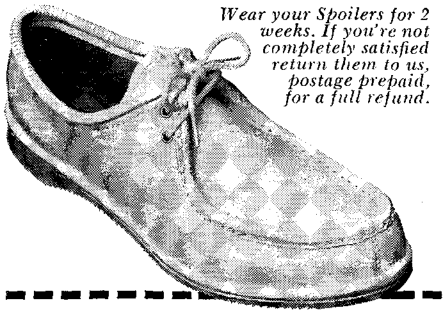

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er, the assault on the enterprise system is broadly based and consistently pursued." Mr. Powell wrote that the sources of the assault included "the college campus, the pulpit, the media, the intellectual and literary journals, the arts and sciences, and . . . politicians," and, after dealing with "New Leftist spokesmen," he went on next to point a finger at Ralph Nader, whom he called "perhaps the single most effective antagonist of American business . . . who—thanks largely to the media—has become a legend in his own time and an idol of millions of Americans." He then quoted from an article in the May, 1971, *Fortune* that said of Nader, "The passion that rules in him—and he is a passionate man—is aimed at smashing utterly the target of his hatred, which is corporate power." Mr. Powell cited with approval an article by the right-wing columnist Jeffrey St. John, which had appeared in the *Wall Street Journal*, criticizing what St. John saw as the tendency of business leaders to compromise with and appease critics such as Nader, and Mr. Powell added that "the time has come—indeed, it is long overdue—for the wisdom, ingenuity and resources of American business to be marshalled against those who would destroy it." Mr. Powell went on:

> It is still Marxist doctrine that the "capitalist" countries are controlled by big business. This doctrine, consistently a part of leftist propaganda all over the world, has a wide public following among Americans.
>
> Yet, as every business executive knows, few elements of American society today have as little influence in government as the American businessman, the corporation, or even the millions of corporate stockholders. . . .
>
> Current examples of the impotency of business, and of the near-contempt with which businessmen's views are held, are the stampedes by politicians to support almost any legislation related to "consumerism" or to the "environment."

Furthermore, Mr. Powell said, the views of American business have been under-represented in the courts:

> Under our constitutional system, especially with an activist-minded Supreme Court, the judiciary may be the most important instrument for social, economic and political change.
>
> Other organizations and groups, recognizing this, have been far more astute in exploiting judicial action than American business. . . . Labor unions, civil-rights groups and now the public interest law firms are extremely active in the judicial arena. Their success, often at business' expense, has not been inconsequential.
>
> This is a vast area of opportunity for the Chamber, if it is willing to under-

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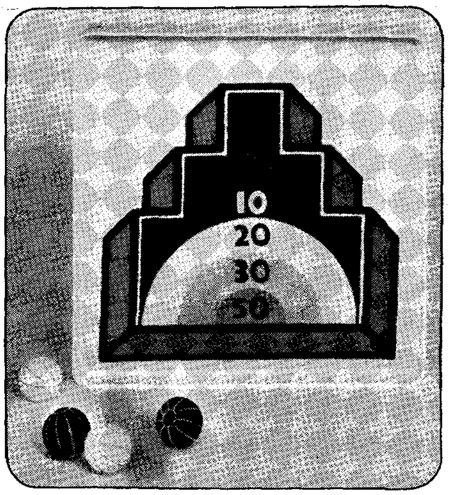

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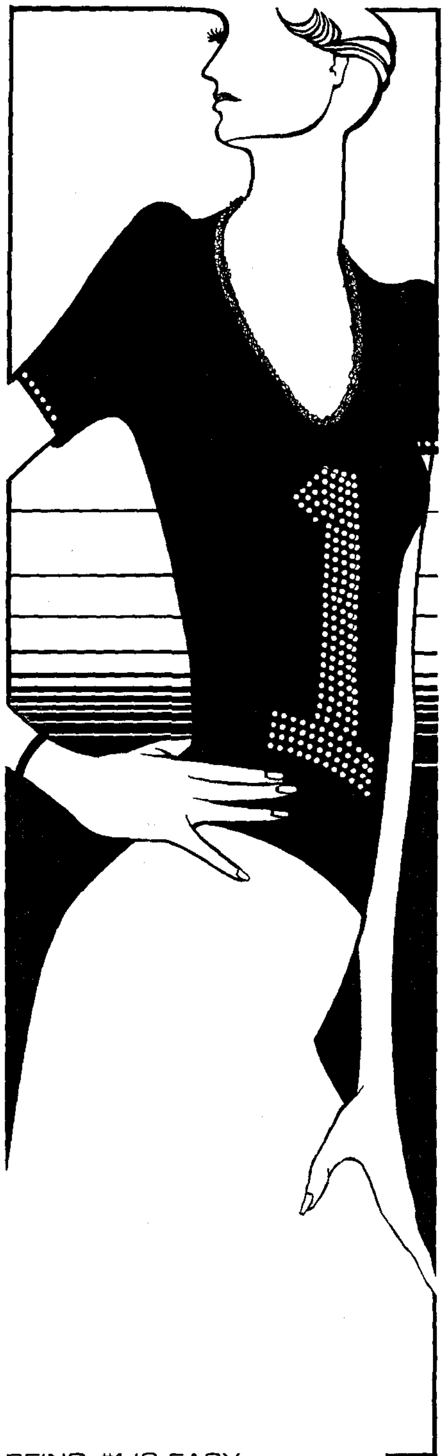

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take the role of spokesman for American business.

In view of what he saw as the extent of the threat, Mr. Powell went on to urge:

> It is essential that spokesmen for the enterprise system—at all levels and at every opportunity—be far more aggressive than in the past. There should be no hesitation to attack the Naders, the [Herbert] Marcuses and others who openly seek destruction of the system. There should not be the slightest hesitation to press vigorously in all political arenas for support of the enterprise system. Nor should there be reluctance to penalize politically those who oppose it.

Quite apart from what steps business might take to counter Nader's activities, such a statement is hardly auspicious for public-interest lawyers who may be handling cases concerning consumer-rights laws before the present Supreme Court. Nor was the news, reported in the *Times* last October, that two months earlier the chief administrative officer of the federal courts, Rowland F. Kirks, who works directly under Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, had gone over to Capitol Hill in the company of Thomas G. (Tommy the Cork) Corcoran, the onetime New Dealer turned influential Washington lawyer, who represents drug-industry clients, to discuss with Speaker of the House Carl Albert the desirability of removing some of the court remedies that a consumer product-safety bill then before Congress would make available to consumers. According to the *Times*, Corcoran told Speaker Albert at the meeting that sections of the bill granting consumers the right to bring suit to compel manufacturers to live up to safety standards would throw an unreasonable burden on the already jammed federal court system. Albert later said that Kirks was there "to verify what Tommy was saying." A few weeks after the meeting, Corcoran sent key members of Congress who were deeply involved with the legislation a memorandum that quoted Chief Justice Burger as having commented unfavorably on the burdens that such legislation might impose on the federal courts.

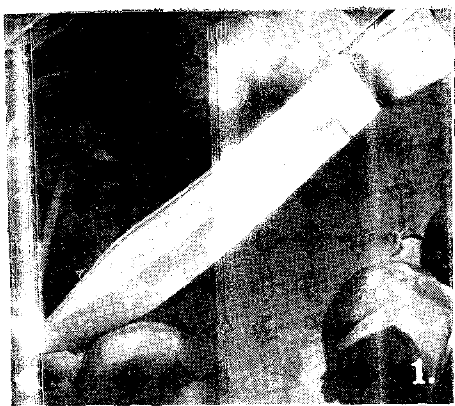
APPLES

A week after the *Times* article appeared, Mr. Kirks let it be known that he had not been authorized by the Chief Justice to visit Albert. On the same day, Chief Justice Burger denied that either he or Kirks' office had taken any position on the legislation. Nader was predictably indignant. "Really gross—a breach of propriety on the part of anyone associated with the Supreme Court" was the way he described it to me. Of course, Nader himself had lobbied on behalf of the consumer-suit provision, just as Corcoran had lobbied against it; he merely hadn't had the chief administrative officer of the federal courts at his side to underline the importance of his words. The meeting with Albert does not appear to have had any particular effect on the legislation, for the bill was signed into law by President Nixon late in October, 1972, after the provision giving consumers the right to sue manufacturers for damages in federal courts had been narrowed to cover only cases where the damages claimed exceeded ten thousand dollars. Still, the bill's most important purpose, the establishment of a Consumer Product Safety Commission, has been carried out, and the Commission is now hard at work.

Nader's over-all attitude toward the Chief Justice possibly is influenced by his awareness that a decision by Burger in 1966, when he was a federal circuit judge—the case involved representation of the interests of the listening public in proceedings concerning governmental regulation of broadcasting—actually had done much to give legal standing in the courts to attorneys representing the public interest; Nader feels that since then, though, Justice Burger has backed away from acting in accordance with the logical consequences of that decision.

THAT industry is getting a second wind after absorbing the initial shocks of Naderite attacks on many of its practices is also suggested by some observations that Howard Stein, the chairman of the board of the Dreyfus Corporation, made to me a while ago. Besides heading the huge Dreyfus group of mutual funds, Stein is known to have been an early and vigorous opponent of American involvement in Vietnam, was in charge of finances in Eugene McCarthy's Presidential campaign in 1968, and has even made contributions in the past to Nader's Center for Study of Responsive Law, so he can scarcely be suspected of anti-Nader bias in telling me that industry people he has been in touch with "aren't afraid of Nader anymore." This opinion is to some extent in accord with that of an erstwhile Nader senior associate who conceded to me recently that "the defenses of the interests and industries we attack have become more sophisticated and capable than they used to be."

On September 18th of this year, Edward B. Rust, the president of State Farm Insurance Companies, who was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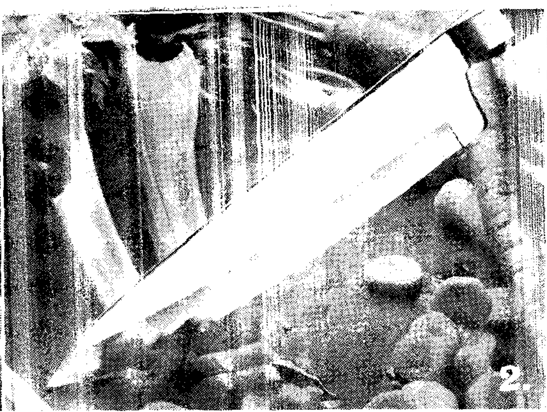
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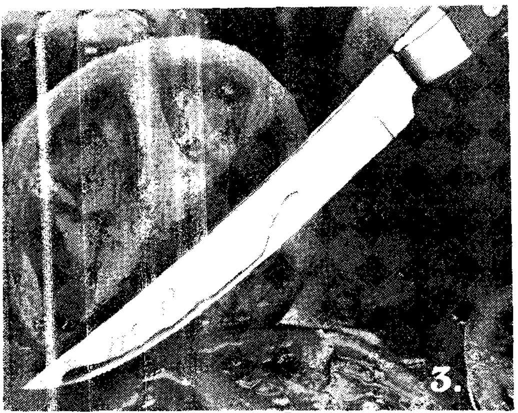
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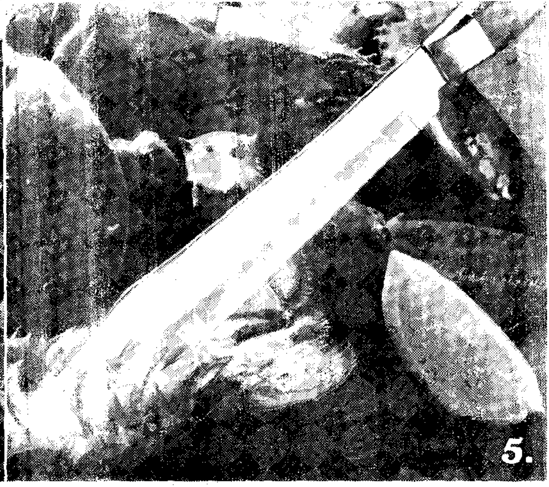
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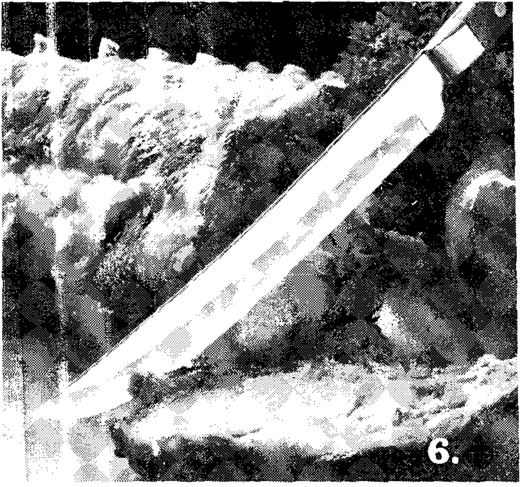
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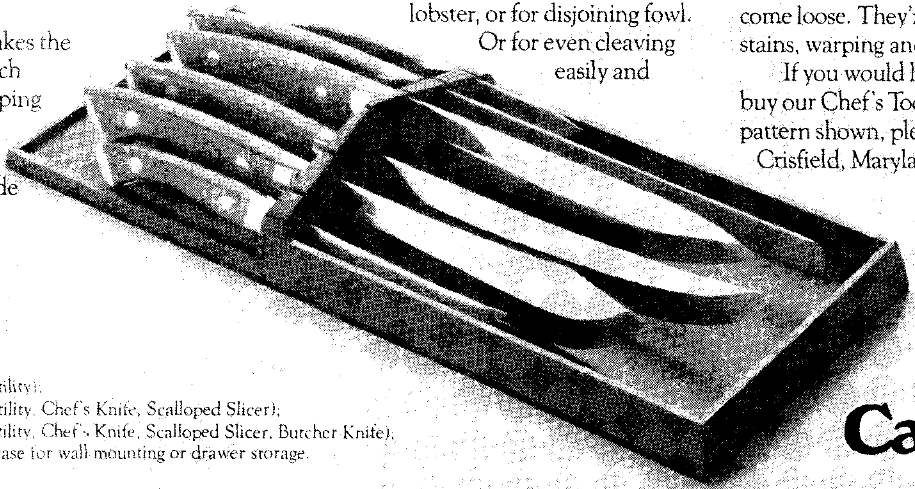

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recently elected president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, even had a few good words to say about Nader. In a speech before a convention of insurance underwriters in Chicago, Rust appealed to "American business to look with fresh eyes at Ralph Nader and the kind of consumerism he represents." Rust went on to say that "the whole point of Nader—so obvious that it is often overlooked—is his single-minded dedication to making the free-enterprise system work as it's supposed to: to make marketplace realities of the very virtues that businessmen ascribe to the system." Subsequently, the Chamber of Commerce headquarters in Washington quickly issued a statement, "replying to inquiries from the news media" on the subject, saying that Rust's remarks about Nader were "his personal opinion." In any event, Rust's statement certainly stood in contrast to Mr. Powell's views just before his elevation to the Supreme Court.

Major newspapers and news magazines, if they have not been less sympathetic to Nader than they once were, have seemed somewhat less ready to give the same kind of prominence to news involving him and his organization. Not all the news has been good for Nader on Capitol Hill. He was chagrined by the release, in July, 1972, of the conclusions of a study that he had long urged on the Department of Transportation—a study of the safety performance of the models of the Corvair that came out between 1960 and 1963, which he had attacked so vehemently in "Unsafe at Any Speed." The Department of Transportation's conclusions, which he instantly denounced as a "whitewash," were that the handling characteristics of the Corvair made the car no more dangerous than competitive cars of its era. Later that July, Douglas W. Toms, then head of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, announced that his department was going to send a letter to two hundred thousand owners of the Corvair models in question discussing "the transition [problem] from understeer to oversteer" and "some of the special problems that one faces driving that kind of vehicle." (This letter has in fact never gone out.) Testifying before the Senate Commerce Committee after Toms had made his statement, Nader said, "The Corvair rolled over for G.M., the Corvair rolled over for Ford, the Corvair has been rolling over on roads throughout the country, but the Corvair just couldn't roll over for the government, because the government rolled over for it and G.M."

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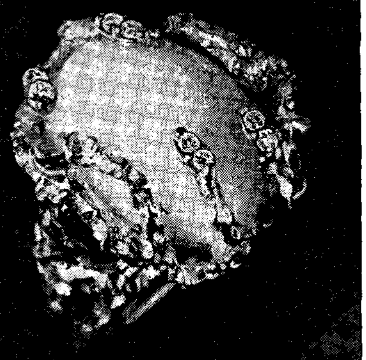

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Two days after the hearing, a column by Jack Anderson reported that, in a private conversation between Nader and Toms about the Corvair just after the appearance of the Department of Transportation report, Toms had said that he believed the car did have a tendency to get out of control. "I don't like them either . . ." Toms was quoted as telling Nader. "I felt the right inside wheel jack up on the Corvair. . . . I know Corvairs roll over and go out of control, and people have problems with them." The item had, of course, been fed to Anderson by Nader. It is characteristic of Nader's sense of tactics in a tight adversary situation that he should have preserved Toms' incautious personal remarks about the Corvair and then used them when he thought they would do the most good.

On top of this irritating episode, the *New Republic*, in its issue of September 2, 1972, ran an article headed "A Chink in Nader's Armor?," which contained a sensational and disturbing suggestion. The article, by Leah Young, a reporter for the *Journal of Commerce*, declared that Nader had been strangely remiss in not backing no-fault-automobile-insurance legislation in Congress, and connected this allegation with a statement that in July "the American Trial Lawyers Association voted to donate $10,000 to Nader's auto safety work." The article set off a flurry in the daily press; the *Times* reported on the affair under the headline "NADER STAND ON NO-FAULT EFFORT LINKED TO GRANT FROM LAWYERS." The implication of an improper connection between Nader's position on no-fault legislation and a grant from the American Trial Lawyers Association, which was known to have been doing the most vigorous lobbying against no-fault, apparently rested in part on the fact that the trial lawyers had offered a ten-thousand-dollar grant to the Center for Auto Safety, an organization that Nader helped to found in 1969 but in whose operations he now had no direct voice. Nader's reaction to the Leah Young article was an angry one. Over the telephone to a *Times* reporter, he asserted that the Center for Auto Safety was independent of his activities, and in the September 9th *New Republic* he denounced the article as a "frenzied run of distortions, straw men, and fabrications." He ended by saying of the *New Republic* editors, "I will guarantee that they will issue a retraction." On September 23rd, the *New Republic* ran a statement that, although

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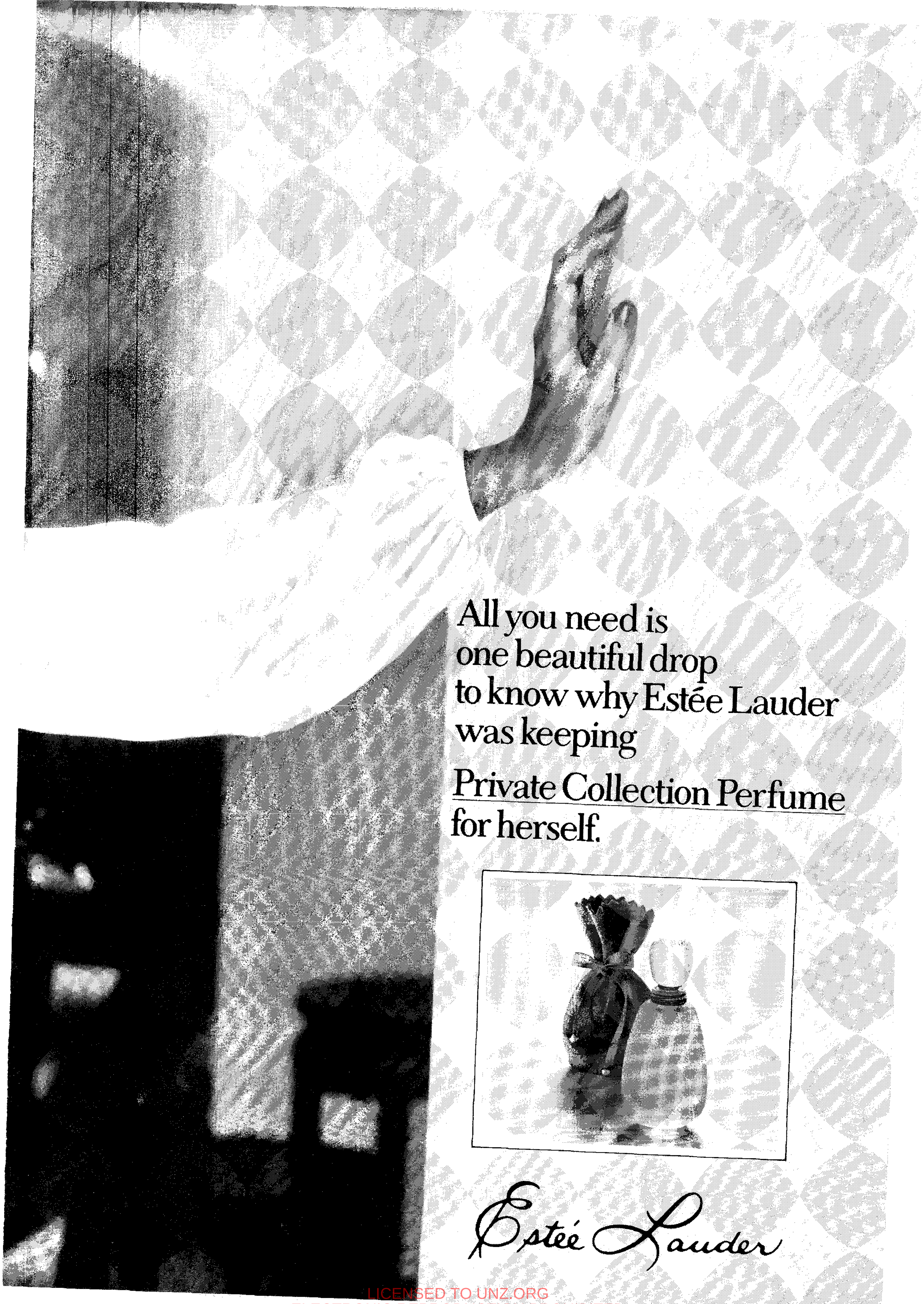
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not exactly a retraction, said the article "did not state nor should it properly be inferred that Ralph Nader's position on no-fault insurance had been determined by a grant solicited by the Center for Auto Safety . . . from the American Trial Lawyers Association, and which was later refused by the auto safety center." After that, for a while Nader's relations with the *New Republic* were what he described as "shall we say, proper," although they now seem in good repair.

As for the no-fault legislation that was being considered by Congress at the time of this episode, Nader explains his lack of enthusiasm for it by saying that it went nowhere near far enough in attempting to reform insurance-industry practices. What Nader does favor, as he remarked early last month on the C.B.S. program "Face the Nation," is "either a system of social insurance, where [automobile insurance is] covered under one big umbrella, or a system of enterprise liability, where the companies who produce the cars also have an insurance policy attached to the cars." Such a liability system, according to Nader, would give the automobile companies a vested interest in building cars to adequate standards so as to keep insurance claims to a minimum.

A WHILE before all this, I had gone to hear Nader speak at the Law Day dinner of the New York State Trial Lawyers Association—an affiliate of the American Trial Lawyers Association—in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel. It was a prosperous-looking turnout of about three hundred and fifty trial lawyers and more than a hundred and fifty judges. At the table where I sat, there was a lot of professional talk, ranging from the subject of judgeships to the outcome of particular civil cases in New York State Supreme Court ("Oh, yes, we got a very nice settlement on that"). The formal purpose of the dinner was the presentation of the annual Law Day Award for distinguished service to an associate justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, Second Department. The speaker who introduced the proceedings evoked a storm of applause by referring to "that abomination known as no-fault." Then honor was paid to ten trial-lawyer members for their efforts on behalf of the association, and after that Nader was warmly introduced by Melvin Block, an attorney in Brooklyn, who is an admirer of Nader's work. (Since then, Block has be-

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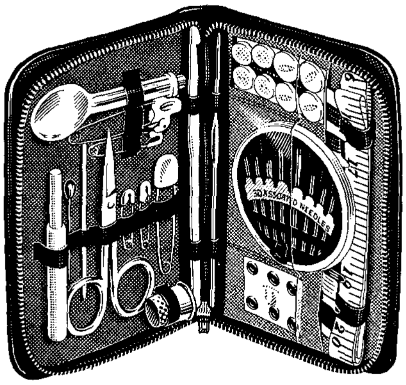

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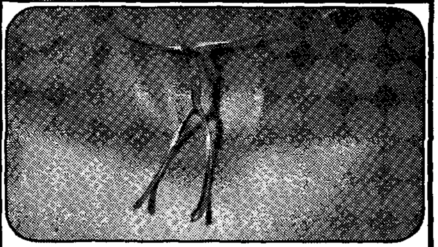

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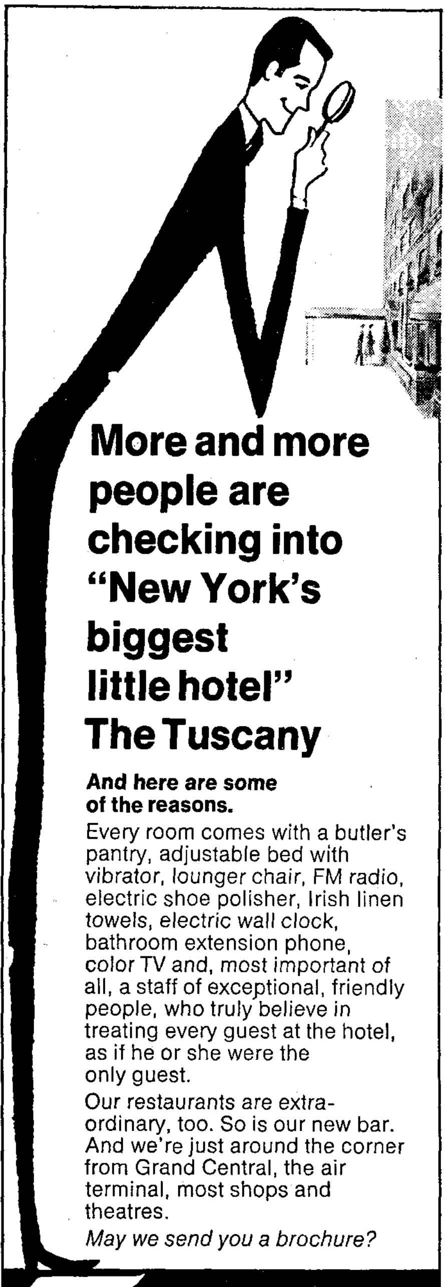
come president of the New York State Trial Lawyers Association, and has been promoting, with some success, the cause of public-interest law within the association.) The lawyers' applause for Nader was a little less thunderous than I had expected it to be for a man who in a very few years had done so much for the cause of product-liability litigation.

Nader began by saying that most lawyers in New York were insufficiently active in regard to the problems that had led to a widespread breakdown of law in the city—that most had failed to do anything more than the simplest kind of *pro bono publico* work. Then he really went to work on his audience.

"I thought it would be symbolically valuable if, at your next year's meeting, you would not honor yourselves but instead would honor ten of the representative victims of the corrupt legal system that you can pick around the city," he told the assembled lawyers and judges. "I'm sure you will find no difficulty in finding people to honor. For example, you can choose an individual who has been sued by a bank under the system of 'sewer service' [in which a process server, usually employed by a law firm, falsely swears that he has served a defendant with a summons and complaint that has, actually or figuratively, been thrown down a sewer], resulting in a default judgment. You could pick a black child or a Puerto Rican child who has swallowed lead-based paint off his crumbling tenement walls. You could pick an emphysema victim ingesting the violence of the air that our legal system has been almost three generations behind in recognizing and grappling with. You could pick a victim of the government's denial of the right of the citizen to know facts basic to the citizen's livelihood or basic Constitutional rights. You could take a victim of the endemic or, shall we say, epidemic police corruption in the city, or a victim of the narcotics trade, which, seemingly, none of our law-enforcement officials—state, local, or federal—can locate as easily as can a teen-age boy. You could pick the victim of judicial delay, being ground into a state of attrition by an opposing litigant who simply can await the outcome of the litigation with confidence because of his affluence. You could pick a victim of incompetent lawyers—a very serious problem, as in other professions, the profession itself doesn't like to face up to. You could pick a victim of consumer fraud, which abounds in this city, as in other cities. Or a victim



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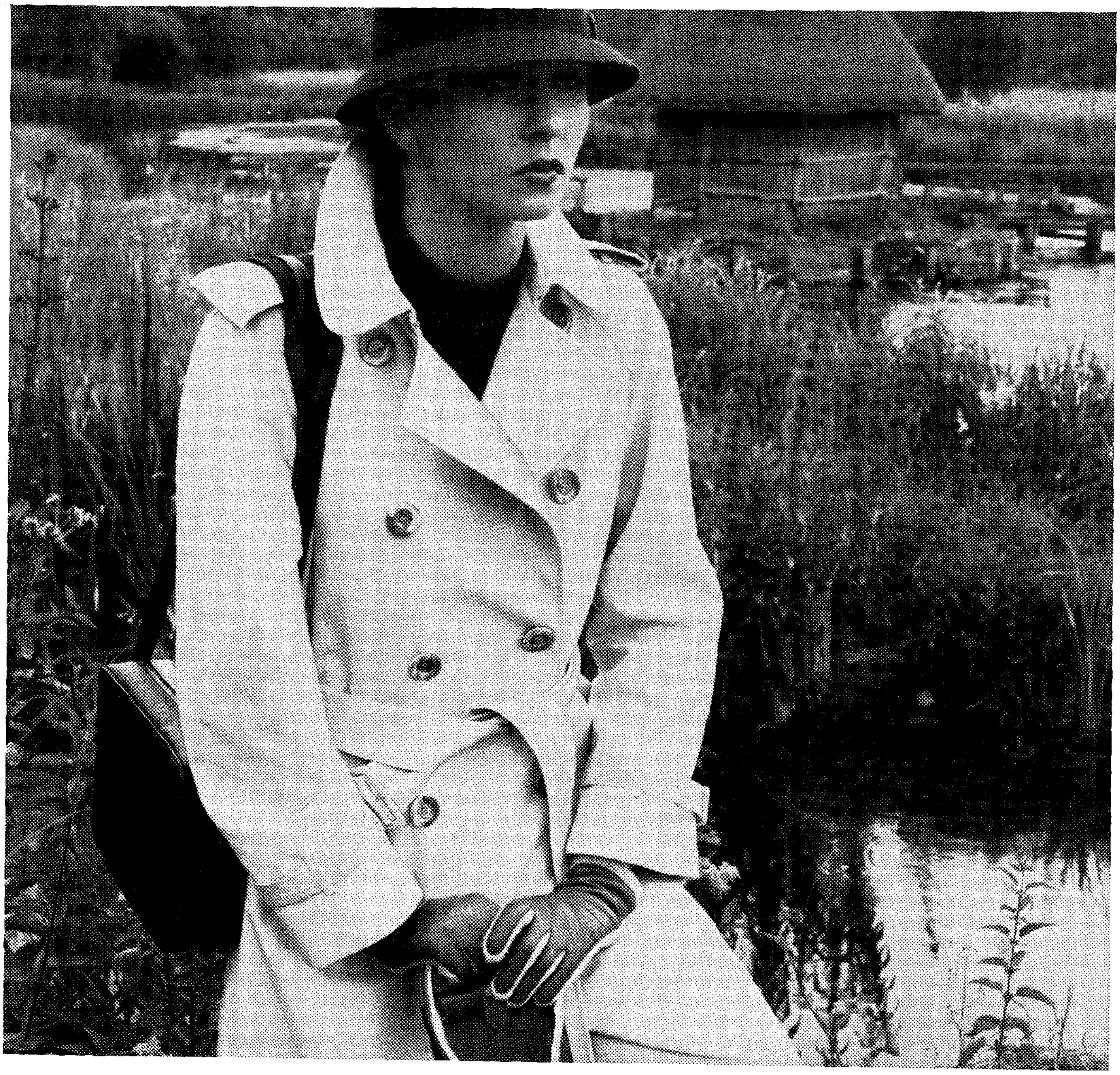

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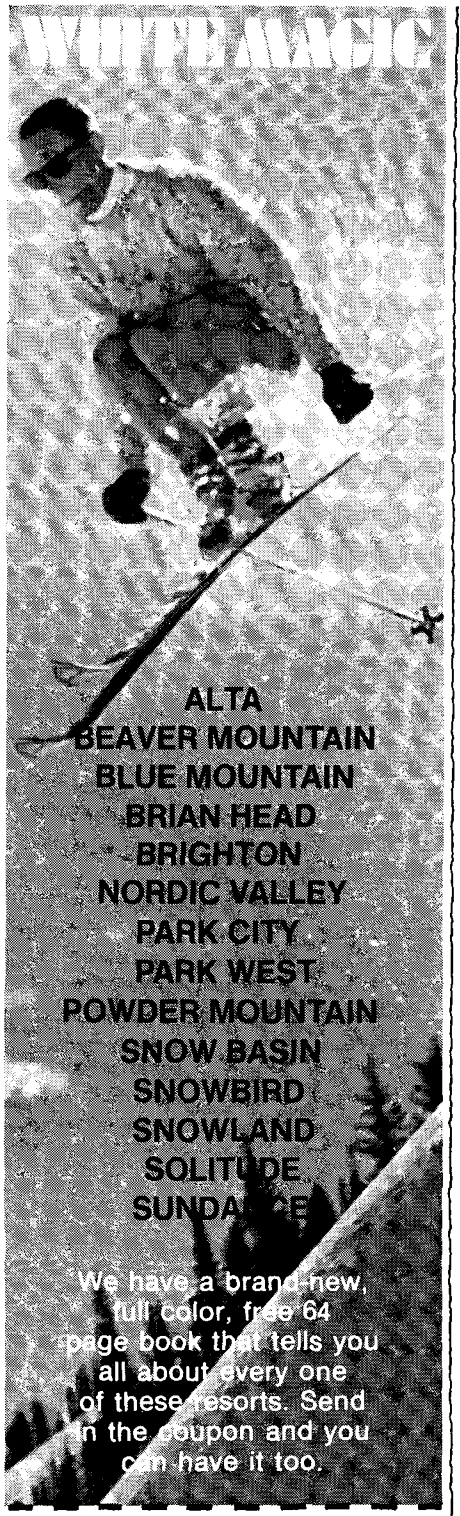

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of the legislative process, which in many ways is a caricature of the entire legal system—limiting its duration of operation, riddled with conflicts of interest, and without the slightest technical capacity to deal with the executive branch of government, much less the problems of the society in which it is supposed to shoulder a major responsibility."

This got Nader no applause. He went on to specify areas of the legal system that he believed needed altering: the courts needed restructuring so that they had branches "down to the people's level," and so that ordinary citizens, when they had to go to court, could do so outside their normal working time; there was a need to restructure the law in its application to occupational health and safety and the spreading of contaminants by industry; there was a need to develop "a legal system to represent the rights of those unborn who must start life in the biologically hostile environment created by the toxic detritus of an industrialized society;" and, above all, there was a need to reverse "a steady deterioration of the principle of personal accountability in an increasingly complex and bureaucratized society where institutions have been made to stand as privileged sanctuaries for individual transgressions."

Next, he reminded the lawyers that "as the society becomes more complex the greatest legal challenges don't come into the law offices with a retainer." Many of the great issues of the law, he said, were not issues that could be dealt with—in their initial stages, at any rate—within the framework of commercial or private practice; it would be necessary to develop tens of thousands of public-interest lawyers. As for how these lawyers could be supported, Nader suggested first that there be a systematic contribution of about ten per cent of all lawyers' time and influence to public-interest law, and then that all lawyers make a monetary contribution of something less than that. "What about two per cent of the income of the legal profession?" he asked. "That's two per cent of four and a half billion dollars a year, which is the income of the legal industry in this country. Shouldn't a lawyer who earns eighty-five thousand dollars a year sponsor *one* public-interest lawyer? That would add three or four hundred public-interest lawyers in . . . New York alone."

Although there was a round of applause at the end of Nader's speech, the reception seemed mixed. In the course of the speech, a few members of

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the audience had made gestures of distaste, and a couple of people had even walked out.

After the speech, Nader left the Grand Ballroom with Paul Rheingold, an old friend and Harvard Law School classmate, and Ugo Stille, the New York correspondent of *Corriere della Sera*, of Milan, and I went along. Rheingold suggested that we drop in at the Plaza's Palm Court for a cup of tea or coffee, and we went in and took a table. Nader was handed a menu, and he said he thought he would order a milkshake. Then, as a waiter stood by respectfully, Nader gave a visible start. His eyes had fallen upon the minimum price of an evening snack at the Plaza—three dollars. "This place is *incredibly expensive*," he said to Rheingold. His outrage mounted. "This is ridiculous. I'm against this on principle. Too much. Let's leave. Let's go somewhere else. A consumer revolt!"

Rheingold remarked mildly that under the circumstances he thought his law firm could take care of the check. Nader wouldn't hear of it. He declared that he was against having milkshakes at such prices on principle. Amid quiet consternation on the part of the management, and a certain pause in the general rattling of cups and glasses while other occupants of the room became aware that Ralph Nader was causing something of a scene at the Plaza, our party, led by Nader, got up and marched out. Nader had his milkshake at a Schrafft's, on Madison Avenue.

A couple of hours later, I accompanied him up Madison Avenue toward the hotel where he was staying that night. It was past midnight, and the streets were almost deserted. At Sixty-fourth Street, the traffic light turned red against us just as we reached the curb. Nader, in mid-stride, stopped smartly. No vehicles were approaching nearby, but he stood there obediently until the light turned green, then moved on at a brisk pace.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

Mitchum's stock, which is running at Los Alamitos these nights, includes the winner of the Bay Meadows Derby, Don Guerro (Mitchum, characteristically, pronounces it correctly—he can speak three languages—as "Don Waro"), who could probably leave Secretariat in the gate in a quarter-mile race.—*Los Angeles Times.*

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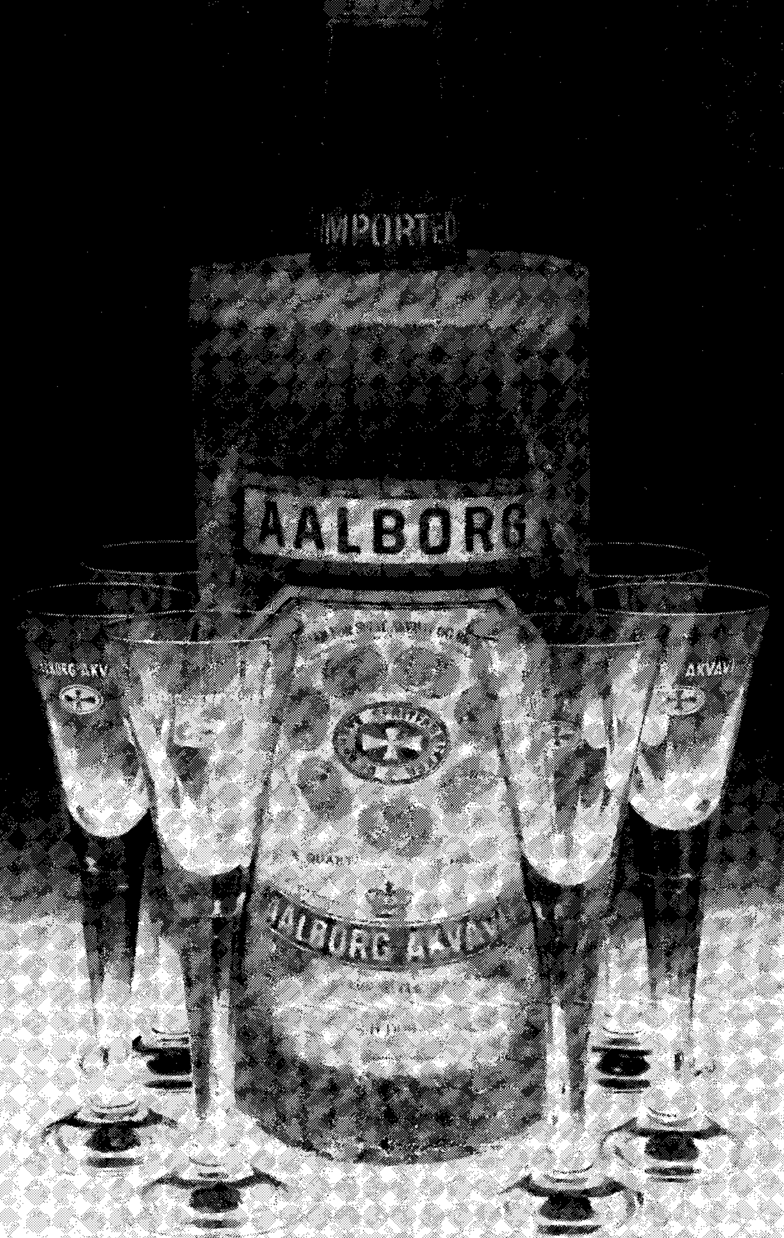

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THE THEATRE

LE ROI LE VEUT? TANT PIS!

It is hard to praise "Crown Matrimonial" justly without appearing to patronize it. A well-made, pleasantly old-fashioned play in two acts of three scenes apiece, it has as its subject the crisis precipitated in 1936 by the determination of the new and as yet uncrowned King of England, Edward VIII, to marry the twice-divorced American Wallis Simpson. The playwright, Royce Ryton, devotes himself to dramatizing the crisis as it affected Edward, the Queen Mother, brother Bertie (later to be George VI), and other members of the Royal Family; Baldwin, Churchill, Lang, and similarly formidable figures in the crisis remain in the wings, growlingly. The political and theological aspects of the problem are stated in gentle domestic colloquies, over sherry, tea, and—sign of extreme tension—whiskey. One eavesdrops on Queen Mary's sitting room in Marlborough House, overlooking the Mall, and the *frisson* of snobbish satisfaction that any red-blooded American is bound to feel at being allowed to penetrate that well-upholstered arcanum is perhaps not one that Mr. Ryton would wish to take credit for inducing, though he may have counted on it. Be that as it may, he has given us our little history lesson neatly and, as far as I know, accurately. He is the sort of playwright whom people call "literate," as if his being able to read and write were a sufficient compliment to his talents; he is plainly capable of a great deal more than that, and if in the present instance he has been less ambitious than he might have been—in Frost's formulation, he is "neither out far nor in deep"—he deserves a success on Broadway, and I think local audiences will give him one.

Eileen Herlie is a superlative Queen Mary. Wearing gorgeous gowns and ropes of pearls over a framework of padding that accurately reproduces the late Queen's memorable *embonpoint*, she sails like a dreadnought through her role as unrelenting mother, proud widow, and stern daughter of the voice of God. In real life, such women tend to leave considerable wreckage bobbing in their wake; onstage, oddly, they strike us as lovable. Miss Herlie is wise never to flinch from the asperity and self-righteousness of Mary. The world is not made better by such women, but it is kept spinning by them. On opening night, George Grizzard seemed somewhat ill at ease in his role as the miserable, sorely beset Edward; he was not quite British enough, or kingly enough, for the predicament he had invented, and his talk about "the woman I love" had an implausible whining quality to it, as if "the puppy I love" or "the blanket I love" would have served equally well. There must have been more to Edward VIII than petulant selfishness expressed in terms of a relation that is not shown here as rising above the level of a longed-for amorous coziness. Patrick Horgan is excellent as virtuous, stammering Bertie, and so are Ruth Hunt as his strong and able wife and Paddy Croft as his sister, the decorous Princess Royal. The exceptionally evocative costumes are by Finlay James, who also designed the handsome set, which must occupy every foot of the stage of the Helen Hayes, right to the rear-wall radiators. It is just what I have been looking for in London, and in such a nice neighborhood, too. I am ready to move in at a moment's notice. The director of "Crown Matrimonial" is Peter Dews, who is not to be confused with his colleagues Peter Brook, Peter Hall, and Peter Glenville, or, to judge by the authority manifested in this production, with Peter Rabbit.

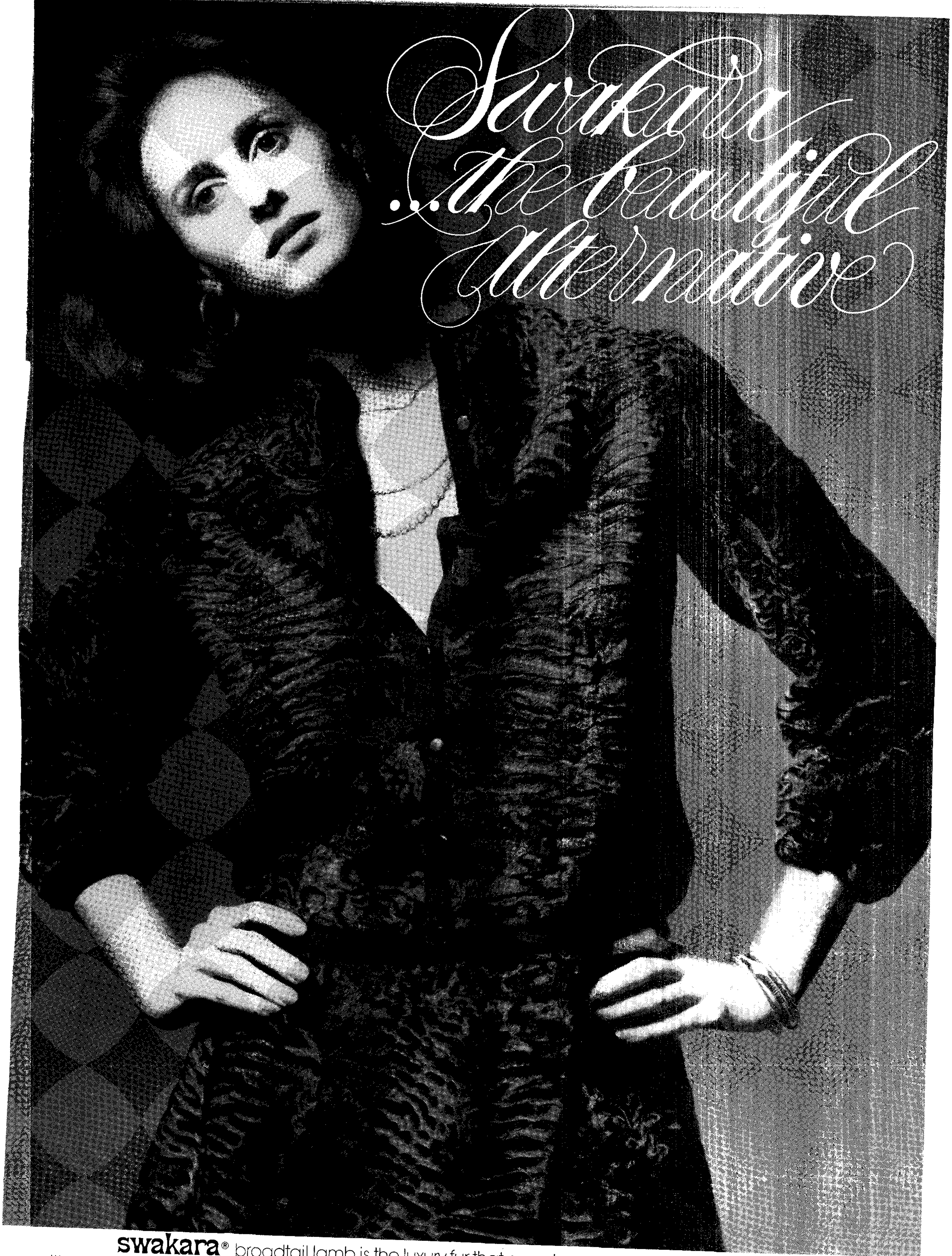
Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire" celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary earlier this year with a fine production at the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Directed by Ellis Rabb and starring Rosemary Harris and James Farentino, it was the last play to be produced by the Repertory Theatre before Jules Irving resigned as its head; many people believed it to be the best work he had accomplished there. Now Mr. Irving, as a director, has brought still another production of "Streetcar" to town—this time to the St. James. It makes use of the brilliant Repertory setting, by Douglas W. Schmidt, the costumes, by Nancy Potts, and the lighting, by John Gleason, but the cast is now headed by Lois Nettleton, Alan Feinstein, Biff McGuire, and Barbara Eda-Young. It seems to me a slower and less anguished version of the play than Mr. Rabb's, but it has many merits. Miss Nettleton plays Blanche Du Bois as a still comparatively young woman, and that is what the author intended. Blanche, though she admits to being over thirty, makes a brave birthday-party claim to being twenty-seven; the younger she is the more interesting her problem. Mr. Feinstein passes with honors the usual difficult test in this play—he keeps us from remembering Brando in the role. One feels about "Streetcar" as one feels about "Long Day's Journey Into Night" and other already classic works of our time: Before they were written, how did we manage to get along without them?

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Return Engagement

Steve Tesich's "Nourish the Beast," which opened last spring as "Baba Goya" in the roomy quarters of the American Place, has now reopened on the tiny stage of the Cherry Lane, where it seems completely at home. The play, to go back for just a moment, deals with an eccentric household in Queens, and it is an odd combination of American domestic comedy that may remind you of "You Can't Take It with You" and of the nonsense of the Middle European absurdists. Although some of the humor seems forced or arbitrary, much of it pays off, and when it does one is left in no doubt that there is a true, original comic spirit at work. One is also left in no doubt that Mr. Tesich is a dramatist so gifted that when a character of his speaks a word that seems even slightly wrong for him it jars the ear. In any case, I can report that I laughed as often the second time as I did the first, and in many of the same places. With a single minor exception, the original company is on hand, and, under Edwin Sherin's direction, it is as good as ever. Olympia Dukakis is Goya, the head of the household (and Mistress of Revels); John Randolph is her cheerful fourth husband, certain that he is about to die of some unspecified disease; Peggy Whitton is her pesky, hysterical daughter, home on a visit; R. A. Dow is her adopted son, a broody cop; and wonderful Randy Kim is a young American of Japanese descent whom the cop picks up for stealing a camera and then handcuffs to the family radiator. Karl Eigsti's setting looks as convincing on Commerce Street as it did on West Forty-sixth. —Edith Oliver



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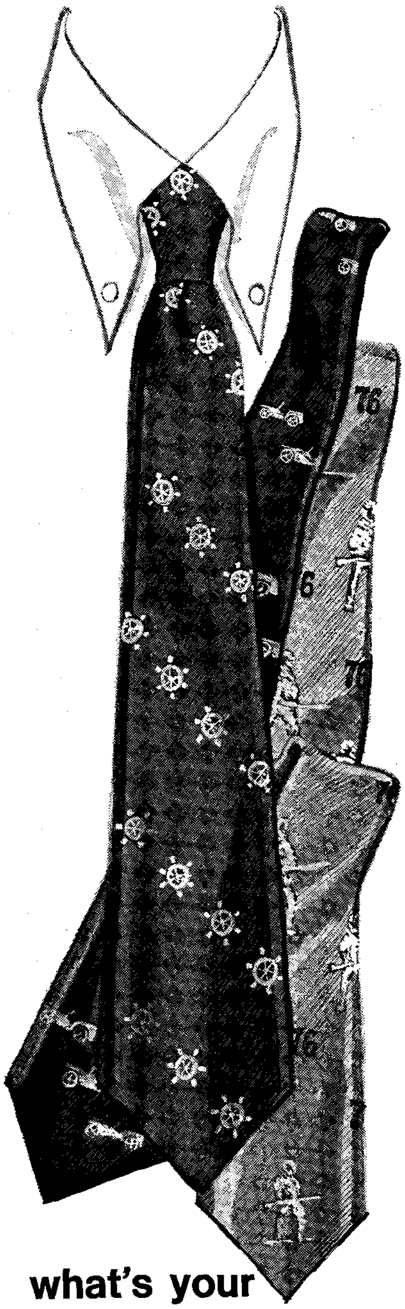

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE AGE OF WILMARTH LEWIS

"The Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence," which is being issued by the Yale University Press, is the most monumental scholarly publishing project ever instigated, financed, and directed privately. It dates from July 5, 1933, when Wilmarth S. Lewis, Yale '18, its originator, co-financer (with his late wife), and editor, began to work on the enterprise, in Room 331-B of the Yale Library, with a single assistant, a fledgling New Haven Ph.D. (Lewis, who has since acquired a dozen honorary degrees, including two from Yale, never travelled on the earned circuit beyond a gentlemanly B.A.) Over a period of forty years, the "Correspondence," drawing upon some seventy-five hundred known letters to and from Walpole, has thrown off thirty-six fat dark-blue volumes, choicely illustrated, minutely indexed, and marvellously annotated. (Their thousands of footnotes have identified a vast cast of characters with concise biographies, and they have not hesitated to correct errors, scotch rumors, and call attention to exaggeration in the letters.) Seven more volumes are either in page proof or in typescript, and a final six-volume master omnium-gatherum index is expected to hit the stands in 1978.

The "Correspondence's" impresario, who has in due course become the world's greatest authority on the life and writings of Walpole, and the unrivalled collector, at the Lewis stately home in Farmington, Connecticut, of Walpoleana, along with other English eighteenth-century literature and art, is a man who relishes scholarly festivities (he was awarded an honorary M.A. by Yale at a dinner party in New Haven), and, at seventy-seven, he does not wish to wait several years to celebrate the phenomenon of his life's work. A year ago last April, he decided to do something to mark the fortieth year of the Walpole factory (as it is known *in situ*), which down the decades has employed the talents of scores of erudite, hardworking assistants—chief among them Warren H. Smith, Yale '27, who has been with the project for thirty-nine years. Lewis has, accordingly, organized a Walpole Jubilee, to take place for a few dazzling hours in New Haven on October 19th. A four-o'clock lecture, in the Law School auditorium, on Walpole and the "Edition" by Walpole's indefatigable fan will be followed by a reception at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library to mark the opening of an exhibition featuring the "Correspondence's" first forty-three volumes (this includes the seven still in production) and such collector's items from Farmington as the gold snuffbox of Mme. du Deffand, one of Walpole's major Correspondents (six volumes), with a wax portrait of her pet spaniel, Tonton, on the lid (both box and dog were bequeathed to Walpole), and the manuscript translation of Walpole's "Historic Doubts" done by Louis XVI while he was imprisoned and awaiting execution. A second exhibition, "The Age of Horace Walpole in Caricature," culled from the Lewis collection of eight thousand eighteenth-century English political and social caricatures, will open in the Sterling Library at Yale. Hard on the Beinecke cocktail party, there will be a dinner for a hundred and thirty guests, in Woolsey Hall, given by President Kingman Brewster (at whose 1963 inauguration Lewis, as Senior Fellow of the Yale Corporation, made the induction address). At eight-thirty, in Sprague Hall, down the block, there will be a concert of eighteenth-century music based in part on ten of the Farmington-housed musical manuscripts of Thomas Gray, the poet, another big Correspondent (eight volumes). The organizer of these events, who has been enduringly known as Lefty since his undergraduate days, when his classmates pressed this appellation on him because he so little resembled a contemporary gangster called Lefty Louie, is an appreciator of nicknames. "I am much in Lefty Louie's debt, because the possession of a nickname is a gift beyond rubies," he wrote in 1967, in his autobiography, "One Man's Education," and he has conferred this gift upon the Jubilee, which he refers to as the Jube. "James L. Clifford, of Columbia, representing the Johnsonians, will be one of the speakers at the Jube," he said to me when I visited him in Farmington a few weeks ago. "The speeches will be *brief*, so we can get to the concert on time. Bruce Simonds, the pianist and former dean of the Yale School of Music, has been working on the concert for months. It was a little tricky, because Walpole was unmusical, but we felt the Jube ought to have a concert."

Professor Clifford is a former president of the Johnson Society of Lich-

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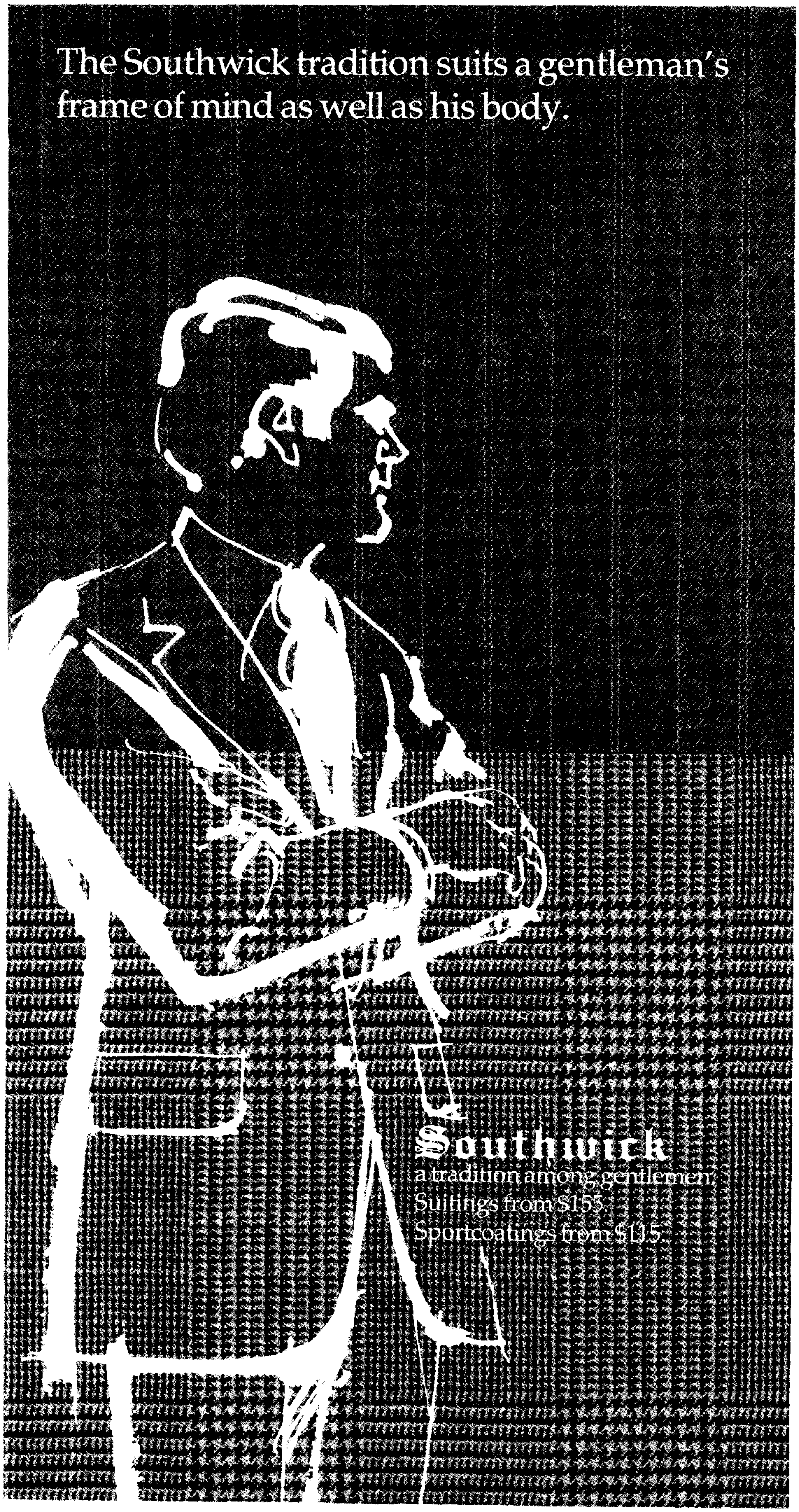
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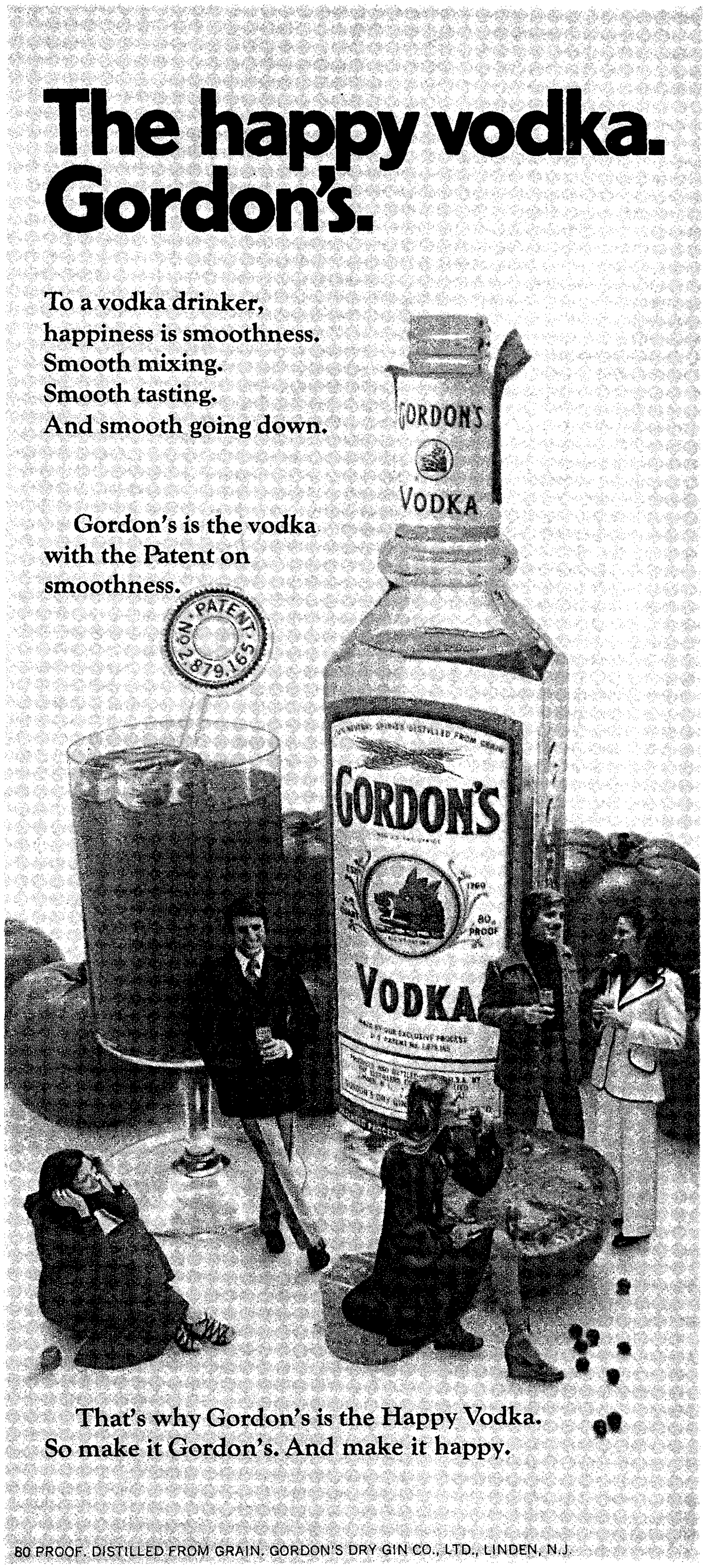

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field, in England, and a member of the editorial board of "The Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson." His invitation from Lewis to speak at the Jube reflects the cheerful ecumenical feeling that obtains between the Walpoleans and the Johnsonians in New Haven. Walpole despised Johnson, and in one of his letters called him "a saucy Caliban." Lewis, who for years identified himself so closely with Walpole that he regarded any criticism of the latter as a crack at himself, has worked his way out of this hangup, but a sense of rivalry between the two camps still exists. For example, Lewis thinks it would be nice if the phrase "The Age of Walpole" achieved the currency of "The Age of Johnson," and to urge this notion along he has set up a Jubilee outpost in the Watkinson Library of Trinity College, in Hartford, where he has mounted another exhibition, *called* "The Age of Horace Walpole." "Walpole's range is so much greater than anyone else's in the eighteenth century," he says. "He is the *key* to the eighteenth century. 'The Age of Walpole' is *quelque chose de nouveau*."

My last visit to Farmington had been in 1959, and I besought my host to bring me up to date on his life and times.

"I enjoy writing more and more," he began. I was familiar with a novel about Yale, "Tutors' Lane," that he wrote in his twenties, and with a reminiscent, anecdotal account of his collecting, "Collector's Progress," written in his fifties; I now learned that during the past fourteen years, besides the "Education," he had published "Horace Walpole," consisting of six A. W. Mellon Lectures on the fine arts delivered at the National Gallery of Art in 1960, and, in 1971, "See for Yourself," an appreciation of ten paintings, ranging chronologically from Hans Memling's "The Betrothal of Saint Catherine" to John Singer Sargent's "Mrs. Frederick Mead." The tone of this book, which I have since read, is personal, chatty, and rather cheery. The chapter on Velázquez's "Adoration of the Magi" ends up:

> To see this picture in one's own house would, I think, lift one above the flurries and annoyances of life to the soul's dwelling place. Adoration, love, is what it inspires, and I don't doubt at all that if it were in my own house I would be better in health and more of a credit to my Maker.

Mr. Lewis, who seemed to be in good shape, is currently working on a book of essays on various pieces of literature he has thought highly of, to be

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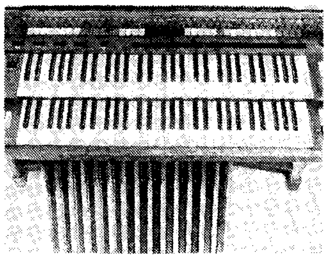

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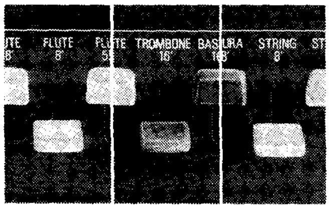
Choose an organ with a selection of tone colors from *each basic family of the orchestra:* brass, woodwinds, and strings.



Don't expect literal imitations of their sound. Rather, look for similarity in terms of sound character.

Avoid organs with whole families of color missing. Even the smallest Yamaha provides colors from the three basic families, and most also have a fourth family, percussion.

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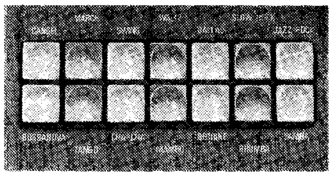

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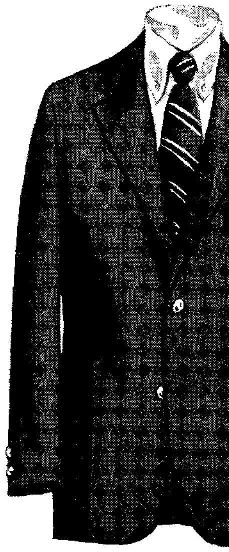

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called "Read As You Please." Eight chapters have been completed. "Now that I've finished the arrangements for the Jube, I'm going back to this," their author said. "I do a lot of the reading for it during the night, or early in the morning, in bed. As I get older, I find that I wake up for several hours. This is a good time to read the Bible, Shakespeare, and so on." Appropriately, he let me see a "Read As You Please" chapter on Cicero's "De Senectute" called "Cicero and Old Age." The tone, again, is personal, and provides a key to Lewis as well as to Cicero:

> Of course, something more than stoical acceptance of increasing physical impairments is needed to come down the home stretch well, and, as Cicero indicates, mental exercise is the answer. Without it, modern veterans may drift into television and drink, sitting hour after hour wistfully watching strong young men play violent games. . . .
>
> Years ago, when I was on the Commencement circuit, I used to urge the youths and maidens before me to begin planning for their retirement without delay. I recommended the cultivation of a hobby that requires a little mental exercise, and I see from *De Senectute* that Cicero would endorse this advice. It doesn't matter what you collect as long as you do it passionately. Ardent collectors are among the happiest of men because age does not weaken their rapacity. Knowledge expands with the collection as it leads its creator on into adjacent fields, on and on. He discovers the pleasures of care and method, of filing cabinets and cards, and in due course the tertiary pleasure of publication, the fulfillment of his collection. He thinks much about its ultimate disposition. Shall he have a famous sale that will shred out the work of a lifetime and benefit his family, or shall he give his collection to a public institution and enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that it will be used forever? If he wills his collection to a library or a museum, he will be remembered.

Well, this got us back to Lewis's Walpole Library, in whose air-conditioned office we were sitting, surrounded by metal filing cabinets, card indexes, and over three thousand books that used to belong to Horace Walpole. The Farmington establishment and collections, generously endowed by the Lewises—Annie Burr Lewis died in 1959—have been willed to Yale. "Yale-in-Farmington's director will be a member of the Yale faculty, living in New Haven," Lewis said. "Scholars working on aspects of the eighteenth century will be invited to live here. We can put up six married couples and a few bachelors. We have all the Walpole manuscripts, mostly in the original, the rest in photostats, and a lot of other eighteenth-century manuscripts, many

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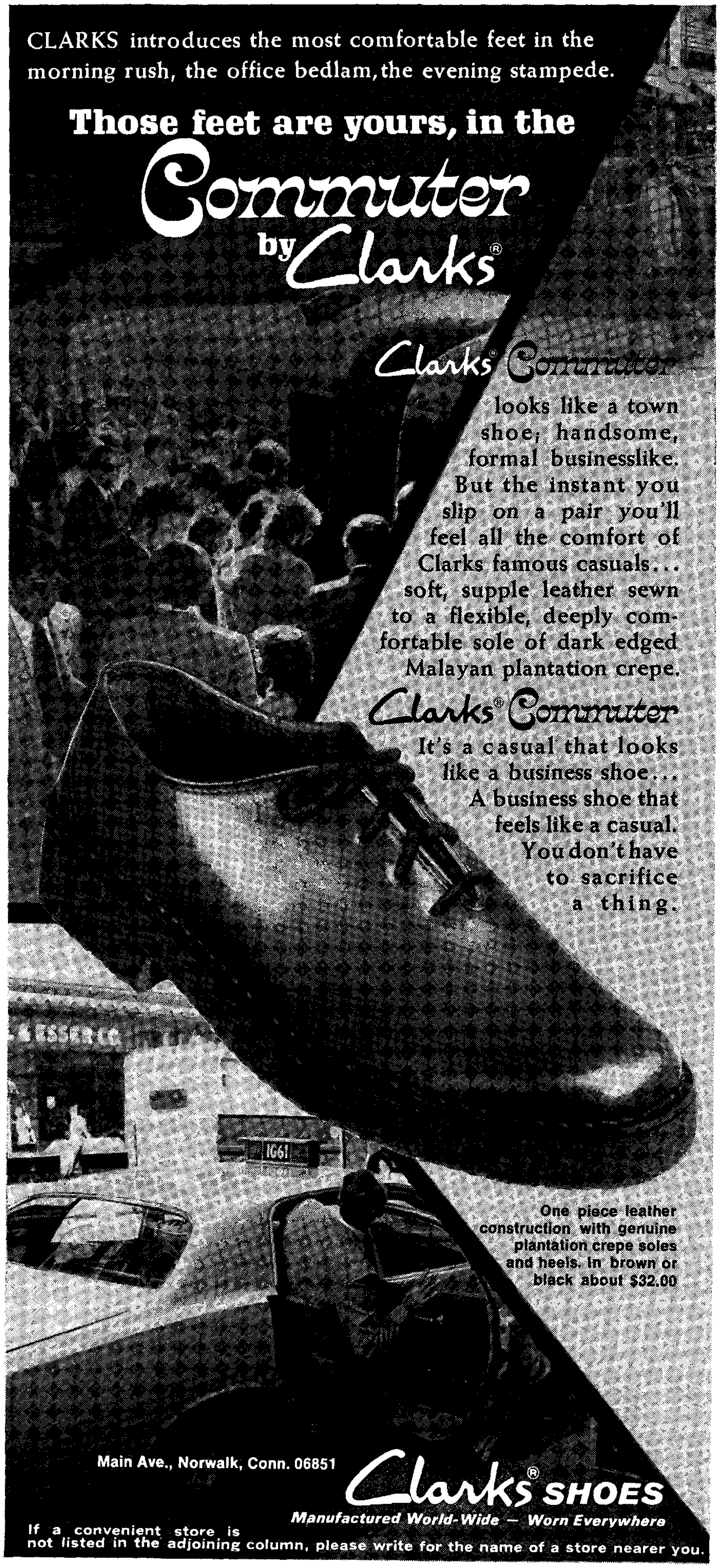

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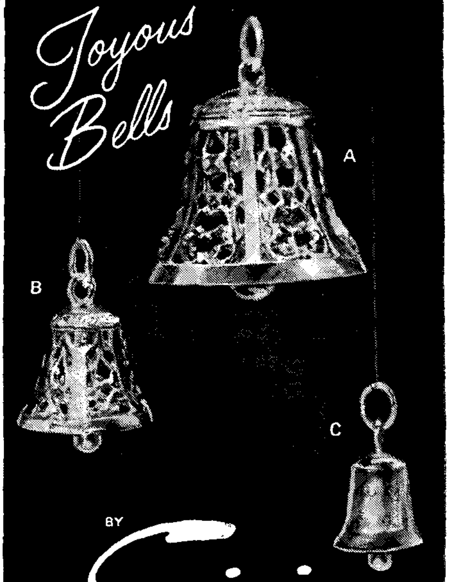
unpublished. The endowment provides for additions and accessions." As an instance of the excellent use to which scholars (who have long had access to its library) may put Yale-in-Farmington's facilities, Lewis cited a three-volume "Catalogue of Horace Walpole's Library," by Allen T. Hazen, published in 1969. Dr. Hazen, now emeritus at Columbia, did most of the research on this at Farmington, over a period of thirty-one years. "His catalogue shows not only virtually every piece of printing Walpole had but where it stood on his shelves," Lewis said. "It gives the history of each piece insofar as we have been able to reconstruct it, as well as the successive owners of the individual books and their prices at sales and in booksellers' catalogues. It describes Walpole's annotations where they occur, thus showing how he used his books in writing his letters and various works. Really a bibliographical landmark—a must for any big library with any pretense to advanced scholarship."

As an ardent, rapacious collector, Lewis has pretty well exhausted the Walpole market. His going concern in the acquisitions field today is the print collection, housed in a former squash court, to which we presently repaired. There he introduced me to three ladies who are in charge of its contents and its one-hundred-and-ten-thousand-card cross-index. "We're now almost up to the British Museum in English caricatures from 1734 to 1801," he said to me. "We have three thousand caricatures *not* in the British Museum. Our American runners-up are the Library of Congress and the Morgan, which have no cross-index. In Hogarth, we are now third to the Royal Library at Windsor and the British Museum. Would you like to see the Indian museum? That's new."

We walked a few yards to a small wooden house. Mr. Lewis unlocked the front door, and we entered a room filled with cases containing more than a thousand arrowheads, drills, scrapers, gouges, bottles, spear points, picks, hoes, axes, and flint knives. "For years, Bill Day, our gardener, kept bringing Annie Burr and me cigar boxes full of arrowheads and other artifacts he had found on the place," he said. "I'd say 'How interesting!' and put them on a shelf. Then, fourteen years ago, an old friend gave me an eighteenth-century map that indicated that in 1781 Rochambeau had camped right on our place on his march from Newport to Yorktown. I raced out to Bill Day and asked if he'd found any coins or sol-



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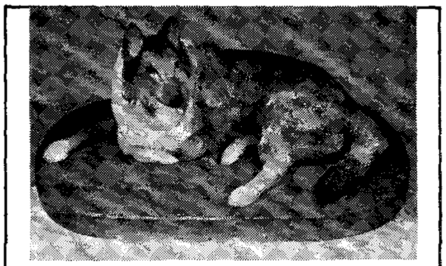

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diers' buttons. He had. And he had a lot of other things—flints, broken clay pipes, and hundreds of stone objects that he and his family had picked up in the fields after the spring thaws and when the fields were plowed. I got him to clear out the tool house and install them. I got Cornelius Osgood, the curator of anthropology of the Peabody Museum, at Yale, to come up and have a look at them. He was astonished. Nothing like this in Connecticut! Some of the things were thousands of years old. Well! I asked our local doctor, who had been buying up old houses around here and moving them to his property, where he converted them into a very attractive shopping center, whether he could find one for me to buy to store the Indian relics, and he *gave* me one—this one. I moved it here. It was Indian! It was built around 1750 by the Congregational Church for a Tunxis Indian chief. The Tunxis Indians were very mild. They all sang in the choir here."

Mr. Lewis smiled, and said, "We go back here to around 4000 B.C. Let's look at the labels. Chester Kerr, director of the Yale University Press, had them made for me."

We looked, and found that some of the arrowheads were Paleo-Indian, 6000 B.C.

"We don't call them arrowheads—we call them projectile points," Mr. Lewis said. "We haven't found any bones. This is very disappointing. There's something about the soil that chews up bones. I'm giving the collection to the Peabody Museum. I originally planned to make this a public museum, but Bill Day said, 'It will be a damn nuisance. You'll have to put in a toilet.' So I didn't have a public museum."

Back at the house, as I was about to leave, the squire of Farmington said, "Every state in the Union now has a set of the Yale Walpole except Alaska and Montana. Idaho and South Dakota have come in since you were here last. Why shouldn't Alaska and Montana? If a library—a public or a university library—hasn't a set of the 'Correspondence,' it isn't giving its clientele the full eighteenth century. Look at Japan. It's buying race horses here, but there are no sets in Japan. Japan has given two million dollars to Yale, but no sets have crossed the water. I got a list of libraries in Japan and gave it to Chester Kerr. He has sent it to a book agent in Japan. Amusing to see what comes of this."

Lefty showed me to my car, and we shook hands. "See you at the Jube," he said.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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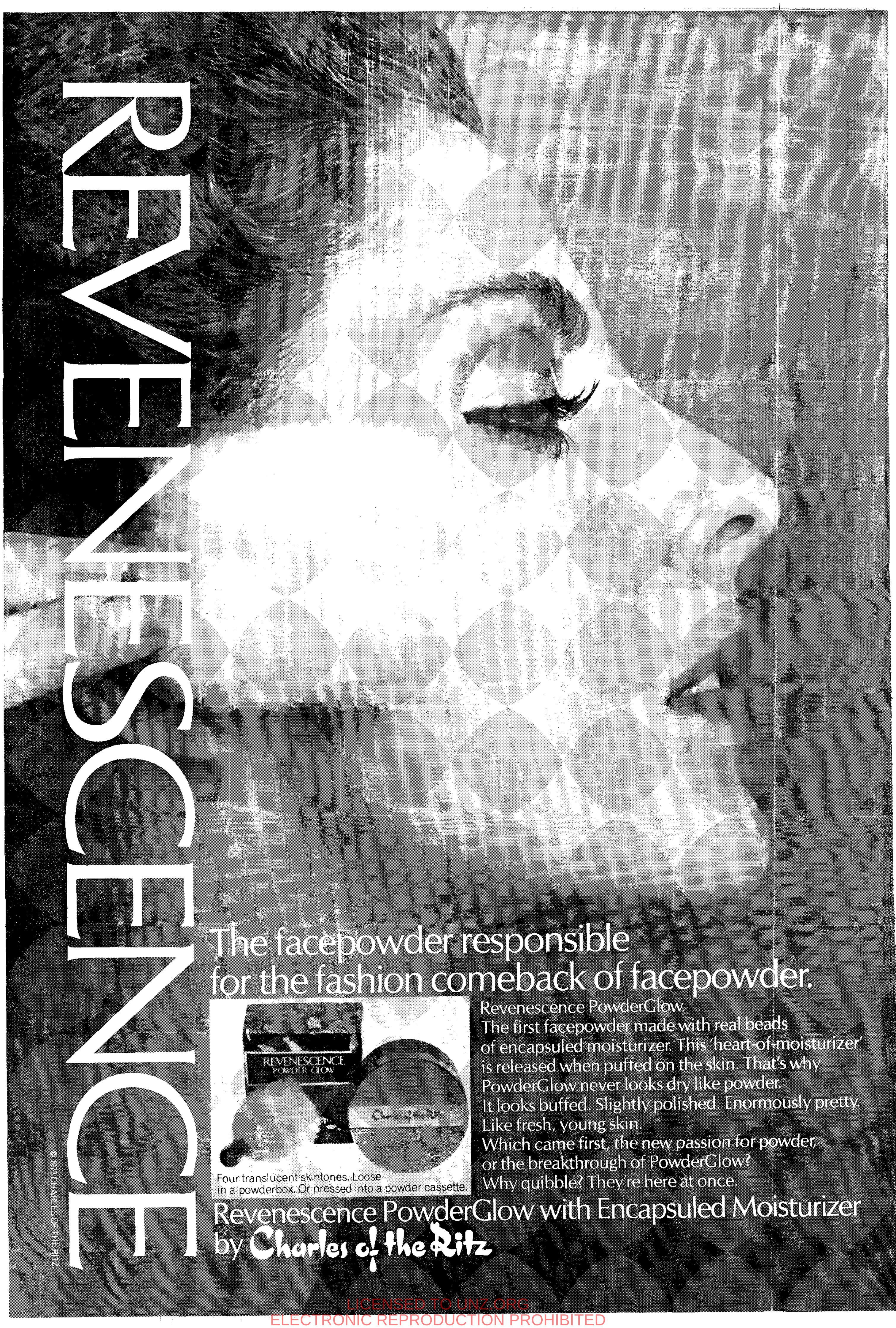

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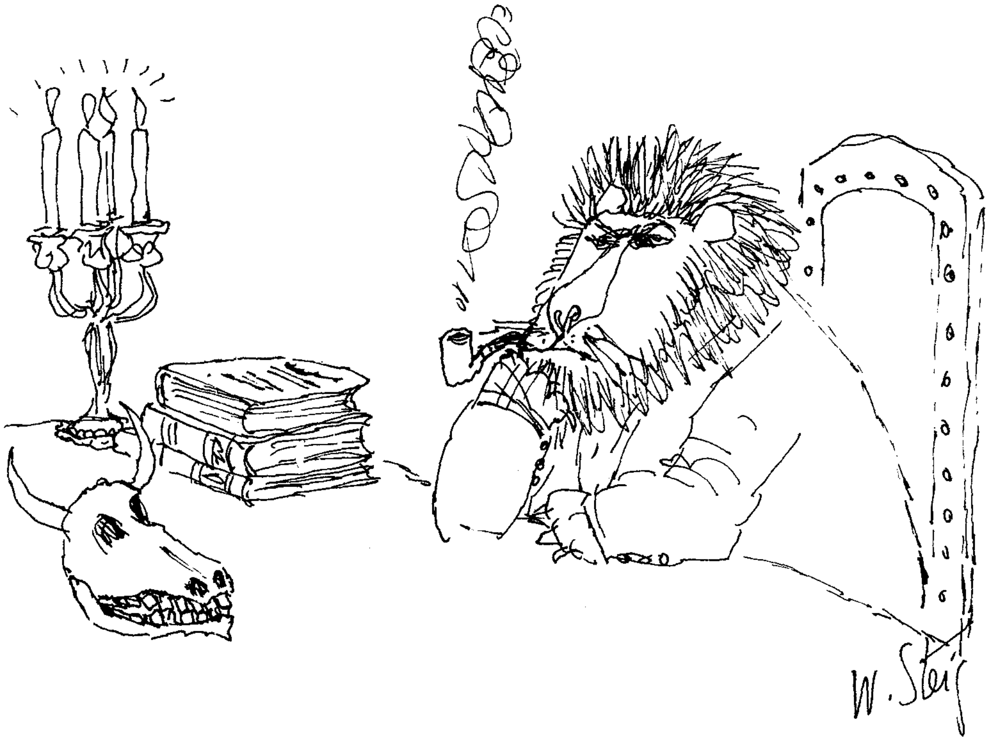
THE ART WORLD

Dogma and Talent

THE 1973-74 art season opened early indeed, and with a massing of major forces. It was as if—like the White House after the suspension of the Senate Watergate hearings in August—the official art world, shaken by last season's scandals (Metropolitan Museum acquisitions and sell-offs; the Marlborough-Rothko Estate affair) and irrationalities (Japanese go-for-broke bidding), could hardly wait to ascertain whether business as usual could be resumed. Before the fifteenth of September, when commercial galleries had not yet opened or were testing public responses with group shows and newcomers, New York's modern-art museums had already come forward with what are likely to be their chief efforts of the year in contemporary art: retrospectives by Ellsworth Kelly and Jules Olitski, and by the pioneer British Pop artist Richard Hamilton. Each of the exhibitions opened with a ceremonial dinner and/or cocktail reception, and was accompanied by an illustrated catalogue containing the customary untrammelled paean (in the case of Kelly, by a giant illustrated monograph as well). Crowds at the openings were large and animated, and the bars were at capacity, including those at the Whitney Museum, whose new policy of charging for drinks provided the only visible sign of the straitened financial condition of America's cultural institutions. Whatever the situation with painting and sculpture, there was little doubt that the art world, as a segment of society that has crystallized around museums, galleries, and art collecting, is holding its own and perhaps even expanding. It may well be that in any period there is no relation between the quality of art and its social prestige; an evidence of this is that this year Congress increased its appropriation for the National Endowment for the Arts to more than sixty million dollars.

Taken together, the Olitski retrospective at the Whitney, the Kelly at the Museum of Modern Art, and the Hamilton at the Guggenheim evoke the dominant avant-garde styles of the nineteen-sixties: Color Abstraction and Pop Art. Since the three artists are leaders in these modes, their exhibitions provide a measure of how the sixties movements are making out today. In regard to Pop, it can be stated without hesitation that it has earned an honorable burial, and, to judge by his retrospective, Hamilton, its overseas progenitor, is hardly sorry to see it go; he has been deviating from the characteristic imagery of Pop throughout his career. The status of Color Abstraction is, however, more complex. Statements by Kelly, by John Coplans (author of "Ellsworth Kelly," published by Abrams), and by E. C. Goossen (in the Kelly catalogue) suggest that a war of attitudes and interpretations has been smoldering under the surface of abstract painting. "My work is difficult," said Kelly to a *Times* interviewer. "It's going to take people a while to get it." In his book, Coplans speaks of "penetrating some of the confusion that has shrouded Kelly's position" and of "the perplexities the art audience has encountered in fitting his work stylistically into the enveloping dialogue dominating American art." The theme is restated by Goossen, who notes in the catalogue that Kelly is "less dependent on current styles than his colleagues, and less involved in the more obvious 'problem-solving' practiced by many of his contemporaries." The target of this defensive barrage is not hard to spot. What Coplans calls "the enveloping dialogue dominating American art" is a "dialogue" in which only one sound is heard: the ritualistic drumming in the art magazines which for a decade or more has sought to establish that a particular vein in abstract painting is the quintessence of contemporary art. In this vein, Olitski is today the undisputed chief; for the past three years he has been the most written-about figure in the art press—the artist whose innovations, it is contended, have placed him at the farthest outpost of progress in art. The most meaningful of contemporary creations (hence, it has been argued, also the best), his paintings are the standard by which other one- and two-color canvases, such as Kelly's, are to be appraised, and it is upon Olitski's achievement that the future of painting is to be constructed. Obviously, if this "dialogue" (a more accurate word would be "chorus") continues to "envelop" Kelly, it can only suffocate him.

FROM its first words, the catalogue of the Whitney retrospective allows no doubt that in Olitski modern art has found its ultimate master, and that work unrelated to his is irrelevant to art. "Over the past two or three years," writes Kenworth Moffett, curator of contemporary art at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, who directed the exhibition, "the painting of Jules Olitski has begun to seem decisive. For a surprising number of younger painters he is like a block, *the* influence that has to be gone through or overcome if any fundamental innovation or breakthrough is to be achieved" (his italics). For confirmation, Moffett cites testimony in *Artforum* by Walter Darby Bannard that Olitski "has preëmpted serious new painting. He is for the time being our best painter." Similar judgments have been expressed by Barbara Rose and Thomas B. Hess. The notion that art history is a tunnel



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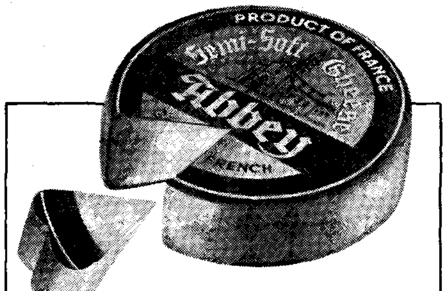
closed at the far end by a Cyclops is not a new one: Shakespeare, Mallarmé, Picasso, Mondrian, Pollock, de Kooning—to name but a few—have all been considered, in different periods, to be "*the* influence that has to be gone through or overcome" before new creations could be possible. Should not a critic who undertakes to name the most advanced artist of his time have a fresh sense of things? The irony in Moffett's elevation of Olitski is that this avant-gardist does not open a new path but acts as a "block": art history, whose direction has been foretold, reaches an impasse, which makes all present creation invalid, except for the accomplishments of this one master. The painter Dan Christensen's admiringly calling Olitski a "monster" (which Moffett cites as evidence of Olitski's overwhelming preëminence) is an expression of the mood of futility aroused by the use of art history as criticism. According to Moffett and his ideological colleagues, the "essence" of Olitski's greatness as well as of his novelty lies in his having "developed and revised Jackson Pollock's central innovation, the allover picture, in order to make it serve color." The claim that art today revolves around a single aesthetic issue, which artists are ordered to confront, contributes a sense of depression not unlike that aroused in the late thirties by the concentrated political focus of Socialist Realist aesthetics. Abandoned by philosophy, politics, and sociology, historical determinism continues to hold out in art criticism.

The rhapsodies about the radical originality of Olitski speak of the aptness of his techniques—spraying, saturating, pouring, staining, hard and soft edges, thick impastos and flat surfaces, acrylics, enamels and spackles, brushed framing borders—for dealing with formal problems that presumably lie at the heart of painting in our time. It is by the aesthetics implicit in his handling of materials that his work is glorified as "major," "serious," and "dialectically advanced." Since I do not believe that technical "breakthroughs" and what Baudelaire called "studio jargon" are relevant to art criticism, I have looked to other aspects of his work for Olitski's qualities. The most imaginative notion I can associate with it is his observation, just before his adoption of the spray gun, that he would like to spray color into the air and have it remain there. This desire for a rainbow or a hanging mist of paint provides a poetic perspective toward the paintings done by Olitski after 1964. They are expanses of a single color (one of which is un-



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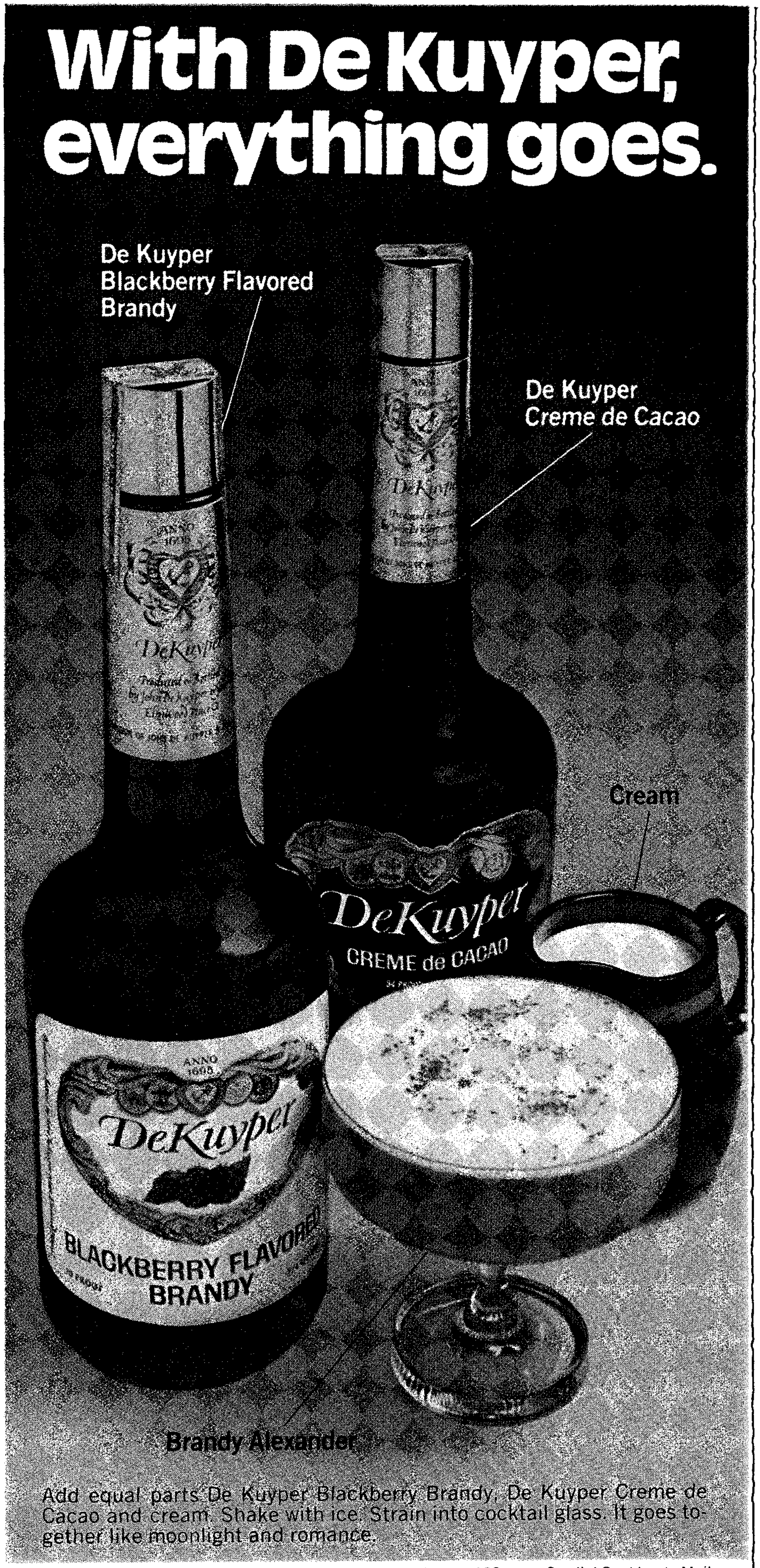
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doubtedly among the largest canvases of our time), in most instances decoratively toned and with a brushed-in narrow edge. Ideally, an Olitski should seem to billow away from the wall, while being held to it by the painted border that has become the artist's trademark. Color detached from the surface to which it is applied could induce a certain psychic state; perhaps it requires that the artist should actually have been in that state. Rothko did manage to achieve suspended color masses in a high proportion of his works; it is with Rothko rather than with Pollock that Olitski's paintings are affiliated. Since the effect of painted air necessarily occurs in the imagination, each spectator must decide for himself which Olitskis succeed in making it take place. The majority of the paintings at the Whitney are essentially inert, with surfaces disagreeably insensitive, like spotted linoleum or dried milk stains. Lightness is incompatible with being bound to an aesthetic ideology. Olitski seems to need to purge himself of the Moffetts within. Dogmatics aside, his present paintings depend upon the sentimental and the grandiose: the candy-box colors of the smaller canvases, the fever-flushed firmaments of the larger ones.

THE aim of every authentic artist is not to conform to the history of art but to release himself from it, in order to replace it with his own history. However the historical pattern is drawn, it will not fit the developing sensibility of the individual, since there is an element in creation that is arbitrary yet cannot be separated from the object produced. It is significant that Ellsworth Kelly, like Olitski a star of Color Abstraction in the sixties, resolutely repudiates the formalist creed cited by Moffett concerning the evolution of American abstract art out of a device by Pollock. Kelly appears to believe that historical and ideological pigeonholing have had their day. A painter and sculptor of simple, smooth-textured shapes, mainly geometrical and frequently in primary colors, Kelly insisted in his *Times* interview that he derives his forms from nature and thus stands apart from the typical abstract art of the sixties. An epigraph to his Museum of Modern Art catalogue quotes Leonardo to the effect that "the painter will produce pictures of little merit if he takes the work of others as his standard"—which seems directed against an art whose primary goal is surpassing other art.

"Green White," a huge triangular

painting consisting of two panels, was inspired by a green-and-white scarf Kelly saw around the neck of a woman in Central Park. "I use reality constantly," he has said. "Only I take a shadow, a fragment from a piece of architecture, someone's legs, or sometimes the space just between things, and make them the subjects of my paintings." Evidences of his interest in nature are the line drawings of plants and fruits he continues to compose. As is true of many other painters, Kelly's "reality" is a reality that bears a resemblance to art. Except for the formalists, the activity of modern artists, whether realist or abstract, centers on establishing linkages between objects in the museum and images in the environment. Despite his response to abstract shapes encountered on the street, Kelly did not come to abstract art through direct experience of things; he found it ready at hand as a mode in which to work. Long before 1949, when he painted his first relief abstraction, "Window, Museum of Art, Paris," a rectangle divided by horizontal and vertical bars, divided rectangles had been accepted as art. The appreciation of the pure abstraction of Malevich, Gabo, and Mondrian belongs to the period between the wars, and Kelly's discovery of abstract themes in scarves and details of buildings does not differ much from the Soyers' finding Degas ballet dancers in Union Square. Though it is related to Mondrian in form and color, Kelly's work is equally close to Pop Art, in that it is born out of the art phenomena of daily life; Kelly's "Window" and Warhol's Brillo boxes are animated by the same kind of aesthetic recognition. The higher reaches of abstract art embody ideas and tensions for which no visible equivalent exists (e.g., Mondrian's "Trafalgar Square," Newman's "Onement"). Sojourning in France from 1948 to 1954, Kelly missed the far-reaching intellectual exchange of New York abstract artists during those years of discovery. The approach he arrived at with his own resources represents the rudimentary conception of abstract art as paintings of abstract objects and of tasteful divisions of the surface—the conception common among American abstract artists in the nineteen-thirties. Kelly found patterns in nature when nature offered patterns—shadows on the page of a book he was reading, the arch of a bridge, fragments of letters on a shop sign. He is the Grandma Moses of abstract art. But he is a naïf who has grown increasingly sophisticated through contact with the varia-

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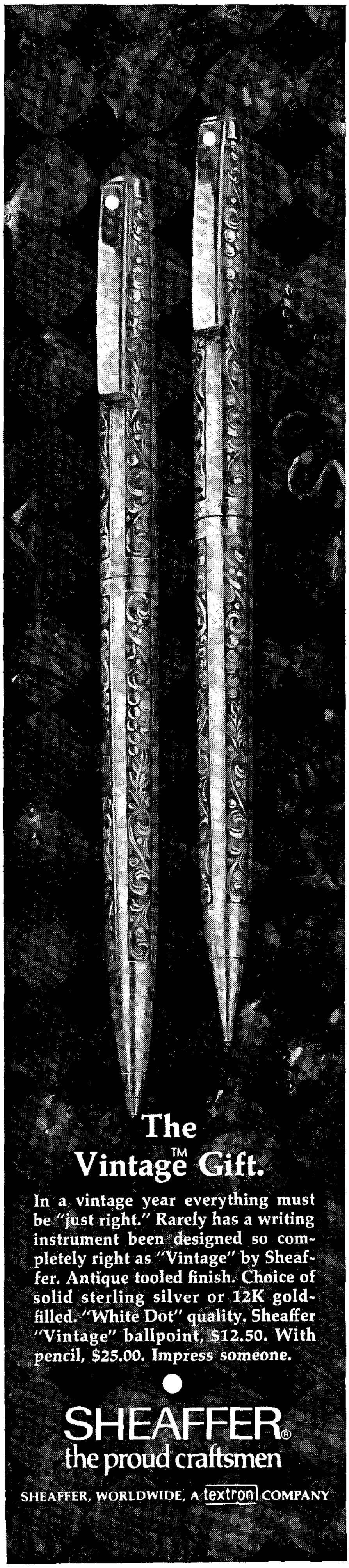

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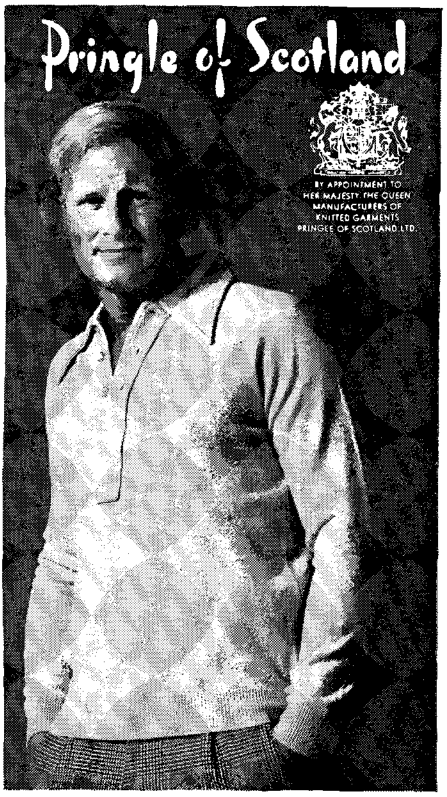
tions on abstraction of the past twenty years. (Goossen says that Kelly's return to the United States was stimulated by a review in *Art News* of an exhibition of Ad Reinhardt.) The Museum of Modern Art show contains ingenious redoings of abstract works in many phases, from kissing curves to serial repetitions. "Orange Red Relief" consists of two joined red panels, of the same width but one thicker than the other, so the shadow cast down the center mimics the vertical band of a Newman. For all his absorption of the art around him, however, Kelly retains an original freshness, a naïveté (in the best sense of the word) that have saved him from submitting to a so-called dialectic of central innovations.

It is Kelly, rather than Olitski, who represents something new in the art of the seventies; that is, the readiness of non-Expressionist abstract art to get along without the support of metaphysics (Kandinsky, Newman) or the "logic of history" (Mondrian, the Constructivists). Kelly is the true "minimalist;" with him, abstract art has arrived at irreducible craftsman virtues. He has the feeling of rightness of the first-class designer, a fine sense of proportion, a sensitivity to shape and scale, and satisfying juxtapositions of colors and tones. Add the finesse of his paint surfaces, and it is undeniable that he repeatedly deserves an A. The spectator is assured that an excellent job has been done, that the artist's feelings have been neutralized and subsumed in the aesthetic, that irrelevant ambitions and all traces of struggle have been obliterated. It is possible to approve of Kelly's creations yet not be tempted to linger in front of them. They can be noted pleasurably in passing, like a nicely designed building or traffic circle, or admired, like the woodwork in a Rolls-Royce—no less attractive if the car itself has been wrecked. No doubt a great future awaits Kelly in architecture-related projects.

A MUCH more culturally agile artist than his American peers, Richard Hamilton got into Pop and out of it without apparent strain. His show begins with drawings for Joyce's "Ulysses" in realistic and Futurist styles done in 1949, proceeds through abstractions that adapt Picabia and figures that echo Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," and concludes with experiments using painted photographs and with a parody of Picasso's parody "Las Meninas." Hamilton's career is one of continual transition; this word itself is the key to one of his complex conceptions—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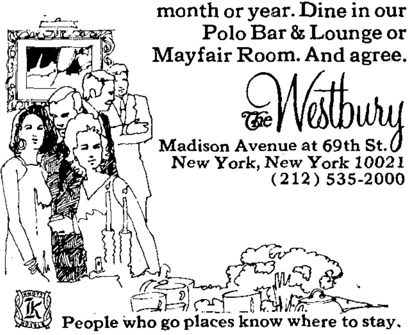

People who go places know where to stay.

his painting of motion called "Trainsition IIII," a composition in square format of green dots, stains, and broken lines, the title of which is a pun in the Joycean vein as well as a reference to the name of the Paris magazine in which "Finnegans Wake" was serialized. While the painting by which Hamilton is best known in America is a typical Pop composition of sexy nudes, TV sets, posters, canned ham, vacuum cleaners, and movie marquees entitled "Just What Is It That Makes Today's Homes So Different, So Appealing?," the bulk of his paintings and reliefs are more firmly allied to Duchamp than to the works of any of Hamilton's contemporaries. "AAH!," made up of images of automobile parts, is funny, erotic, and mysterious in the Duchampian mood; it also adapts the Master's wafting, shapeless forms. "Glorious Techniculture," an abstraction that encompasses bits of recognizable machinery, is produced out of associations of words, shapes, ideas, names, letters of the alphabet which parallel Duchamp's "The Big Glass": "The three-ring pump agitator of the Frigidaire washing machine," explains Hamilton, "is a motif that I have been trying to place for a long time; it has a strangely architectural quality for me—Chinese pagoda or, upside down, a mixture of Lyons' Corner House and Frank Lloyd Wright. . . . The place that might have been occupied by the cylinders, if they had been there, is given in the picture to a cabin with a bride inside—a bride for no other reason than that the figure was the right scale" (or because she was deposited in Hamilton's head by Duchamp's "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even"). Hamilton has discovered his subject in the constant mixing of random language, suggestive shapes, visual and verbal banalities, and critical ideas about art characteristic of the contemporary aesthetic imagination, and his show contains some genuinely surprising images; for example, those in the series entitled "Towards a Definitive Statement on the Coming Trends in Men's Wear and Accessories." There is an intellectual coherence in Hamilton's modernism which counts for more than a uniform level of quality. Protruding out of Dada and Pop, he has divined that the only stability for "the 'painter of modern life,' in the Baudelairean sense," as John Russell calls him, is to keep moving. For an artist so oriented, the fading of the vanguard art movements need not be a disaster.

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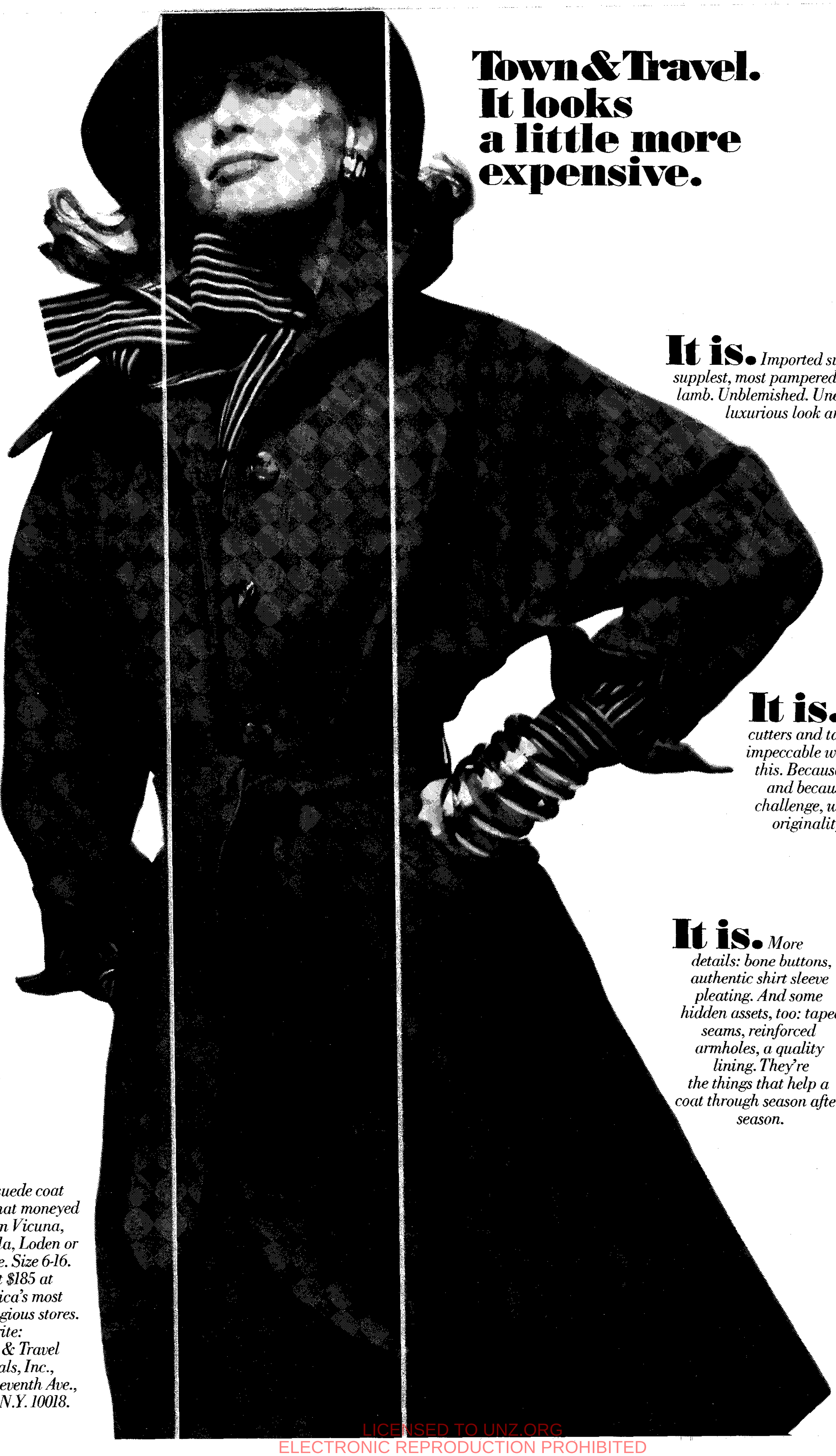
THE city's current excitement over the late-season surge of the New York Mets, who were in last place in their division on August 30th, was bound to recall their similar feat in another mayoral-election year, when John Lindsay, whose chances for reëlection had been on the short end of three-to-one odds in July, 1969, gave a substantial share of the credit for his November victory that year to local euphoria over the Mets' World Series triumph and its reassuring message that, contrary to the daily proclamations of his opponents, the city he had charge of wasn't totally on the skids. This year's candidates for mayor showed no signs of being baseball fans as the Mets charged upward toward the Eastern Division championship, but, then, neither did Lindsay before September, 1969. (A man who accompanied him to a Series game that year insists that the Mayor thought it was time to go home when the crowd stood up for the seventh-inning stretch; he had no trouble, though, finding his way to the locker room in time to get his picture taken as the players poured a bottle of champagne over him in the wild celebration that followed their fifth-game victory.) The fact may be that the four 1973 candidates for mayor feel they can't afford to associate themselves with any cause for civic complacency, since all of them are, to one degree or another, running on the proposition that Lindsay, in the words of the Republican nominee, State Senator John Marchi, who was also a candidate in 1969, has "wrecked the city." Before the game that the Mets had to win on September 21st in order to take over first place, it was none of the four prospective mayors but, rather, Lindsay—who has admitted to no political plans after he leaves office, on December 31st—who sent them a right-on telegram assuring them that, no matter what happened, "the Mets and New York are No. 1." But while the city's interest in who would win the pennant seemed almost as intense as it did in 1969, when the Mets' victory followed what a *Post* headline described as "SEVEN YEARS OF SUFFERING" for their fans, interest in who will win the mayoral race after what the candidates consider to be eight years of suffering under Lindsay is not large. A few weeks ago, what was advertised as the campaign's first four-candidate debate on what has become the major, and perhaps the only, campaign issue—crime in the streets—was sponsored by the Alliance for a Safer New York, a group that, according to its chairman, represents eighty-four organizations and two million people. There were a hundred New Yorkers in the audience, of whom eighty were press representatives, television reporters, and members of television crews. Of course, when the candidates draw a small crowd they can argue that it just proves their point: people are afraid to go out on the streets. A few days earlier, State Assemblyman Vito Battista, the Conservative candidate for Brooklyn city councilman-at-large, led a demonstration on the No. 1 issue which featured two large ducks he had rented from Animal Talent Scouts, Inc. One duck had a card around its neck that read "City Taxpayers, Sitting Ducks for Crime," the other wore a card that said "John Lindsay, Our Lame Duck Mayor," and along with large signs carried by the demonstrators which demanded more policemen and the restoration of the death penalty was one reading "Quack, Quack, Quack—We Want Our Safety Back." They didn't indicate particular interest in any of the mayoral candidates, nor did they do their picketing in front of City Hall. Instead, chanting "Lindsay has failed us. Please, help us, Rocky!," they led their ducks back and forth on West Fifty-fifth Street, in front of the New York City office of Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

HAIR
Ed Arno

No doubt the four nominees for mayor, who represent the Democratic, Republican, Conservative, and Liberal Parties and are the survivors of a long series of expensive and often bitter formal and informal elimination contests, assumed that in the last few weeks before the election they would at least have the full attention of the city's political reporters. Instead, although reporters dutifully follow them around, accounts of their debates and position papers more often than not appear deep on the inside pages of the newspapers, while the names of other local politicians—particularly that of Nelson Rockefeller—dominate the six-o'clock news and the speculative political columns. The speculation about Rockefeller is no longer whether the sixty-five-year-old Rocky (as he enjoys being called) plans to make a last try for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, which he sought unsuccessfully in 1960, 1964, and 1968, but what his chances are of winning it—assuming that there will not be a Vice-Presidential vacancy or that if there is one he will not be chosen to fill it. A little



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over a year ago, Rockefeller was not going out of his way to deny that he might be ready to leave Albany for an appointment in the Nixon Cabinet, and in this subordinate Washington role perhaps conclude his long public career. "I don't want to go down in history as another Stassen," he told one reporter in a melancholy moment. Fortunately for him, no suitable Nixon appointment was offered, and he is now free to go around the country making speeches about "the shock of Watergate" with the detachment of one who was demonstrably never within miles of the scene of the crime. The current betting is that he will decide not to complicate his drive for the 1976 Presidential nomination with a 1974 campaign for the governorship. Although he has been elected governor at four-year intervals since 1958, it has often been with the help of weak opponents or of opposition that has been conveniently divided, and he might not win again; for all the talk of growing American conservatism, which obviously has had a good deal to do with the formerly liberal Rockefeller's swing to the political right, the number of registered Democrats in New York State increased by five hundred and sixty-three thousand in the year before the 1972 elections, and even before the Watergate revelations the Democrats had a four-to-three advantage in the state. The hours the Governor spent reading "The Federalist Papers" during his August holiday at Seal Harbor, Maine, were clearly not in preparation for the upstate-Republican-vs.-downstate-Democrat infighting that passes for parliamentarianism in the corridors of the new State Legislative Office Building (known as the SLOB), nor did possible gubernatorial opponents seem to be what was on his mind during his recent speaking trips to Mt. Clemens, Michigan, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Cherry Hill, New Jersey. At the New Jersey stop, he insisted that the thought of Teddy Kennedy's bad mistake at Harvard hadn't entered his mind when he included "cheating on exams" in a list of examples of the national tendency to cut moral corners which Americans must now be prepared to reject.

As it happens, one of Rockefeller's possible gubernatorial opponents, Howard Samuels, is among the local politicians whose activities have been distracting attention from the mayoral race. No sense in being coy about it, Samuels remarked last month: he has every intention of running next year

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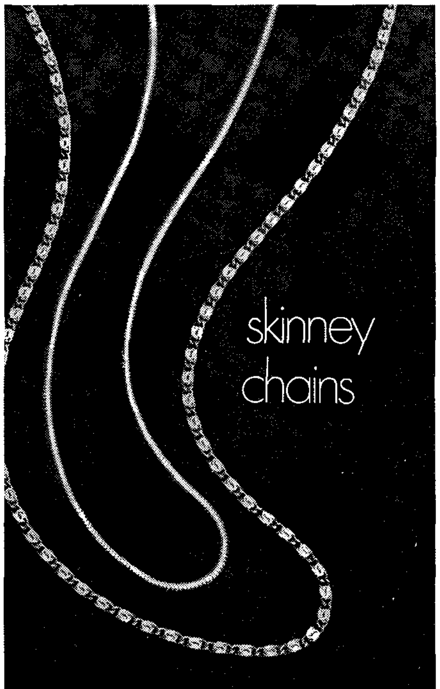

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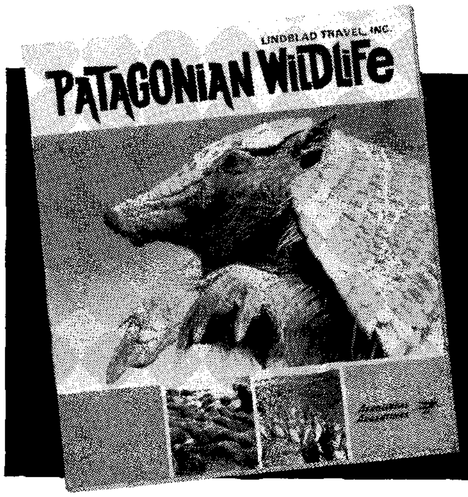
for the Democratic nomination for governor, which he sought unsuccessfully in 1966 and 1970—years when local papers still routinely referred to Samuels, a retired plastics millionaire from Canandaigua, New York, as "the former upstate industrialist." He already has a campaign staff, and he has invested at least a hundred thousand dollars in preparations for the 1974 race. (Last spring, Rockefeller appointed a "pre-campaign manager" for the same race.) After Samuels was defeated by Arthur Goldberg in the 1970 Democratic primary, Lindsay—who was then still a Republican, and whom Samuels, breaking party ranks, had supported for reëlection in 1969—gave him the job of president and chairman of the city's newly established Off-Track Betting Corporation. Although OTB hasn't been the two-hundred-million-dollar annual bonanza for the taxpayers which some of its supporters predicted before the Legislature voted it into existence, it turned over thirty-two million dollars to the city and ten million to the state in the last fiscal year, and Samuels' energetic efforts on behalf of the showy going concern have won him wide recognition and a popular nickname—Howie the Horse. "I don't know who gave me the nickname, but, as a politician, I certainly prefer it to 'former upstate industrialist,' " he said recently.

Another local politician who has regularly upstaged this year's mayoral candidates by taking advantage of all the vast prerogatives of incumbency is, of course, John Lindsay, who has no nickname. (The one serious attempt to pin one on him was not meant to be politically beneficial. A few years ago, the *News* began sprinkling its editorials with references to "Vliet and his bleeding-heart friends" and "our arrogant friend Vliet," but the appeal of Lindsay's middle name as a derisive epithet was not widely apparent, and the editorial writers soon gave it up.) In recent months, Lindsay (whom, in a fair tradeoff, Howie the Horse, if he were elected governor, would almost certainly support for senator) has been tirelessly visible in the city. In his increasingly frequent speeches and press conferences, he usually manages to mention in passing that the city's welfare rolls are down, unemployment is down, the jail population has shrunk dramatically, false fire alarms have been reduced, tourism is on the increase, city revenues are up, the reading scores of New York's public-school children have improved, pollution in the East River is so much less that there was



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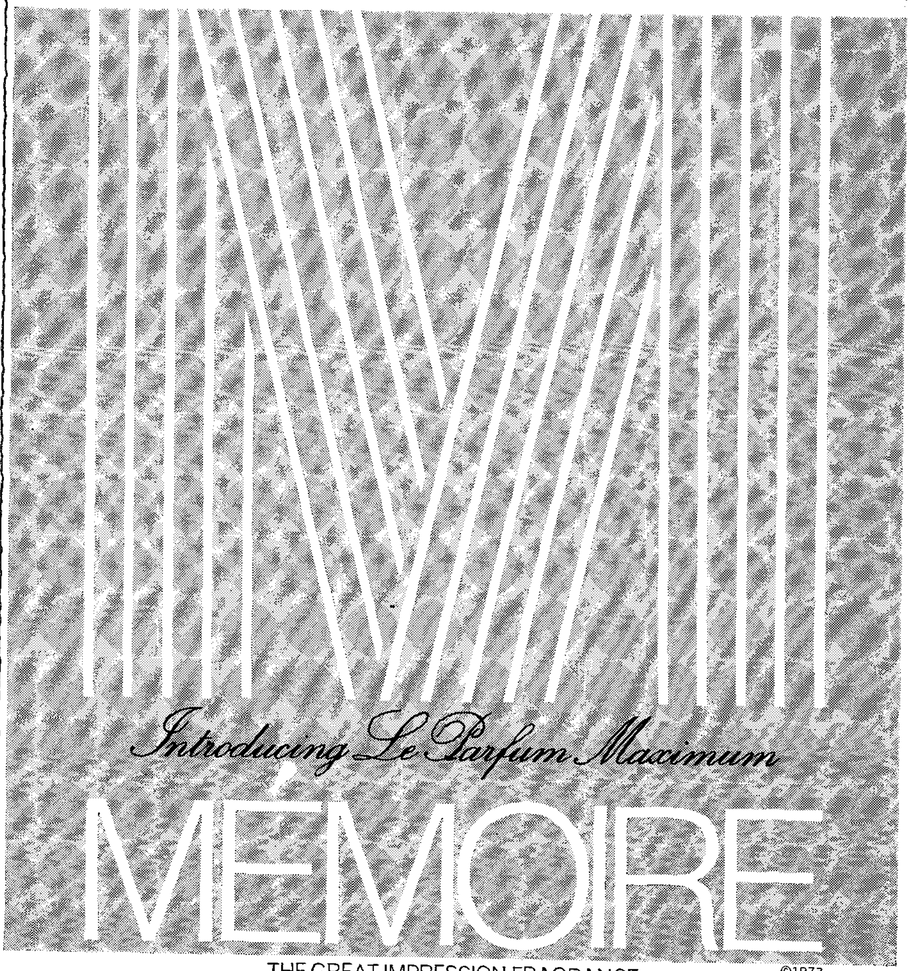

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a big run on bluefish around Hell Gate this year, and to offer other revisionist data to counter the view of the city as a wreck and, incidentally, of himself as its wrecker. His weekly schedule is a jumble of ceremonial public appearances at ethnic festivals, civic anniversary celebrations, public parties, and dedications of all kinds. On days when he isn't out cutting ribbons on completed projects, he's often out breaking ground for new ones—possibly so that his successor can't take all the credit for them. The grand design is to prove that, as one of his aides said a few weeks after the Mayor announced that he would not be a candidate for reelection, "eight months is enough for an elegant finish." To be sure, there is the lame-duck problem, but another Lindsay assistant may have been right when he insisted last winter that Lindsay's "political clout" would hold "until the last day, the last hour, the last minute of the Mayor's term of office, during which he can name a judge." Presumably, in the interests of elegance, he will not decide to prove his point in the memorable fashion of Mayor Vincent Impellitteri, whose nickname was Impy. After attending a ceremony in City Hall's rotunda during this year's mayoral campaign, at which five of the state's Democratic congressmen, twenty-nine assemblymen, twelve state senators, and thirty-nine city councilmen and councilmen-elect gathered to endorse the Democratic candidate, Comptroller Abraham Beame, *News* reporter Edward O'Neill called it "a scene probably unmatched since New Year's Eve, 1953, when outgoing Mayor Vincent Impellitteri dispensed ten last-minute judgeships and job appointments to a hundred waiting hopefuls."

In spite of such spectacles as City Hall's 1953 New Year's Eve party, the bar associations of both the city and the state favor the appointment of all judges—with, of course, provision for screening by panels made up of respected members of the bar. (As of now, in New York State, Civil Court, State Supreme Court, and Court of Appeals judges are elected, judges of the Criminal Court and the Family Court are appointed by the mayor, and judges of the Court of Claims are appointed by the governor.) Lindsay agrees with the bar associations' position and—without, of course, mentioning patronage—supported it last month before a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee. When judges are appointed and turn out badly, he noted, at least the voters could blame whoever appointed them, whereas the people who vote for

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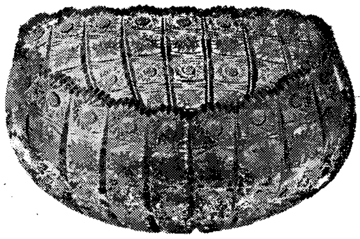

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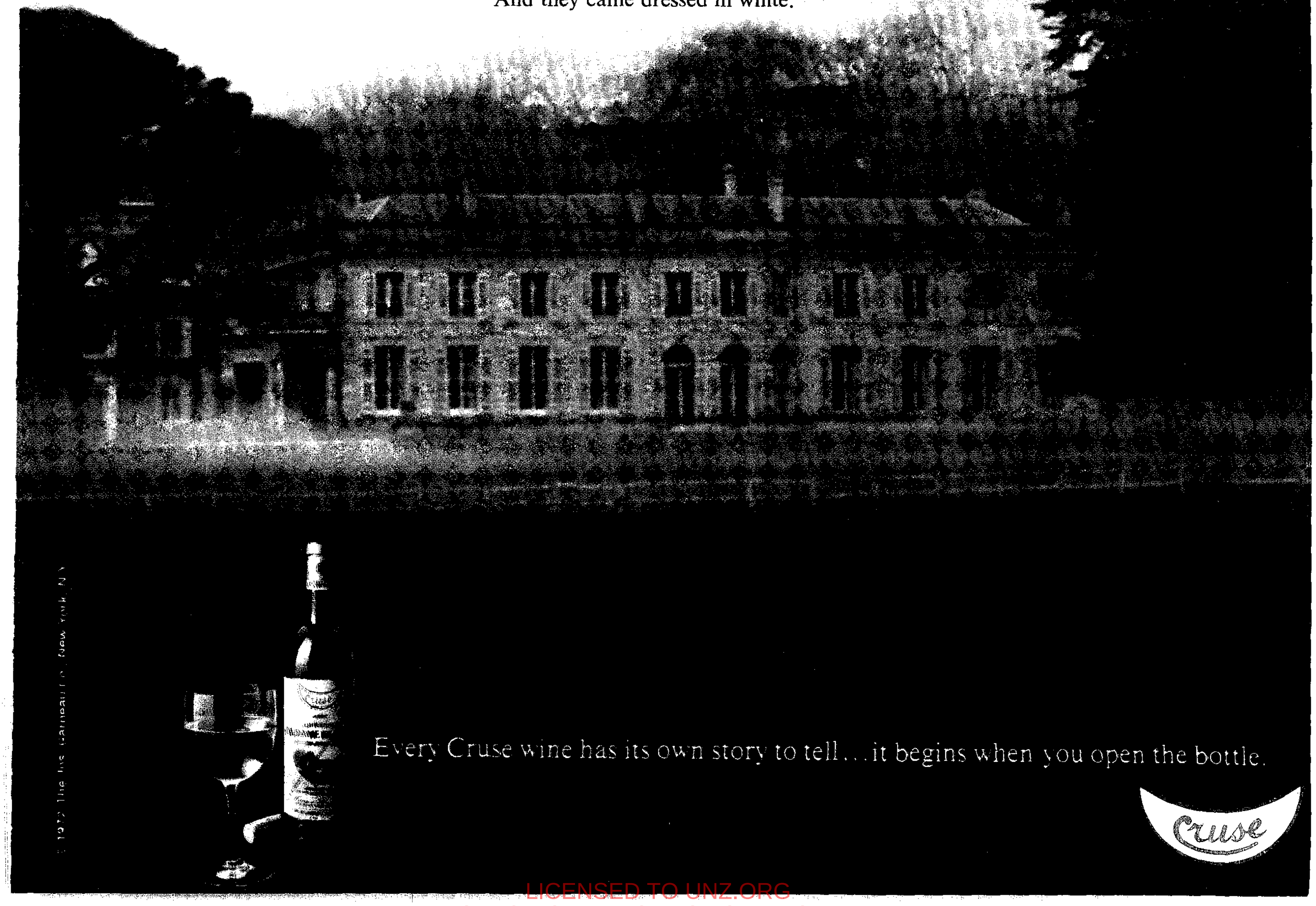
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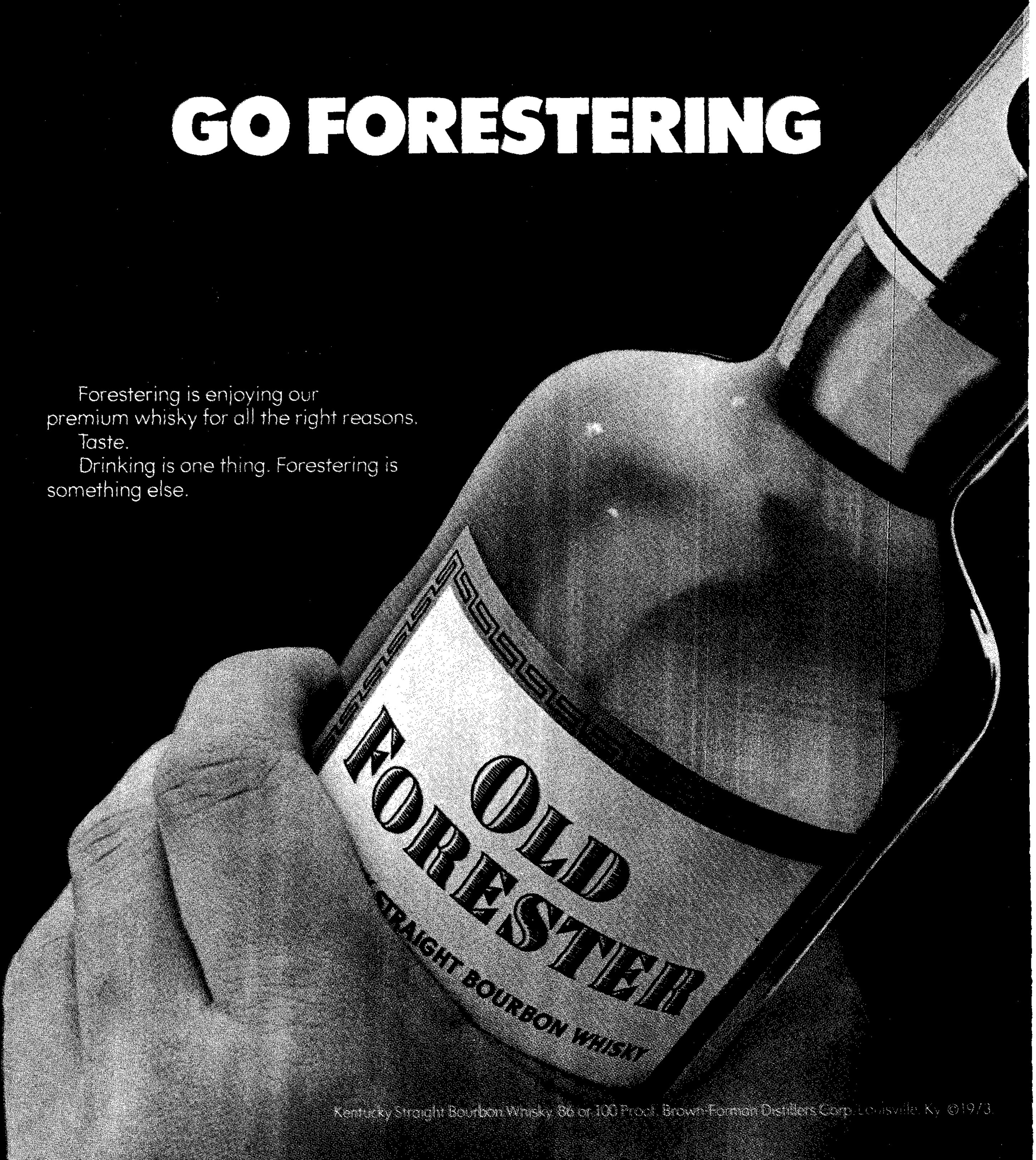
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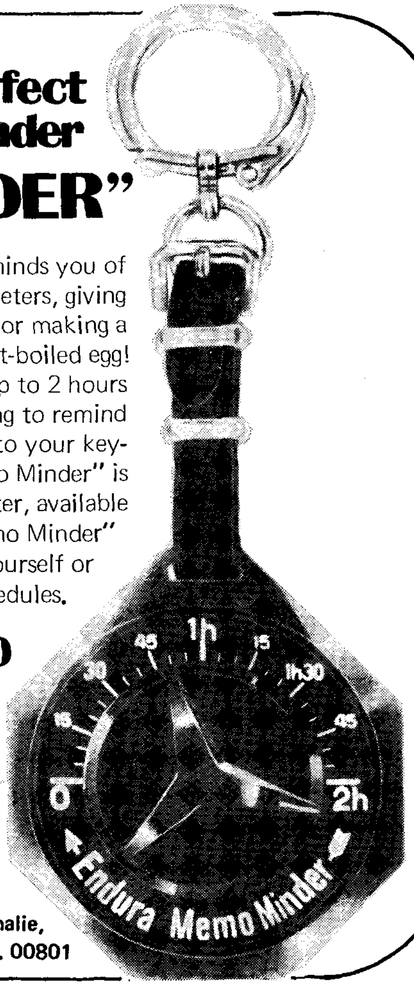
judges have rarely heard of them, and after the judges are elected to their long judicial terms, they're not in touch with or accountable to the voters at all. If some judges continue to be elected, he told the subcommittee, then the present rules requiring them to stay away from politicians should be abolished. "It would be better if the judges went back to the clubhouses occasionally," said Lindsay, the man who ran for mayor in 1965 on a platform of doing the clubhouse bosses in. "At least, then they'd have somebody who'd ask them questions."

Going national with his revisionist tack, Lindsay also quoted for the subcommittee what is currently his favorite fact: that when he took office, in 1966, New York City was second among the nation's twenty-five largest cities in major crimes per capita and now it is nineteenth. These F.B.I. statistics are undoubtedly more reliable than the announcement that the *Times* quoted him as making in an ebullient moment a few months ago, that there has been "a hundred per cent drop in the crime rate in the city's parks." In view of the popularity of mugging-in-Central Park jokes among television comedians, the hundred and ten thousand people—the largest crowd in the Park's history—who gathered in the Sheep Meadow one night this summer to hear the Philharmonic play the "1812" Overture in an atmosphere of fireworks, balloon and kite flying, and picnicking on the grass were relying not on anybody's statistics but on blind faith. The Mayor was naturally on hand to point out the significance of the event in the face of calumnies about life in the city. So was a bystander who obligingly remarked to a *News* reporter, without visible prompting, "I hope there's no backing down on this kind of activity under the new mayor."

A FEW weeks ago, another Central Park event, though it drew nothing like a hundred and ten thousand people, brought a capacity crowd made up of children and their parents to the Central Park Zoo, the occasion being the first-birthday party of Patty Cake, the zoo's baby gorilla. During the spring, Patty Cake had been the cause of an administrative crisis of the kind that Lindsay is not likely to face after December 31st, no matter where his political future lies. For some years now (and especially since the 1969 mayoral election, when Lindsay's Democratic opponent, Mario Procaccino—who, in return for his support of Rockefeller for the governorship in



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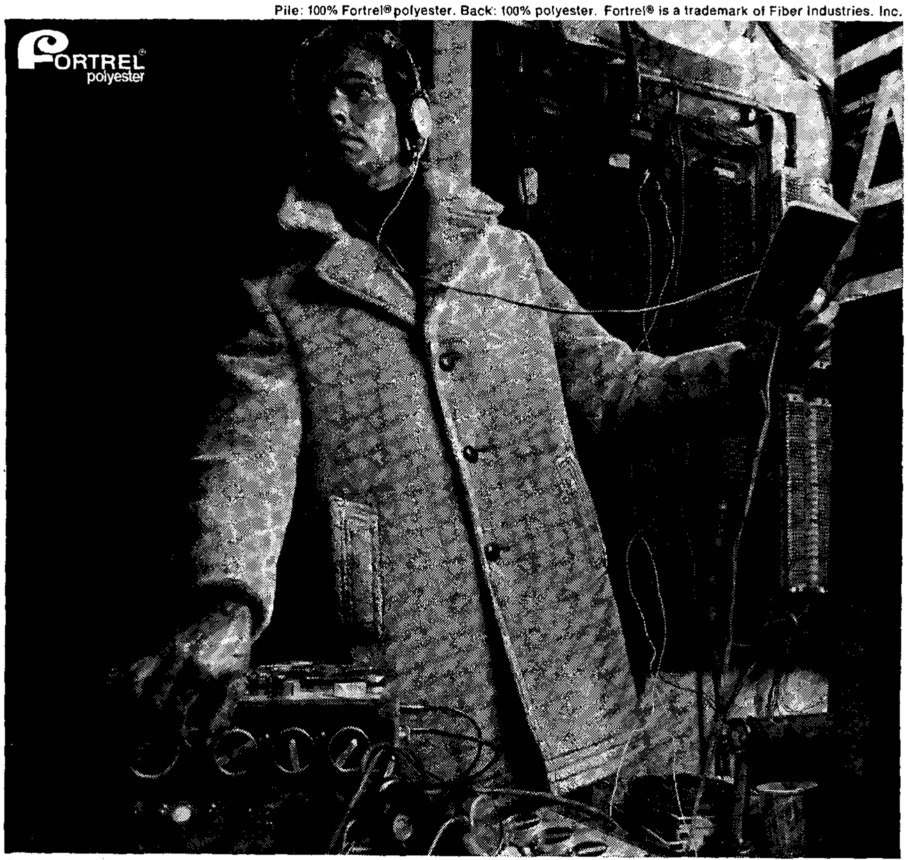

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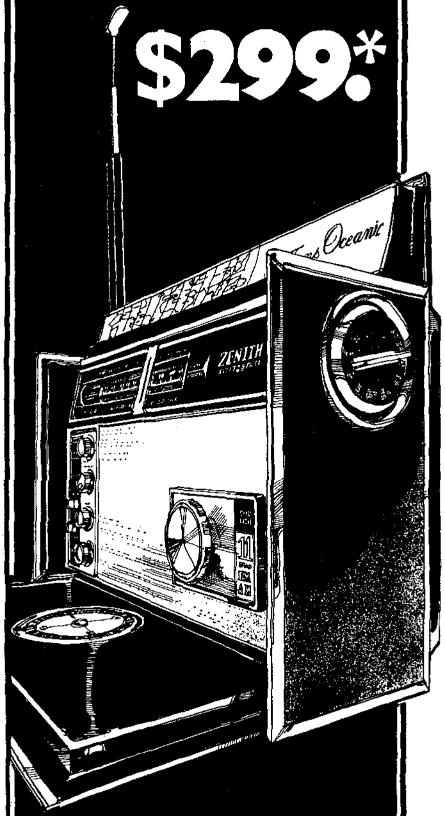

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1970, was recently appointed president of the State Tax Commission—charged that City Hall was run as an arrogant, élitist "Manhattan arrangement"), a major problem of the city's central administration has been coping with the conviction held by citizens of boroughs outside Manhattan, and particularly by their most articulate spokesmen, the borough presidents, that all the things that are wrong with their areas can be attributed to Manhattan's getting the lion's share of the city's available goods and services. Nearly every spring budget hearing brings a demand that if the Metropolitan Museum is to receive any city funds for its day-to-day operations its collections should be broken up and distributed among the other boroughs. "Something has got to be done to stop this rampant Manhattanism," Donald Manes, the borough president of Queens, once remarked, and when he and Sebastian Leone, the borough president of Brooklyn, voted to kill Lindsay's Madison Avenue Mall project this summer, both of them gave as a reason the fact that more police would be needed to keep the mall free of traffic, and this would reduce the police protection in their own boroughs and lead to a soaring crime rate there. So far, such disputes haven't been as ugly as they might be, because there has been little answering back from Manhattan dwellers, many of whom, in what is probably the ultimate arrogance, tend to think of themselves as residents not of a borough but of New York proper, or, alternatively, as residents of informal subdivisions such as Chelsea or Washington Heights. Last spring, however, Patty Cake (who got her name from a contest held by the *News*) broke her arm in her Central Park cage and was removed to the far larger Bronx Zoo to recuperate. The Bronx Zoo officials then proposed that she be left there, where she could play with their two baby gorillas. Besides, they said, her Manhattan keepers hadn't fed her properly. This proposal set off an angry uproar from Manhattan residents, of a kind that is more often heard from the Brooklyn or Queens borough halls. Informal petitions were got up. Speeches were made before the community planning boards. A correspondent of the *News*, describing himself as "furious," wrote, "Patty Cake is our gorilla, here in Manhattan. If she needs company, why can't the Bronx Zoo send their male to live with her here? Or do we live on the wrong side of the tracks or something?" It was a sticky interborough situation. Finally, a psychologist from the Yerkes Regional

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Primate Research Center, in Atlanta, was called in. After the expert recommended, in a two-thousand-word report, that returning Patty Cake to her parents "would provide her with the best opportunity to develop the normal social repertoire of a gorilla," the administrative decision was made to send her back to Central Park. Among the jubilant birthday-party crowds who gathered to watch her throw her banana-flavored birthday cake around her cage and stomp on it was a man carrying a sign that read "Welcome Home, Little Patty Cake. The Nerve of the Bronx!"

The only recent occasions when borough chauvinism wasn't the order of the day at City Hall came during the City Council's series of efforts to redistrict itself in order to comply with a new state law enlarging it from thirty-seven members to forty-three—efforts that seem to have occupied most of the Council's energies for the past year. (Traditionally, the councilmen simply mark time in their twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year jobs as they maneuver to achieve their highest ambition, a State Supreme Court judgeship.) The stated purpose of the new law was to insure more minority-group representation on the Council, which now has only two blacks and no Puerto Ricans, but the intent of the Council's leaders as they redrew the lines was apparently to insure that the districts of the present Council members remained as safe as possible, and this led them to lump together wildly disparate sections of two, or even three, boroughs and then turn a deaf ear to the cries of witnesses that they had nothing in common with those people from Manhattan (or the Bronx or Queens). Republican Councilman Angelo Arculeo, of Brooklyn, also got the deaf-ear treatment when he asked if the lines couldn't be drawn to insure the election of another city minority group—registered Republicans, of whom there are currently only three on the Council, along with two Liberals and thirty-two Democrats. The Council's first redistricting attempt was eventually thrown out by the courts, and the second (which the *News* described as "scurvy" and the *Times* as "abominable") appeared to be headed in the same direction until the Council leadership, at the urging of Abraham Beame, the front-runner in the mayoral race, agreed to try again. A third version, which passed last week, seems likely to survive a court challenge, although the *News* recently grumbled, "Why do we need forty-three people

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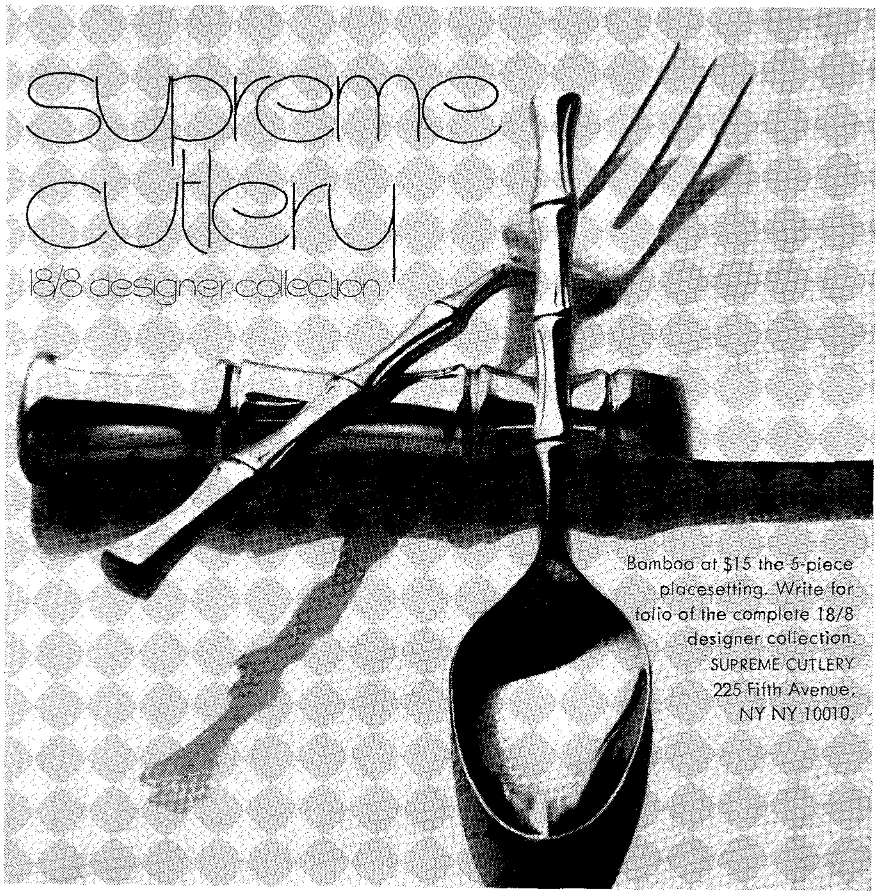

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not to do the work that thirty-seven are not doing now?" and Manhattan Councilman Theodore Weiss commented during one hearing on redistricting, "Our fellow-New Yorkers do not hold us in the high regard we hold ourselves. That lack of high regard is well earned by us."

THE reviews of this year's performance of the state legislators in Albany were mixed. Phil Tracy, finishing up his second year of covering Albany for the *Village Voice*, wrote, "Taken as a whole, they are the worst group of people I have ever met." On the other hand, Nelson Rockefeller described them as "the finest group of lawmakers in the country"—a judgment that presumably had something to do with the fact that this year, in contrast to some previous years, they gave him just about everything he asked for, both in the regular session, which lasted from January through May, and in the special session, in late July. In general, the atmosphere at the statehouse, where the Republicans have a thirty-seven-to-twenty-three advantage in the Senate and an eighty-three-to-sixty-seven advantage in the Assembly, was less agitated than it had been in some previous years. The stormiest period was two days in March when the Senate was debating a bill to support the passage of a federal Constitutional amendment to ban busing for the purposes of integration. Two black state senators, one of whom was Harlem's Senator Vander Beatty, began a filibuster ("Shades of Man Bites Dog," said the *Amsterdam News*), vowing to keep the Legislature in session until New Year's Eve, and along the way denounced Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson, who was presiding, as a "white slave-master." Soon afterward, one of their microphones went out of commission. Power was soon restored, however, and the filibuster eventually ended after the Republican leadership promised what the *Amsterdam News* described as "forms of coöperation Beatty did not feel free to discuss." There was another stormy incident when, during the special session, to protest what he called "the arrogance, the chicanery, the archaic boss rule" of the Republicans, Assembly Minority Leader Stanley Steingut—a close ally and business partner of Meade Esposito, the Democratic boss of Brooklyn—tried to stamp out of the chamber and found that the doors had been locked against just that possibility. No state senator challenged another to a duel, however, as happened in 1971, over a proposed

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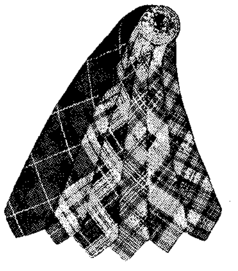

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cut in city welfare funds, and when a young Manhattan assemblyman was told that he must have his hair cut to get a favorite bill out of committee, he had his hair cut. As a reward for good behavior, the legislators voted to increase their annual stipend from fifteen thousand dollars to twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars, which will make them the highest-paid state legislators in the nation. Among the circumstances that reduced the raucousness of the Albany atmosphere this year were the United States Supreme Court's decisions on the death penalty and abortion—issues that in past years had brought thousands of embattled citizens to the state capital to argue on one side or the other. No bill reached the floor this year which attempted to get around the special language of the Supreme Court decision outlawing the death penalty, despite frequent prodding by the *News*, which ran one nostalgic editorial entitled "Come Back, Little Hot Squat." However, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the policemen's union, has announced that it is preparing such a bill to submit to the Legislature next year, and Rockefeller, who has opposed the death penalty in the past, says that if the bill passes he will sign it. So far, there is no similar threat from the anti-abortion forces, which have turned their attention from Albany to Washington and Senator Buckley's proposed Constitutional amendment to ban abortion. Some of them, however, remain in frequent communication with the *News* letters column. "Thank God, Patty Cake . . . wasn't aborted by its mother," a Staten Island correspondent wrote this summer.

Unquestionably, the most controversial bill passed by the Legislature this year was Rockefeller's strong bill against drug users and pushers. It has given rise to a small game: Can any commentator on the subject reach his final paragraph without using the word "Draconian"? Although Draco was the name of an Athenian legislator who devised a code that made any infraction of the law a capital offense, the drug bill, as it was finally enacted, doesn't provide for a death penalty for major offenders, or even the life sentence that Rockefeller had originally proposed. It does, however, provide for sentences up to life for sellers of substantial amounts of heroin and other hard drugs and for lifetime parole for any offenders released from jail. Rockefeller is probably accurate in describing it as the most severe drug law in the nation, and, in view of the national sense of desperation

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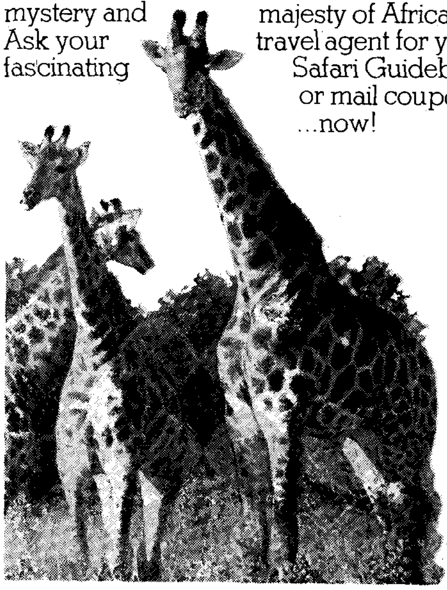

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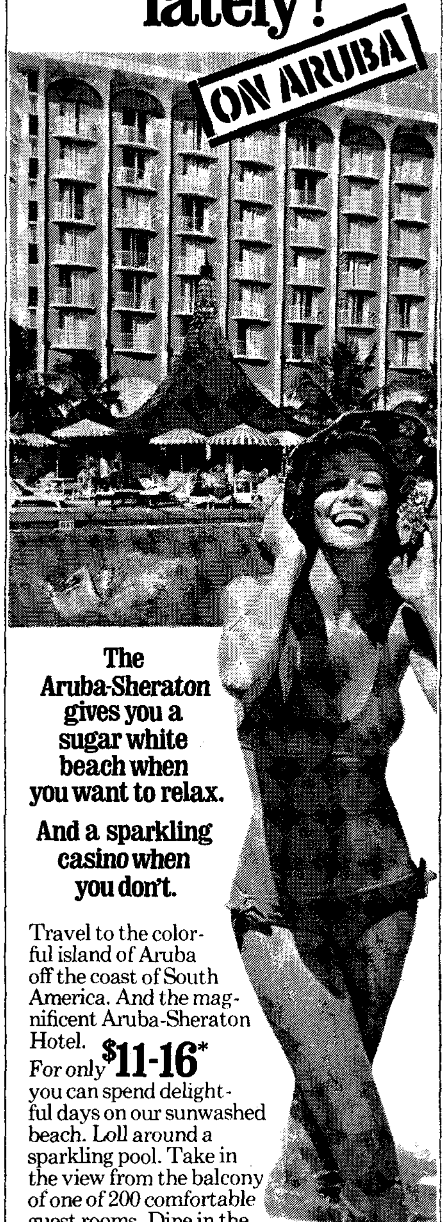

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on the subject, such a law could be a valuable asset to a Presidential candidate. Whether or not the law will work cannot be known for months—or, indeed, for years—and, in an attempt to undermine any interim Rockefeller claims, Lindsay has been busy since early summer releasing graphs and charts that seem to indicate that the narcotics problem in the city was on the wane long before September 1st, when the Rockefeller bill went into effect. Whatever its eventual influence on the drug problem, the new law has already greatly increased the Governor's political leverage in the state. Because of the law's severity and its limitations on plea bargaining, far more drug cases than ever before are expected to go to trial, meaning that a great many more judges will be required, and a hundred new ones were provided for by the Legislature. But while most narcotics cases in the past have come before judges of the Criminal and State Supreme Courts, none of the additional hundred will serve on the Criminal Court (which would mean that Lindsay could appoint them), and only twenty-five will serve on the Supreme Court, for which judges, although they are technically elected, actually run without significant opposition after being chosen by local party leaders—and in New York City, which has at least seventy-five per cent of the state's narcotics addicts, this means the Democratic leaders. (Of sixty-one Supreme Court judges in the First Department, which covers Manhattan and the Bronx, only three are Republicans.) Instead, sixty-eight of the new judges will be members of the Court of Claims, a court technically charged with hearing claims filed against the state, and one to which the governor makes the appointments. When Rockefeller appointed the first sixteen judges to the "narcourts," as the *News* calls them, he did not submit their names to the judiciary committee of the city bar association for approval. It was charged that at least half of them represented some form of political payoff, including several appointments to former state legislators who, like those in the city, are well known for their judicial ambitions: a few moments after the judgeship bill passed, a Democratic assemblyman began moving among his Republican colleagues passing out coat hangers—which, he explained, were "for you all to hang your judicial robes on."

DURING the special session this summer, the Legislature, at Rockefeller's request, passed a three-

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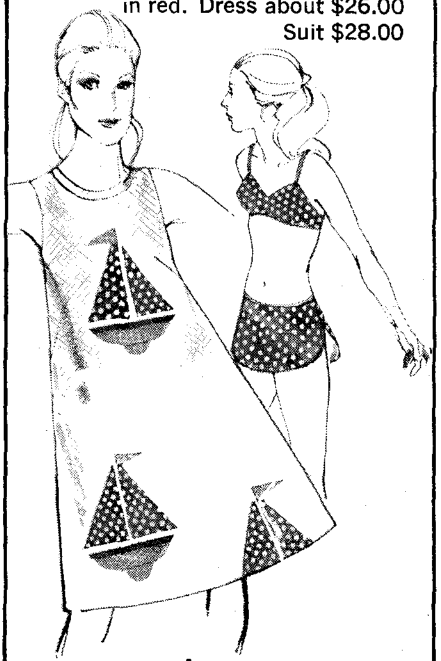

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and-a-half-billion-dollar transportation-bond issue, although a two-and-a-half-billion-dollar transportation-bond issue that he pushed through the Legislature two years ago was defeated by a nearly five-to-three vote on Election Day in 1971. The chances of the 1973 version are also believed to be not very good, and there are commentators who keep saying that the Governor will be in political trouble if he loses the bond issue and, in addition, his candidate for chief judge of the Court of Appeals, the only statewide office that comes before the voters next month, is defeated. (Some of these commentators may be the same observers who said that if Nixon lost the 1962 race for governor of California he was through in politics.) The contest for the chief judgeship is the first since 1916. Beginning in 1925, when the candidate was Benjamin Cardozo, the leaders of both parties in the state have made sure that the presiding judge of the state's highest court hasn't had to take office after grubbing in the pit of a political campaign. Whenever there was a vacancy, they arranged a bipartisan endorsement—usually for the senior judge of the court. There was a vacancy this year, and the man in line to fill it was a highly respected, if rather conservative, Republican, Charles Breitel, who had been a judge for twenty-three years, seven of them on the Court of Appeals. The customary arrangements were made (there is always some *quid pro quo* in these matters) and cleared down the line. The agreement fell apart, however, after a long-term squabble over conflicting borough patronage rights erupted into a public quarrel at "21" between Brooklyn County Leader Esposito and Queens County Leader and City Councilman Matthew Troy, who has said that his motto is "Queens must get its fair share, and then some." Troy announced later, "I did it because I hadn't been in on it. If I'd been asked in from the beginning, I'd probably have gone along." As the result of his snit, there was a bitter Democratic-primary race for chief judge, whose salary will be higher than that of the Chief Justice of the United States. The winner by a few hundred votes was a wealthy negligence lawyer named Jacob Fuchsberg, who was Procaccino's campaign manager in 1969, and who had once been indicted for conspiracy and subornation of perjury, though the case was dismissed. He had also been the campaign's big spender, having laid out an estimated quarter of a million dollars, much of it on campaign ma-

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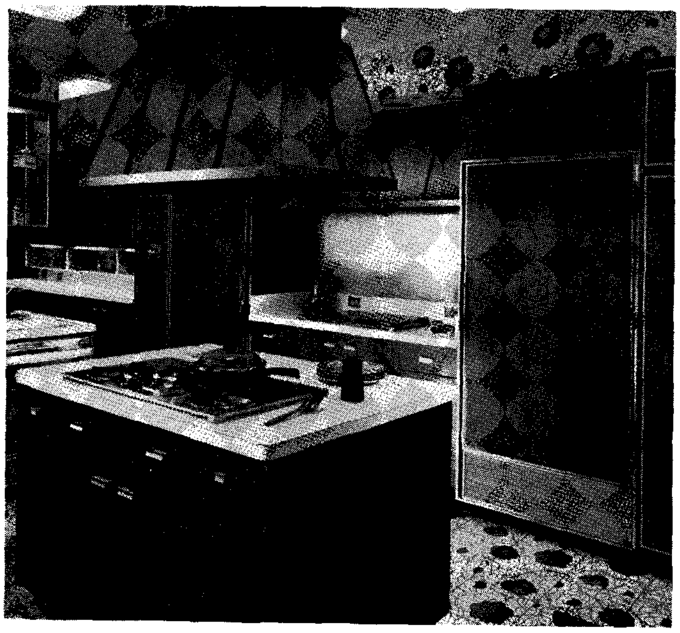

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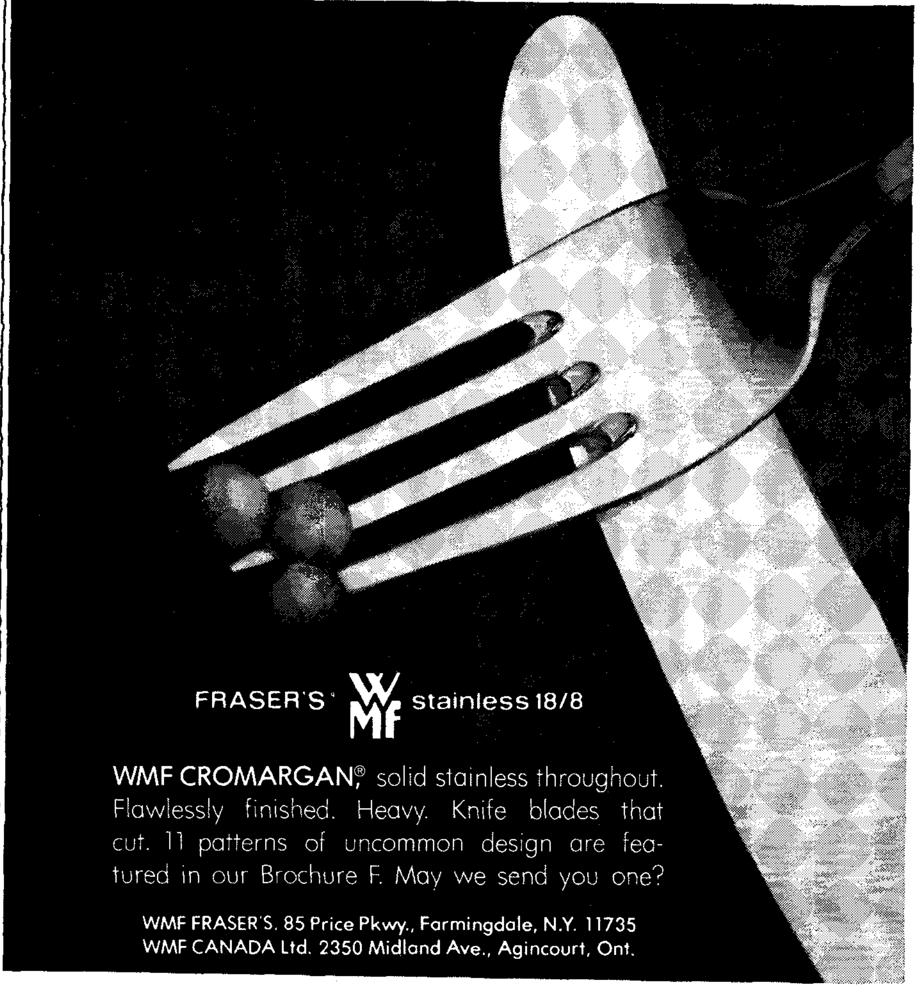
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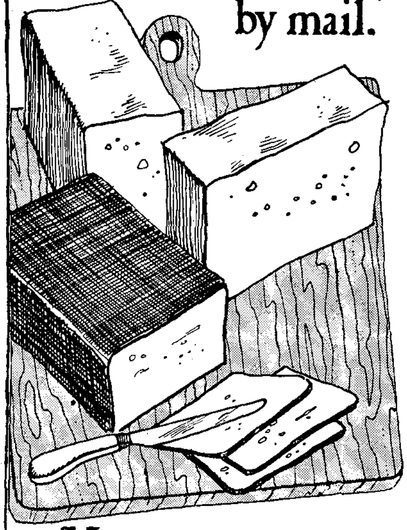

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terial that referred to him as Chief Fuchsberg, seeming to imply that he was the incumbent, although he had never held a judgeship or any public office. Thanks to the top-heavy Democratic registration, he has a good chance of winning unless there are massive efforts on behalf of Breitel. At a late-summer strategy meeting, the Republican candidate, who also has the Liberal Party endorsement, heard a party worker refer to him as Chuck Breitel. He said later, "I've never been called Chuck in my life, but I guess that's the kind of thing I'll have to get used to." A few weeks later, he seemed to be getting into the campaign spirit, calling the prospect of Fuchsberg's election as New York's chief judge "unspeakable," and telling an audience of friendly lawyers, "I want you to reach the people as if the Devil were chasing them—and maybe he is."

MEANWHILE, at a much lower judicial level, Lindsay, not waiting for New Year's Eve or even for the results of the mayoral election, filled the first of the Criminal Court judgeships that remain at his disposal, swearing in Richard Brown, who for the past four years has been the head of the city's liaison office with the State Legislature. Guests at the City Hall swearing-in ceremony included Assembly Minority Leader Steingut, Rockefeller's Attorney General, Louis Lefkowitz, and the chairman of the judiciary committee of the city bar association, which had endorsed the appointment. The event had a comic aspect, since Lindsay is six feet four and Brown is five feet four. The new judge explained that when he first went to Albany to deal with the state legislators he had been as tall as the Mayor. There was one small crisis, when Lindsay introduced Queens Borough President Manes as borough president of Manhattan, but he made a quick recovery. "You've seen one borough president, you've seen 'em all," he said.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

Pat Carroll, right, star of the Coachlight Dinner Theatre's show, "Anything Goes," and her "look-alike," Kay Conderino of Marlborough, met for lunch recently. Ms. Conderino is front office manager at Hotel Sonesta. Both women out talked each other and agreed they have many things in common . . . three children, rounded glasses, a career, a sense of humor and warm smiles.—*Picture caption in the Hartford Courant.*

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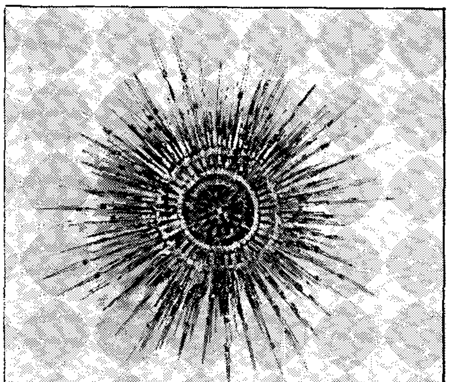

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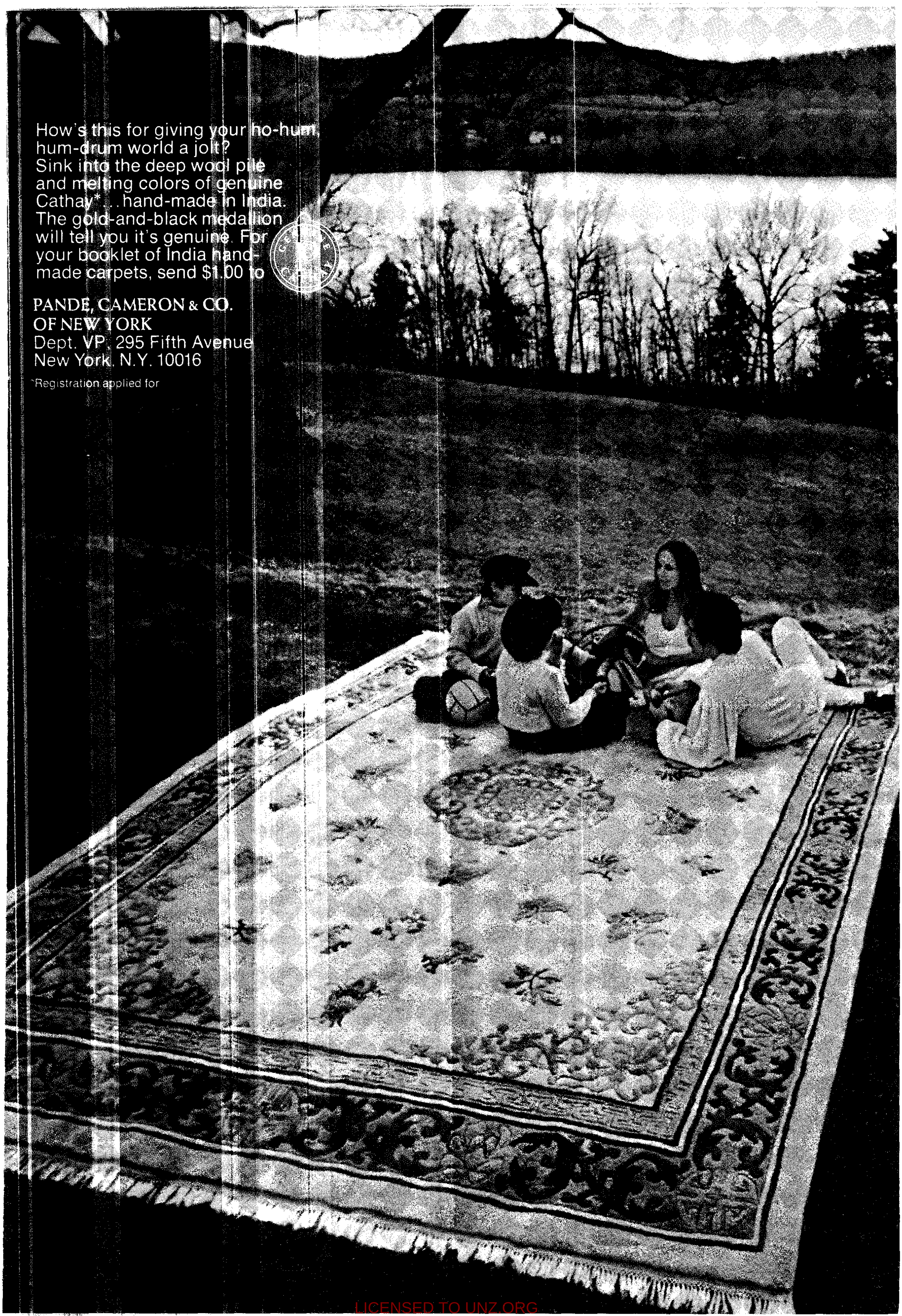

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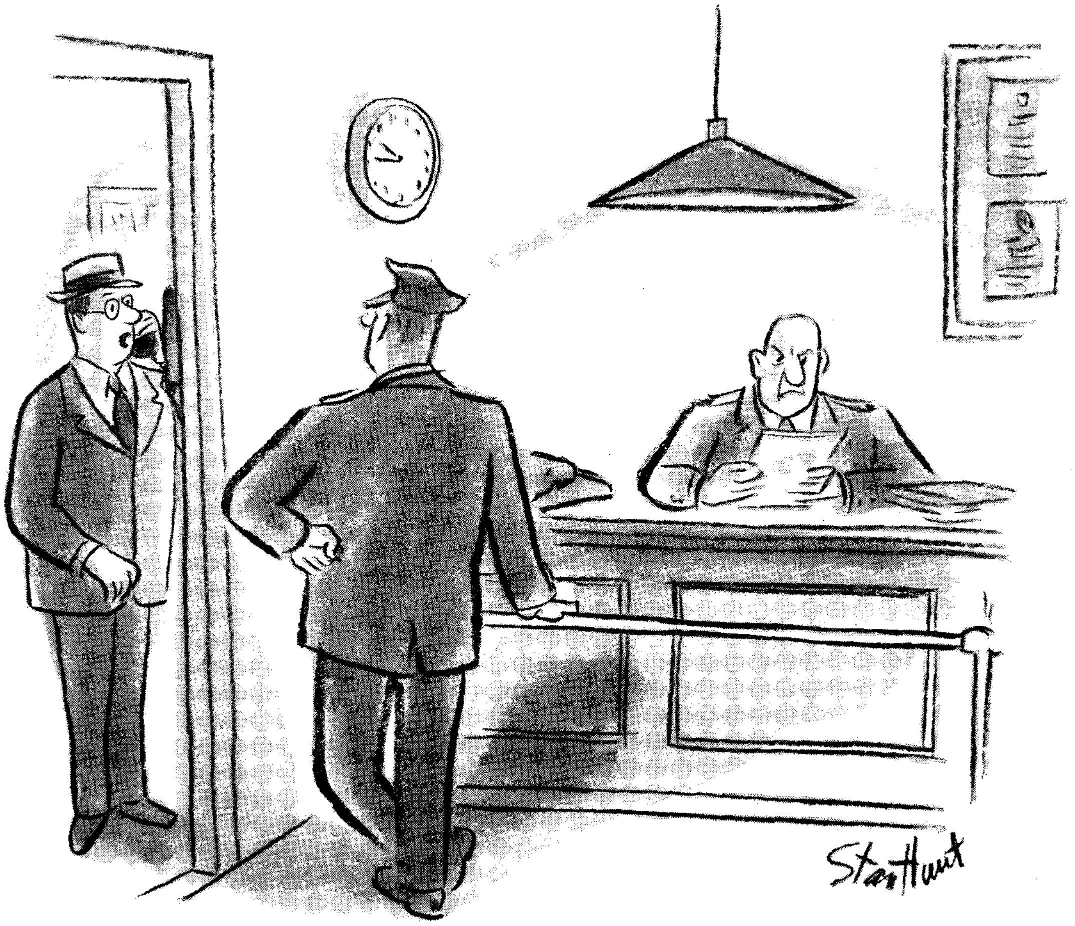
A REPORTER AT LARGE

WHO, WHAT, WHERE, HOW MUCH, HOW MANY?—I

THE United States of America, as portrayed in the 1970 census and in related surveys conducted by the Bureau of the Census, is a real land of make-believe, the most typical of whose more than two hundred million inhabitants may not exist. For instance, about eighteen per cent of all Americans, in conformity with our historical restlessness and adventurousness, change their residence every year. That is impressive, but inasmuch as, by the same token, eighty-two per cent of them stay put, it is also illustrative of the old saw that many facts can be viewed two ways: the glass is half full or half empty; at sunrise day starts or night ends. (Should we be proud that more than ninety-nine per cent of our citizens are literate, or should we be mortified that after our hundred years of devotion to universal public education more than a million are still illiterate?) In the twentieth century, there have been four major migratory flows within America—from South to North, from rural to urban, from metropolitan to suburban, and from just about everywhere else to California. Thus, anyone seeking to equate statistical generalities with particular human experience might conclude that the logical end product of all this shuttling about would be a poor black Mississippi farmer transplanted to a ranch house on the outskirts of Los Angeles. There may be no such specific person, but his existence is statistically quite plausible. For the census tells us, among a myriad other facts, that between 1965 and 1970 there was a migration of eight hundred and ninety-eight individuals—presumably at least one of them a black farmer—from the most impoverished section of Mississippi to the beckoning environs of southern California. At the same time, a hundred and ninety-one individuals, for reasons best known to themselves (the census never asks why but merely who and what), took the same long route in the opposite direction.

Who among us has not heard in elementary school that the United States is a melting pot? We might assume that in modern times the product of that pot is the sort of bland, drab mixture that usually results from putting into an electric blender ingredients dissimilar in color, texture, shape, and taste. In reality, though, America is a pot-au-feu or a bouillabaisse, with varied ingredients bobbing about in it more or less compatibly but also quite individualistically. What national homogeneity we possess is surely to be found less in our people than in our highways, our airports, our motels, and our shopping centers. But if one takes a Howard Johnson's restaurant as the paradigm of American sameness (and, in truth, the HoJo crowd does look alike wherever it convenes), one will still find differences. In some parts of the country, there might be a scattering of black tourists but the serving staff would be all white. This would have nothing to do with personnel-hiring policies but would merely reflect the circumstance that in much of America the resident black population, to which so many grubby jobs accrue, is minuscule.

The center of population of the United States when the last decennial census was taken, in April of 1970, lay in a soybean field 5.3 miles east-southeast of Mascoutah, Illinois, a town not far from St. Louis. The telltale spot is 26.9 miles west and 9.4 miles south of a farm outside Centralia, Illinois, that was accorded the pivotal honor in 1960. The *geographical* center of the country has remained fixed ever since its giant leap northwestward when Alaska and Hawaii joined the Union. This spot has been pinpointed by the Bureau at the conjunction of Wyoming, Montana, and South Dakota, and, like the population center, the site has little in common with the nation that radiates out from it. For example, in 1970 a hundred and forty-odd million Americans lived in what the Bureau has since 1960 called Standard Metropolitan Statisti-



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cal Areas—that is, residential clusters each consisting of a metropolitan area surrounding at least one city (or a pair of "twin cities") with a population of at least fifty thousand. (There were two hundred and forty-three of these at the time of the 1970 census; within two years twenty-one more had been acknowledged—five in Florida alone, where the palm tree is waging a game but losing fight against the traffic light.) How inappropriate for that tri-state rural intersection to be portrayed as the center of anything involving such an overwhelmingly urban majority! Indeed, Wyoming is one of only three states (Vermont and Alaska are the others) that cannot, for better or worse, boast a single S.M.S.A., and South Dakota and Montana between them have produced only three. Here, then, we have an inland dot officially designated the territorial hub of a country in which many of the inhabitants—the traditional lure of the wide-open spaces notwithstanding—prefer the seacoasts and three-quarters of the inhabitants live huddled together on a scant one and a half per cent of its spacious land.

The typical American family not only is not to be found at either of America's statistical crossroads but, as derived from the averaging of the known data about all Americans, it is an illusion. Somewhere there may be a typical Irish-American bus driver's family, or a typical small-town-hardware-store proprietor's family, or a typical retired Iowa farmer's family, or a typical black-ghetto welfare family. The Census Bureau has, in fact, produced its version of the average black family of 1970: a husband of forty-one, a wife nearly thirty-nine, and three children, the oldest not quite eighteen. The parents had finished their junior year of high school. They occupied rented quarters in a large city, and their income was $6,280 a year. The husband had a full-time job as a mechanic, truck driver, or waiter. The average *American* family can be similarly synthesized by putting everybody into a blender—not quite nine parts white, a little over one part black, a pinch of Spanish-speaking, a dash of Oriental, and a smidgen of American Indian. Out comes a blend that can be analyzed as a white man forty-four years old, a wife forty-one years old (each has had 12.2 years of education), and 2.35 children. The family have access to 1.25 cars and own ninety-six per cent of a television set, and their principal residence (they also have a little less than one-twentieth of a second home) is a house of five rooms,

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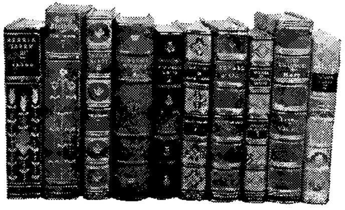

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worth about seventeen thousand dollars, in a suburb of a metropolitan area. *Their* annual income is $9,867. But, of course, they don't exist, because they couldn't; as soon as one assigns to the average suburbanite the average American income, he becomes atypical, for he couldn't live where he does on what he makes.

WHEN the first census was taken, in 1790, ninety-five per cent of the population of the United States was rural. A half century later, the country was still ninety per cent rural, and a whole century later it was two-thirds. By the start of the twentieth century, the gap between rural and urban residents was beginning to narrow. The country mice still outnumbered the city mice, 45,835,000 to 30,160,000, but the great national drift from the sticks to the sidewalks was inexorably under way. The native-born whites of America, traditional tillers (not to mention owners) of the soil, were the most reluctant—or, at least, the slowest—to embrace urban life. Whereas by 1960 more than eighty-seven per cent of all foreign-born whites and more than seventy-three per cent of all blacks were urban, only sixty-eight per cent of the native whites were in that category.

Nowadays, we hear much of megalopolises—all but continuous urban belts of the country, extending from, say, Portland, Maine, to Richmond, Virginia. It is true that almost a hundred and fifty million urban folk are now jammed together on merely 54,103 of our 3,536,855 square miles of land. (If this one and a half per cent of all our land were lumped together, it would constitute an area roughly the size of Florida.) It is true, too, that we have been flocking increasingly from our plains and mountains to our shores. At least half the population of the United States now resides within fifty miles of an ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, or a Great Lake—that is, for most people, within an easy one-hour drive. One does not have to consult the census to be aware that there are some thirty million people within striking distance of the Atlantic coast alone; one need only inspect the Cape Cod National Seashore on an August weekend. At the same time, one need only fly from Boston to New York, or New York to Washington, to observe (on a clear day, from a window seat) how surprisingly much of this megalopolitan space looks uninhabited. The fact is that, owing to abandoned farms, it may contain more

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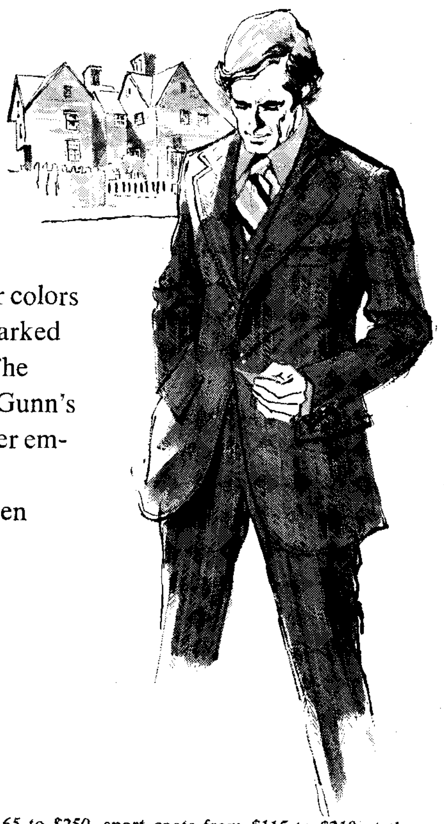

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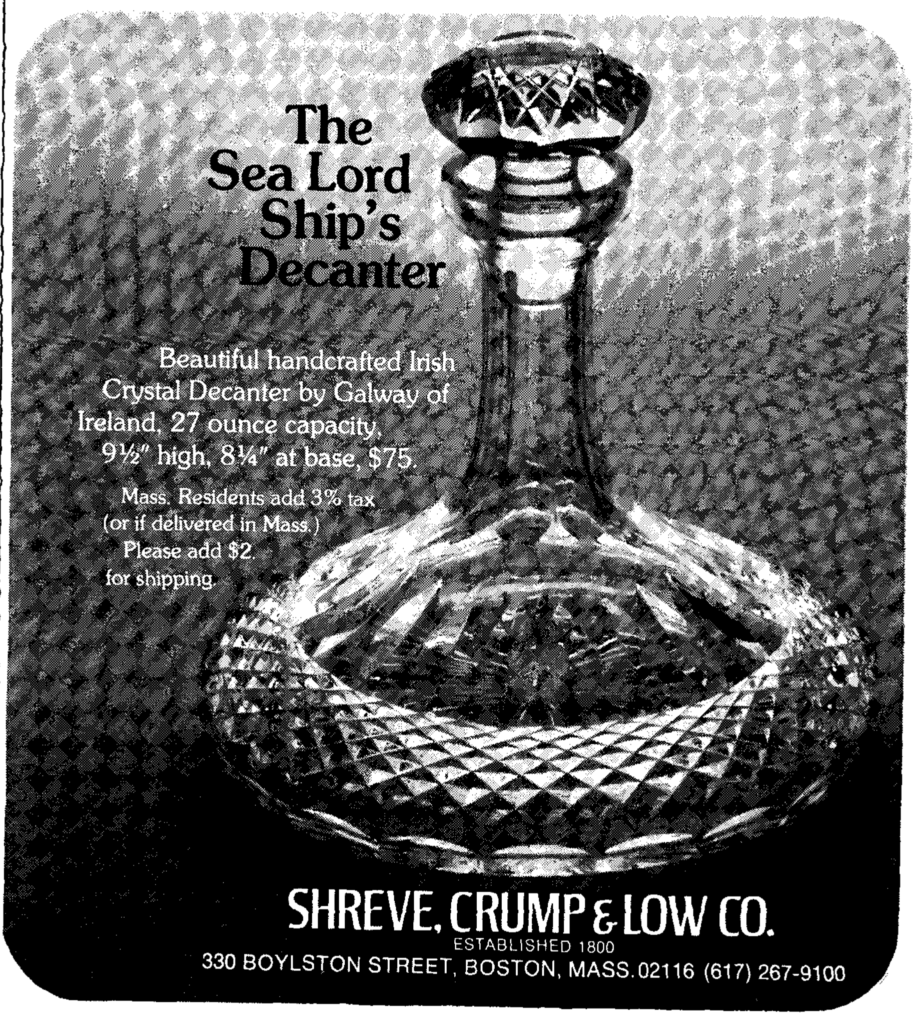

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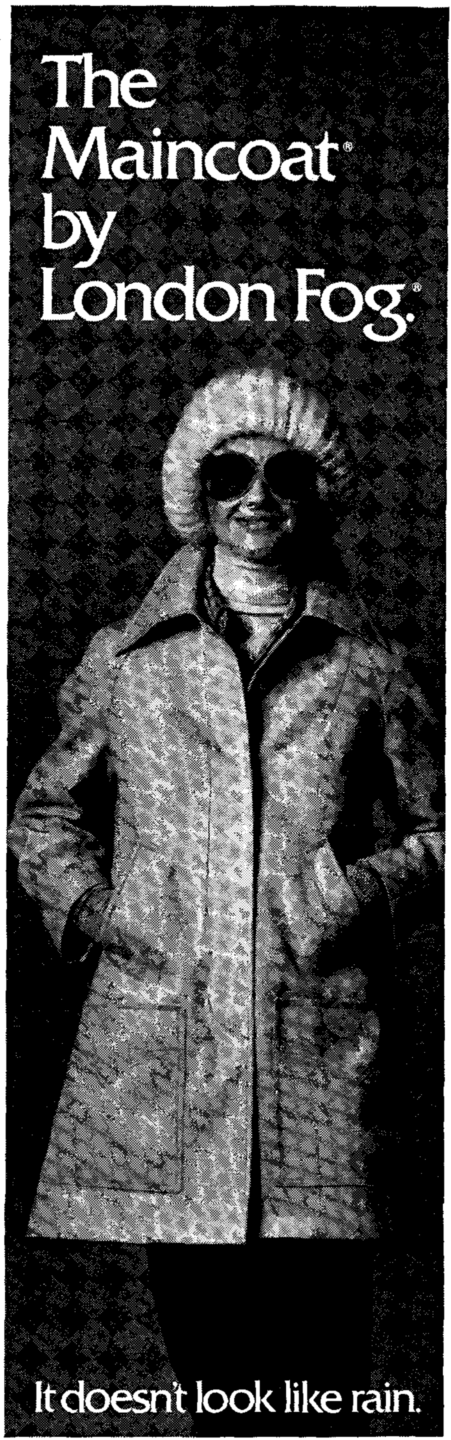

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unused acreage than it did fifty years ago. Of this littoral stretch and its immediate inland environs, not more than nine per cent had been urbanized by 1960.

Barring some upheaval in our national predilections, such consolidation will almost surely increase, because in recent years there has been no random movement of population—rather, a steady, almost gravitational pull toward the metropolitan areas. The lure of the metropolis is, of course, worldwide, and it can be stemmed only in countries like China and Tanzania, whose governments can tell their citizens where to live. The proponents of resettlement schemes in America know better than to hope that any significant number of our citizenry, for all that we are a people on wheels in a land of highways, will ever be content to return to self-contained small-town life. To take pressure off our existing cities in the years ahead will require national planning—and prodding—on quite a scale. By the end of the twentieth century, there may be seventy-five million or so more Americans, and, unless they are spectacularly different from their parents and grandparents, fifty-five million of them will choose to enjoy the delights, and ignore the deterrents, of metropolitan life. To build new cities for them is easy enough, in theory. We already have the roads to connect such settlements, as a result of the vast interstate-highway program that Congress initiated in 1956. The program has had an impact on the flow of people as well as on that of cars. The *non*metropolitan areas of the country are growing more slowly than the national average. But those that were crossed by an expressway and also contained at least one urban center of twenty-five thousand or more people grew between 1960 and 1970 at the same rate as the national average. This situation is encouraging to planners pondering methods of accommodating fifty-five million extra bodies in places other than our present-day cities. But it also has discouraging aspects. To house all fifty-five million would entail the development of two new ninety-thousand-person cities every month until the turn of the century.

There were two hundred and three million Americans alive in 1970—almost twice as many as in 1920. More than ninety per cent of the surplus lived in metropolitan areas. Four-fifths of the permanent shift of our population between 1960 and 1970 has been from rural to urban settings, and four-fifths of *that* to the suburbs, which now house

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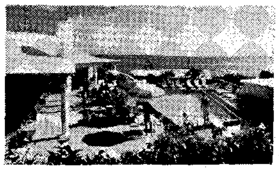
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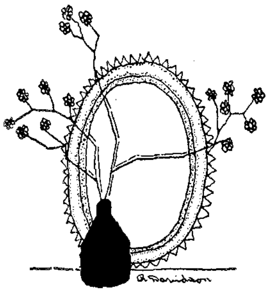
more Americans than either the central cities or the rural areas do. Nobody has ever been able to agree on a national flower or tree representative of the country as a whole; a claim might now logically be put in for crabgrass. There is no longer anything very dashing or daring about moving to the suburbs, but today's Americans apparently don't want to be trailblazers. They want to be where everybody else is—to live in a suburb and, for a change, to visit Disneyland. Most important, they want to be where the jobs are. The only significant change in their preferences seems to be that instead of moving into the middle of an established community they would rather park at its edge.



About half the people of this country live in just eight of the fifty states—California, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Texas. Most of that half, furthermore, live in or just outside the big cities of the eight states. Sixteen million of them live in what is sometimes called the "commutershed" of New York City. In 1970, New Jersey, a considerable part of which lies within that commutershed, displaced Rhode Island as the state with the highest density of population. New Jersey had 953.1 people per square mile; Alaska had .5. The density for the entire United States was 58 per square mile; by way of comparison, the figure for Japan was 720, for Belgium 822. Yet in the American metropolitan areas, one effect of the huge suburban sprawl had been to reduce the density of population—from 6,580 people per square mile in 1920, when the suburbs were inconsequential, to 3,376 a half century afterward. The density per square mile for Manhattan Island, the acme of urbanism, shrank from 103,822 to 67,808.

HOW the people of the United States have shifted themselves slowly about the continent, like some enormous centipedal creature, can be succinctly summarized: since 1900, the total population has been multiplied by 2.6, the metropolitan population by 4, and the suburban population by 6. In 1960, the population of the nation was just about equally divided among central cities, suburbs, and nonmetropolitan areas. As the suburbs have flourished, the two other categories have faltered. There was a total gain of twenty million metropolitan people between 1960 and 1970, but sixteen million of them belonged to the suburbs. The upshot was a dramatic redistribution for the nation as a whole: seventy-six million in the suburbs, sixty-four million in the central cities, and sixty-four million in the nonmetropolitan remainder. Although New York City had a slight increase in population, Manhattan Island, the hub of New York and, in the eyes of the world, the epitome of American cityness, lost 9.4 per cent of its population during this time of change. Mostly, it lost whites—nearly two hundred thousand of them. More than half of *all* metropolitan whites now live outside central cities, in pointed contrast to only twenty per cent of all metropolitan blacks. Manhattan was twenty-four per cent black in 1970, and New York City as a whole had 1,666,636 blacks—only 21.2 per cent of its total population but, at the same time, the largest concentration of black people on earth. (Actually, this concentration was even larger than the Census Bureau's official total—by just how much is moot. The Bureau has conceded that its enumerators probably missed 5,300,000 individuals in 1970, or 2.5 per cent of the entire population of the country. Its further guess is that 1,880,000 of those not counted were blacks. There were far more whites who were missed, but they represented a mere 1.9 per cent of the total white population, whereas the missing blacks amounted to 7.7 per cent of the black total.) Four million of the country's 22,672,570 blacks lived in just four cities: New York, Chicago, Detroit, and Philadelphia. In the nineteen-sixties, from all sources (migration and births together), the black and Puerto Rican population of New York rose by about nine hundred thousand (Puerto Ricans are hard to pin down statistically, since many of them quite properly can and do identify themselves as white); these two groups together constituted some thirty per cent of the city's total.

In 1950, thirty-five per cent of the national population lived in central cities and twenty-seven per cent in the suburbs. Twenty years later, it was thirty-one per cent for the central cities and thirty-seven per cent for the suburbs—and this in spite of the physical growth of many cities through annexation. The shift was not gradual but rapid and recent. In 1920, only seventeen per cent of all Americans (eighteen million) were suburban. By 1930, the

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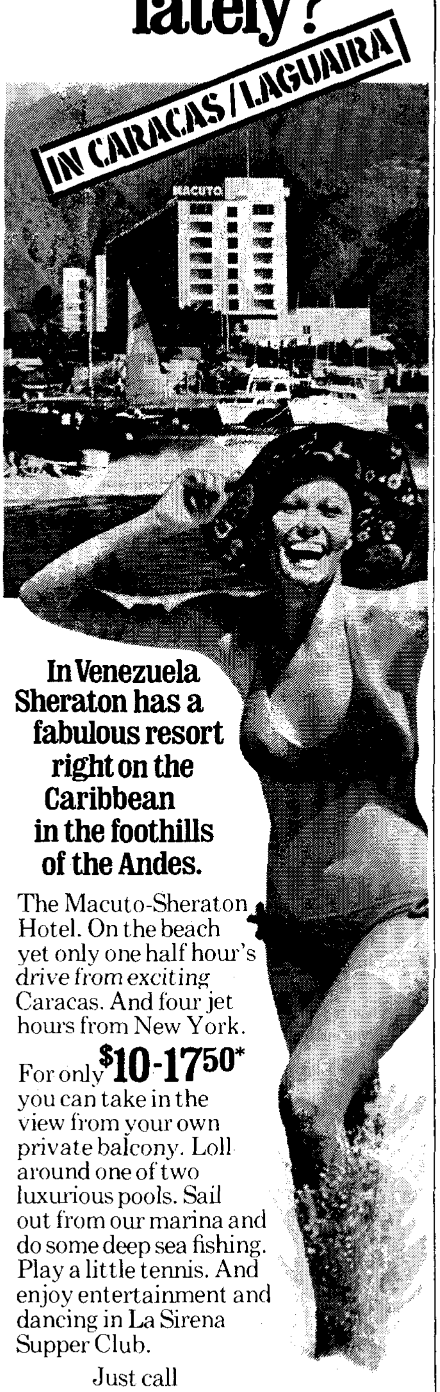

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percentage was only nineteen; by 1940, only twenty; by 1950, only twenty-four—a mere seven-point change in thirty years. Then the pace quickened: to thirty-three per cent by 1960, to thirty-seven by 1970. Among whites, it has been a far-reaching dispersion, with blue-collar families heading toward the suburbs at just about the same rate as white-collar ones. It has been an epochal kind of dispersion, too, because nowadays whenever we refer to "one per cent" of our population we are talking about two million human beings.

In the tumultuous decade between 1960 and 1970, the black suburban population was increasing, too, and at a slightly higher rate than the white—up by thirty-four per cent nationwide. But this increase was not as impressive as it might at first appear to be, for there were relatively few suburban blacks at the start of the period. Across the nation, there may be appreciably more blacks in the suburbs than there ever were before, but, at the same time, the total black segment of the American suburban population rose in the sixties merely from 4.6 per cent to 4.8 per cent. Furthermore, whereas across the country forty per cent of the whites were living in suburbs, only sixteen per cent of the blacks were. So the suburban trend had little effect, all in all, on the lives of that part of the population that perhaps stood in greatest need of an upheaval, or simply a patch of greenery. In fact, this alteration in our national living habits may actually have put blacks even farther behind whites than they were a generation before. For the power of our country now resides—literally—in the suburbs, and, while blacks constitute eleven per cent of our national population, they constitute less than half that percentage of our potent suburban population.

It used to be that many young married people would move from the central cities to the suburbs when they started to have families, and go back to the cities when their children had grown up. Statistically, that pattern has vanished. The inconvenience of putting up storm windows notwithstanding, Americans in their fifties have stopped returning to the cities. In New York's Westchester County, sometimes thought to be archetypical of suburbs, nearly all the white population growth in recent years has consisted of people *over* fifty-four. The young marrieds may continue to be the stereotypes of that particular suburb, but they no longer accurately characterize it. Of late, indeed,

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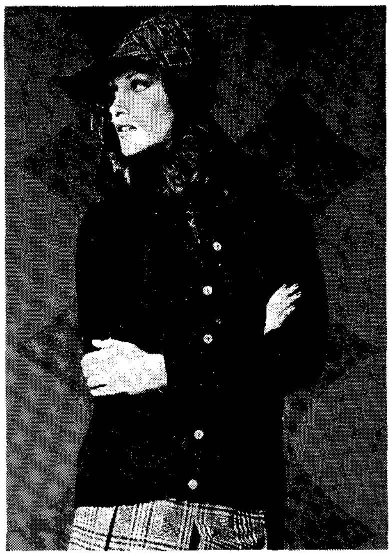

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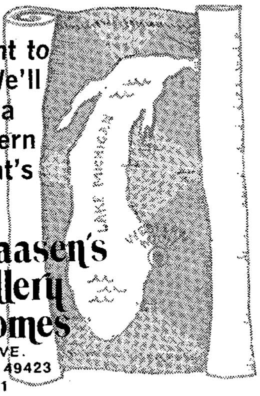

there has been a net statistical loss in Westchester of children under five (part of this no doubt attributable to declining birthrates), and the number of individuals between the ages of five and seventeen has stayed just about the same. The crime rate hasn't, though; as most of the suburbs are becoming more crowded and less élitist, their incidence of violent crimes is increasing at a pace twice that of their nearby big cities.

At the same time that the suburbs have been taking on some of the less agreeable aspects of the cities they outlie, though, they have become startlingly less dependent on them—exchanging their suburbanity for self-sufficiency. The most up-to-date relevant census figures indicate the increasing extent to which suburban families throughout the country patronize suburban business establishments. Between 1958 and 1967, while the central-city rates of growth of employment in wholesale and retail trades were 10.5 per cent and 7.7 per cent, the comparable suburban rates were 90.2 per cent and 60.6 per cent. Furthermore, of the nation's 21,456,444 employed people who lived in the suburbs in 1970, about seventy-five per cent worked in the county of their residence, and only a small number of these travelled to the nearest big city to earn their livelihood. Even in the Northeast, the legendary citadel of the American commuter, where the heaviest concentration of suburban residents exists, 66.2 per cent of all workers, wherever they lived, didn't cross a county line to get from their homes to their factories or offices. The commuter may be getting to be as antiquated as the train he commutes on.

MEANWHILE, the farm population has fallen off more rapidly and radically than many people realize. The dwindling of the influence of American farmers probably began during the War of 1812, when the cessation of trade with England induced a flurry of manufacturing in the United States and factory hands had to be recruited mainly from among agricultural workers. Agriculture, of course, remained consequential; even after the Civil War more than half of all the employed people in the country worked on farms. And as recently as 1920 the nation's population was just about evenly divided between city and country—54,000,000 urban residents, 51,500,000 rural. By 1970, however, the rural population had scarcely changed; it stood at 53,900,000. (There were ru-

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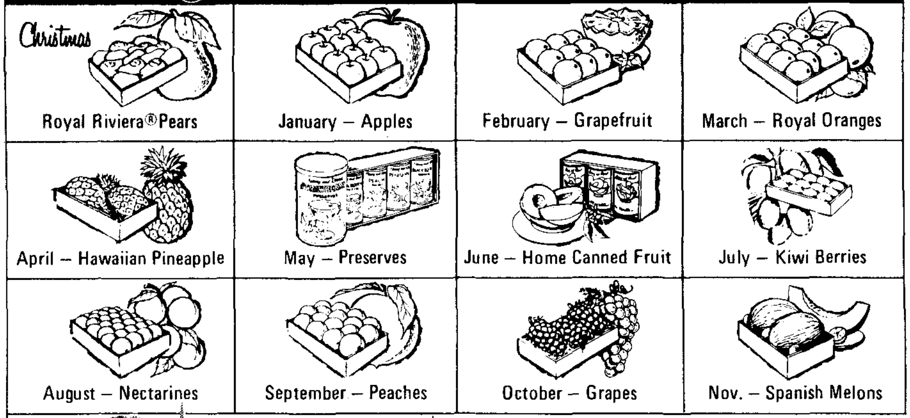

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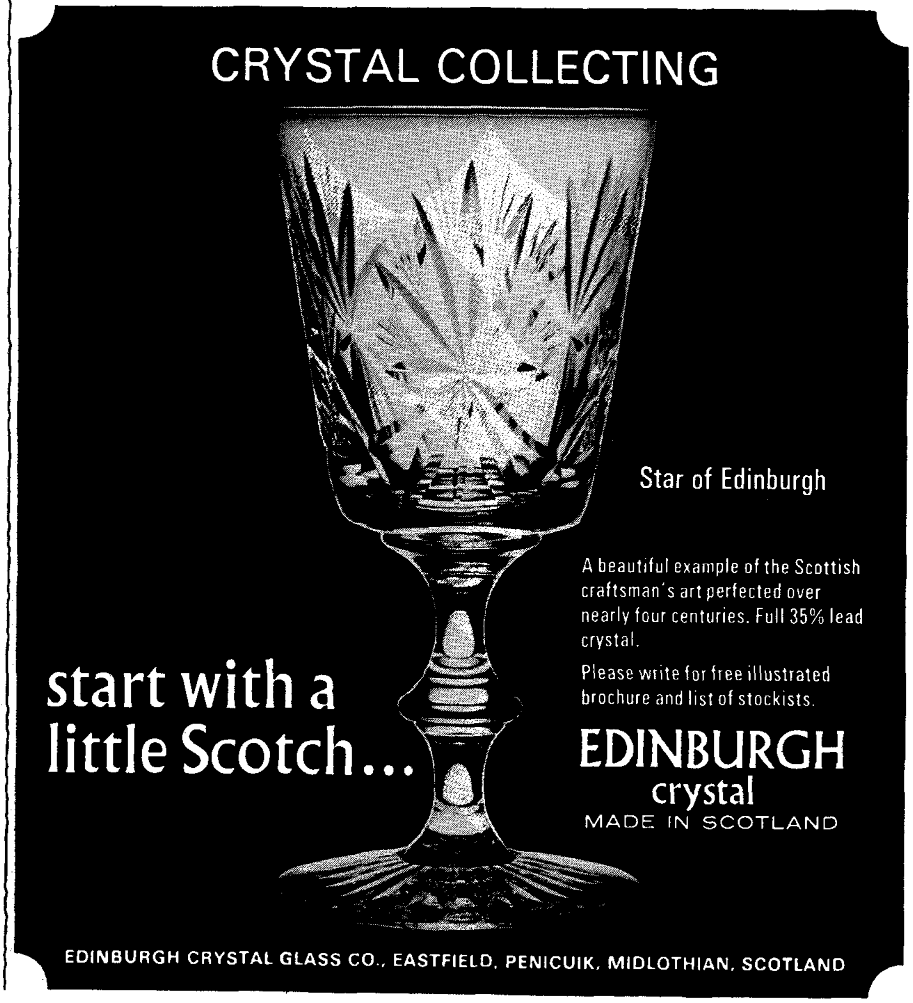
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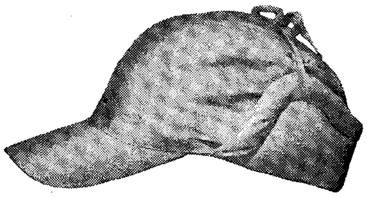

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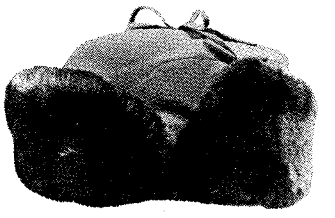

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ral sections of the country—southeastern Nebraska, northeastern Kansas, southern Iowa, parts of Tennessee, much of Missouri, among others—with counties that had attained their maximum population growth before 1900.) During those fifty years, the urban population had nearly tripled, rising to 149,279,000. In 1920, one in every three Americans was living on a farm; in 1971, one in every twenty-two. The enormous widening of that particular gap becomes vivid when one visualizes a map of those counties which in recent years, despite the national advance, have undergone a loss of ten per cent or more of their population; they cover a broad swath north from Texas through Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, and westward to parts of New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, and to most of Montana. In 1960, the farm population of the country was nearly sixteen million. In 1970, just as the total population was passing the two-hundred-million mark, the farm population, for the first time since 1830, was dipping below ten million.

In 1850, the nation had 1,449,000 operating farms. By 1935, the number was 6,814,000; that was the peak. As mechanization became widespread, and more and more small farms were gobbled up by large ones, the number began to decline, and in 1969 it dropped below three million for the first time in a century. Around 1980, demographers estimate, it will fall below two million. The farm population has declined by thirty-eight per cent in the last decade alone. But we must look at the figures cautiously. For there remain, all told, three million American farm workers—a larger labor force than the employees of the steel, automobile, and transportation industries together. Indeed, if one can call farming an industry, it has the largest industrial force in the nation. And there remain more than a billion American acres—close to forty-three per cent of all the land area we have—devoted to farming: forty-eight million fewer of them than there were in 1964 but still a fair garden patch.

The efficiency of farm workers, furthermore, has multiplied more splendidly than that of many of their laborer contemporaries. In 1820, the average farm employee produced enough food to sustain four people. In 1950, he could feed fifteen and a half, and in 1969, forty-seven. Between 1964 and 1969, annual sales of farm products for the nation as a whole rose from $35,300,000,000 to $45,600,000,000. (In that sometimes well-re-

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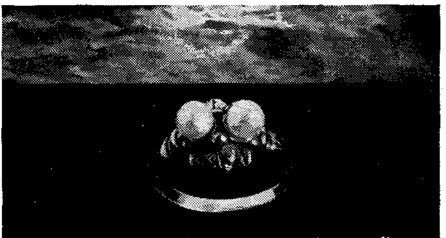

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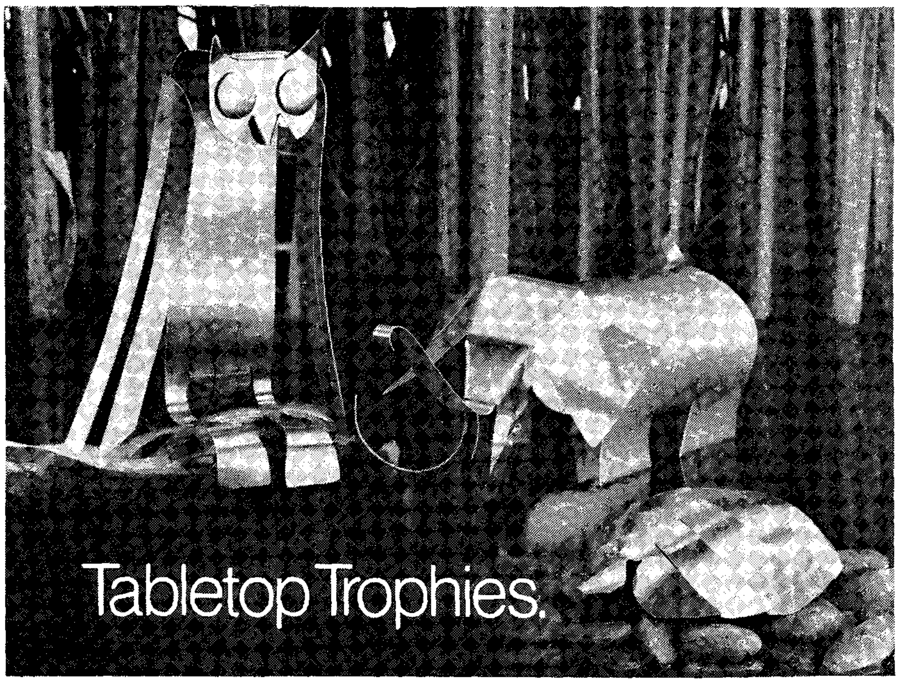
warded group of farmers were four hundred and seventy-four mushroom-growers who among them grossed fifty-nine million dollars a year, for an average of a hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars apiece.) South Dakota alone had forty-six hundred farms with annual gross sales of more than forty thousand dollars each. For American farmers everywhere, annual gross sales rose between 1964 and 1969 from an average of $11,176 to one of $16,703. The farms that fared the best were the big ones; the greatest decrease in the number of farms occurred among those whose yearly sales of products were under twenty-five hundred dollars.

The American farmer, for all the affluence that he sometimes seems to harvest, is a worthy cause of concern. For one thing, he is getting old; too few young people are going into farming to keep the average age of farm proprietors decently down. In 1945, it was 48.7; in 1969, it was 51. In 1960, people fifty-five or older constituted eighteen per cent of the national farm population; in 1970, they constituted a quarter of it. There was such a departure of young adults of childbearing age from the nation's farms that the number of farm children under fourteen dropped fifty per cent in the decade.

IN 1970, nearly fifty-one million people—twenty-six per cent of the native population—lived in a state other than the one they were born in. This is par for the American course; the United States has long been a realm of rovers. Even in 1850, almost one in every four Americans was living outside the state of his birth. But an overhasty perusal of census figures could lead to the conclusion that Americans skip around more than they actually do. Of the thirty-six million Americans who now move annually, only one-fifth of them switch states, and nearly two-thirds don't even cross a county line. Between March, 1970, and March, 1971, 36,161,000 people moved—17.9 per cent of the population. But the majority of these migrants—twenty-three million of them—merely moved to another place within the same county. Much of the American migration, then, is very narrow in scope. People used to move—in the main, westward—until they found a place where they settled down more or less permanently. Now they tend to move in every direction and to stay put less frequently, even when they retire. (And they move more than census figures disclose, for if an individual makes half a dozen moves with-



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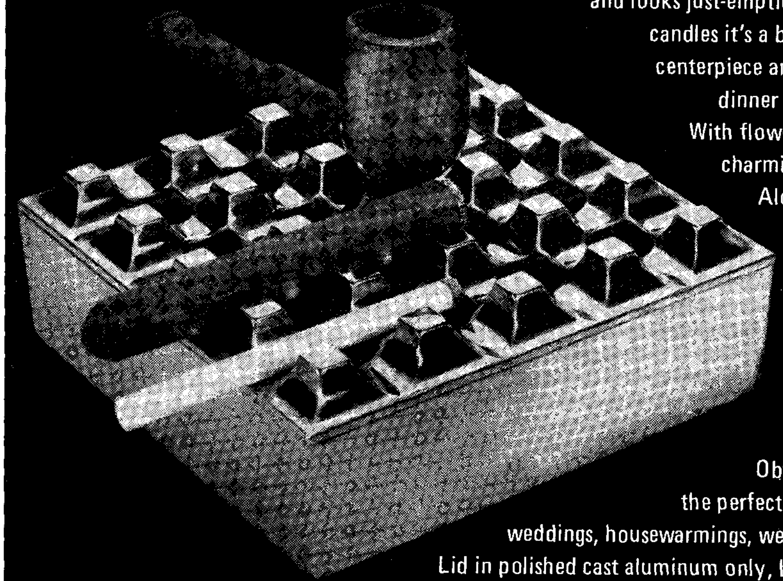

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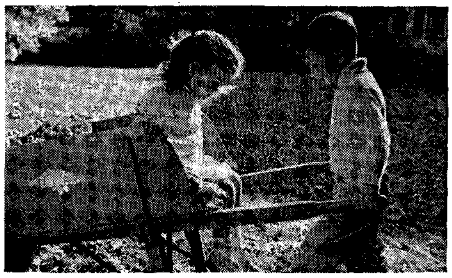
in any period of investigation he is still counted as merely one mover.) How the pattern of westward movement and fixed settlement has altered can be readily shown: in 1890, only one in every thirty people who were born west of the Mississippi had bucked the national tide and was living east of the river; by 1960, seven per cent of those born beyond its western bank had elected to live east of it. So within the major east-to-west migration there had developed a marked countercurrent.

Throughout the nation, blacks have tended to change residences slightly more frequently than whites have (being on the whole less agreeably housed, blacks have less reason to cherish their surroundings). Between 1920 and 1960, as blacks streamed out of the South in unlamenting and sometimes unlamented hordes, the total population growth of that region was sharply arrested—its headway consisting merely of the extent to which its excess of births over deaths could offset its migration losses. But after 1960 a new national migratory trend developed—a north-south pendulum swinging in counterpoint to the east-west momentum. Specifically, in exchange for the one million four hundred thousand blacks the South lost to the North in that decade it gained one million eight hundred thousand whites. It was the first time in sixty years that the South could boast a net migratory plus. Florida led the way, with one million three hundred and forty thousand whites, many of them elderly, pouring in. But the trend was widespread. Eight Southern states—Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee—lost eight hundred thousand blacks among them in the nineteen-forties and the same number in the fifties. In the next decade, they gained a total of four hundred thousand whites. Where did they all come from? For the first time in the history of the state of New York, for one thing, there was a net migratory loss. While there was a net gain of four hundred thousand blacks, there was a net loss of six hundred thousand whites. New York City was chiefly responsible. Over that ten-year stretch, it lost nearly a million white migrants (not all of them to the South), and it gained nearly half a million blacks (few of them from anywhere except the South).

BETWEEN 1960 and 1970, the population of the country increased by thirteen per cent, but the pattern of growth was by no means



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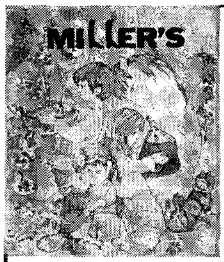

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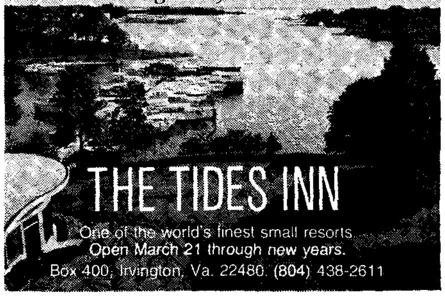

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uniform from coast to coast. The twelve North Central states, for instance, had a population growth of a little under ten per cent in that stretch. The nine states of the Northeast also failed to match the national growth rate, their increase, too, amounting to less than ten per cent. The thirteen-per-cent over-all average was attributable largely to the performance of the thirteen states of the West, which shot up by twenty-four per cent, and in the course of that escalation California found itself, with 19,953,134 people, the most populous state of all. (But California, now that it had attained primacy, was resting on its laurels. In 1970, for the first time in a hundred years, as many people moved out of California as moved into it.) Despite the great growth of the West, the South has more people than any of the three other major regions of the country. (It can also claim, in a sense, to be the most American part of America. In 1920, for example, when 58.7 per cent of the native white population of Rhode Island was of foreign or half-foreign parentage, only 0.64 per cent of North Carolina's was; in 1970, the comparable figures for those two states were 32.8 and 1.9.) At the time of the 1970 census, there were 34,800,000 people in the thirteen Western states, 56,500,000 in the twelve North Central states, 49,000,000 in the nine Northeastern states, and 62,000,000 in the sixteen Southern states—most of them living there because they wanted to. The South's total represented a 14.2 per cent net gain in population since 1960—less of an increase by far than the West's, but also more by far than the North Central region's or the Northeast's. The larger gains in the South and West are the result of net migration gains as well as of the excess of births over deaths. Between 1965 and 1970, the entire Northeast had a net loss in interstate migration of 722,281 people, the North Central region of 615,098. The West gained 694,889, and the South 642,490. Eleven of the twenty-one new Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas recognized by the Bureau of the Census between 1970 and 1972 were in the South, which by then, its plantation-and-magnolia image notwithstanding, had more people living in central cities—18,645,558 of them—than any of the three other regions of the United States had. And, despite the monumental outflow of its blacks (three million between 1940 and 1960), the South in 1970 still had more of *them* than the rest of the

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country put together—fifty-three per cent of all there were.

DECEMBER 4, 1972, could turn out to be a milestone date for the United States—a day as historic as the Fourth of July, the birth date of any President, or the termination date of any war. For that was the day on which it was announced that American women had finally got around to bearing children at a rate below the critical figure of 2.11 per woman, and had thus, at least for the time being, transformed their nation into one that had attained a zero population-growth rate. If every man and woman produced exactly enough offspring to replace themselves, the Z.P.G. figure would, of course, be an even 2. The extra eleven-hundredth that statisticians have appended is supposed to allow for women who bear no children and so throw out of kilter the statistics involving reproduction. On that December 4th, without any particular fanfare from the White House, American women were found to be having children at the rate of 2.08 apiece. Even during the Depression, when there was a marked decline in the size of American families, the rate had never dipped below 2.2. As a result of the startling new birth-rate, the population of the United States increased in 1972 by only 0.7 per cent. During the nineteen-sixties, the average annual rate of increase had been nearly double that—1.3 per cent.

That a falling-off in population is, all things considered, a desideratum for the United States had been argued earlier in 1972 by the ill-fated Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. This was the group, under the chairmanship of John D. Rockefeller 3rd, whose detailed analyses and recommendations were, on the whole, ignored by President Nixon, the man who had brought it into being in the first place. In its report to the President and Congress, the Commission said, "We have always assumed that progress and 'the good life' are connected with population growth. In fact, population growth has frequently been regarded as a measure of our progress. If that were ever the case, it is not now. There is hardly any social problem confronting this nation whose solution would be easier if our population were larger."

The resolute blow that American women struck in 1972 against population growth was viewed by the Census Bureau with guarded optimism. For all anybody there could tell, the decline in births might be a temporary phenome-

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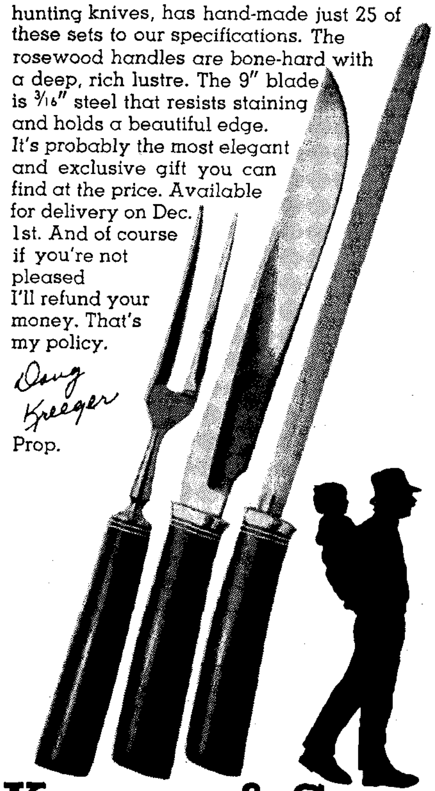

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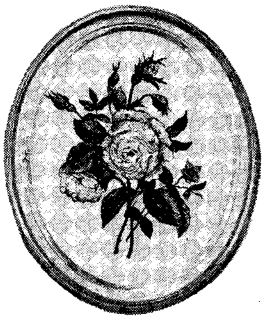

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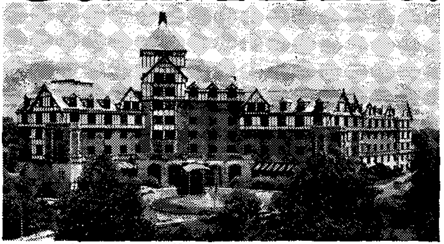

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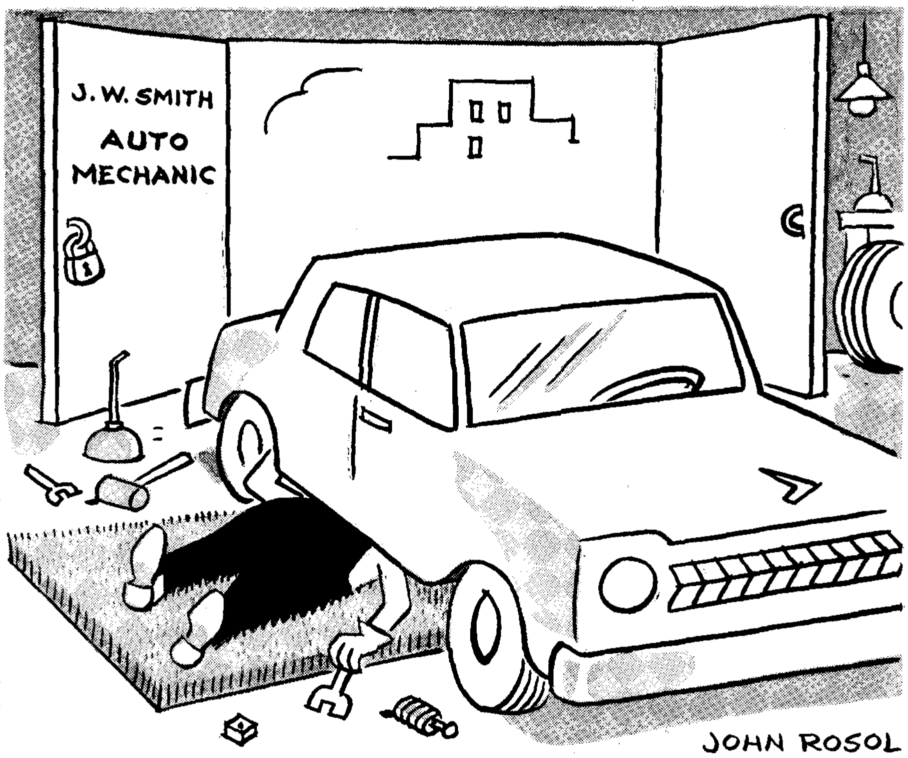
non. There were, after all, large numbers of women reaching childbearing age every day, and they might exercise the option, often basely attributed to them, of changing their minds. But the Bureau, though taken aback by the suddenness of the unprecedented development, had already anticipated that something of the sort was in the wind. In trying to make projections of future population totals—which census people are always careful to differentiate from *predictions*—its statisticians had been using four arbitrarily selected multipliers. Meyer Zitter, one of the Bureau's principal projectors, has explained, "We decided a long time ago that you can't reliably predict a change in birthrates. All you can do is show what is likely to happen if people pursue any one of a variety of possible courses. We once used three assumptions—high, medium, and low—but we switched to four, because with three every time we issued a report people would throw away our top and bottom numbers and use the middle one as gospel. It wasn't that at all—or, indeed, anything but a reasonably informed speculation. The only thing we're certain of around here is that fertility is always going to fluctuate."

In the fecund nineteen-fifties, the actual rate of births per woman in the United States had been 3.51. In 1967, the Bureau's projection people chose as their assumed rates 3.35, 3.10, 2.78, and 2.45, the last being the lowest multiplier that anyone deemed plausible. Population projections based on these four variables were issued as Series A, B, C, and D. If women averaged 3.35 children apiece throughout the remainder of the twentieth century, the total population of the country by the year 2000 would be (assuming a constant immigration of about four hundred thousand people a year) 361,000,000; at the 2.45 rate, it would be 260,000,000. The effect on population of what look like small changes in the reproductive rate can be illustrated in another way: if every potential mother in America produced one extra child between 1970 and 2000, the national total would balloon by fifty million. By 1970, however, actual births were found to have decreased so rapidly that the Bureau abandoned its Series A—the 3.35 multiplier—as unrealistic and substituted a Series E. The magic Z.P.G. number of 2.11 was chosen for that one; nobody dreamed that an even lower multiplier might be needed. But that a new minimum was required became swiftly apparent. At the end of 1971, not only



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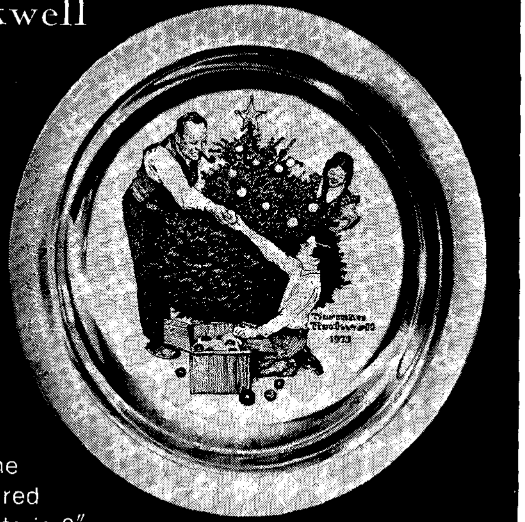

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had A been dropped by the Bureau and E adopted but B had also been eliminated as unrealistic and still another series, F, unveiled, with a multiplier of a mere 1.8. So now 3.10, a figure well below the actual rate of the fifties, was the greatest multiplier, and the smallest one was substantially below zero population growth.

The Bureau could take this step with at least momentary confidence, for in 1972, even though there were two per cent *more* women of childbearing age in the country than there had been the year before, there were nine per cent *fewer* total births. The difference in population in the year 2000 between the old Series A projection of 3.35 and the new Series F projection of 1.8 would be 110,000,000. The absence of these millions of children would presumably be unmourned, for the Commission on Population Growth had also reported that fifteen per cent of all the children who were born to married women between 1966 and 1970—that is, 2,650,000 children—had been unwanted.

As Meyer Zitter and others are always warning, however, fooling around with fertility figures is a slippery science. The men and women who had children during the nineteen-thirties and the early forties had just about reproduced themselves (a depression and a war had been the chief inhibitions), but postwar adults, breeding in the carefree fifties, had passed the terminal level of the Series A projection—had, that is, more than thirty-five hundred children for every thousand couples—while most of the women among them were still in their twenties and still physically capable of considerable further reproduction. In any event, though the *rate* of zero population growth has finally been achieved, so large is the number of women now reaching childbearing age that even if the rate does not once again increase we will have to wait until the daughters of the girls now being born complete *their* reproductive years—a wait of roughly seven decades—for the population to stop increasing. And inasmuch as in 1970 there were 1,900,000 eighteen-year-old women (compared with 1,400,000 in 1960 and 1,000,000 in 1950), half a million contemporary young women could elect never to have a child at all and there would nonetheless be as many potential mothers as there were a decade earlier. It is moot, then, whether our phenomenally declining birthrate will stay low or will fluctuate in the future, as it has in the past. What it will do will almost surely

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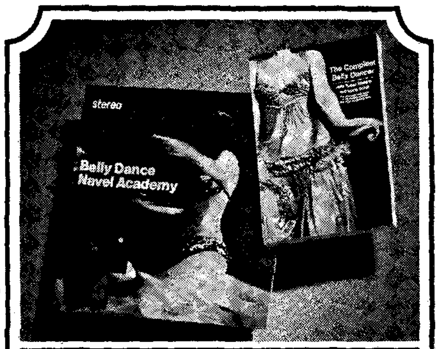

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be influenced by business conditions; there appears to be a strong correlation between procreation and the state of the national economy. (Hitler tried to get German mothers to breed to furnish him with soldiers, but what actually convinced them that they should go after his baby bonuses, most demographers believe, was the end of the inflation that had followed the First World War.) Just as there was a sharp curtailment of births in the United States during the Depression of the nineteen-thirties, so, conversely, have boom times produced baby booms. Of Americans living in 1970, the greatest number born in any single twelve-month period were delivered between April of 1959 and April of 1960. They were conceived when the economy was thriving, and in numbers they are more than double the thirty-six-year-olds, who came into the world at the trough of the slump. There was also a spate of breeding right after the Second World War; during the war itself the national growth rate had been perceptibly slowed by the dislocation of families, the unavailability of husbands, and doubts about the future. Then servicemen came home, some to their wives and some to get married, and the dormant population rate erupted. In 1970, the postwar babies—those men and women between twenty and twenty-four—numbered sixteen million. Another measure of population growth is the general fertility rate—the number of children produced annually per thousand women between fifteen and forty-four, which are the normal childbearing years. In 1936, the fertility rate slumped to 75.8; in 1957, a baby-boom year, it reached 122.9; in historic 1972, it hit a rock-bottom 73.4.

The 104,290,000 women of America enumerated in the last big census may have been put upon in many ways, yet they could shape the destiny of their country as no man ever could: they could determine how many Americans there would be. In a motley nation, one finds an unusual homogeneity of attitude among women against big families, and, for all anyone can tell, this may be their permanent position, and business cycles be hanged—for the desire to reduce family sizes has clearly been shared by all fertile women, whatever their region, education, age, race, or color. It may be especially significant that the birthrate for poor and near-poor women—who, with less education and less access to reliable contraceptives and to abortions, might be expected to lag behind their better-situated sisters—has actually been going down the fast-

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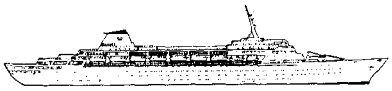

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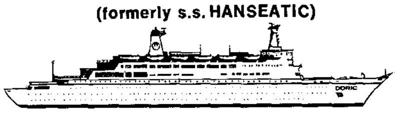

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est. It declined by twenty-one per cent in the nineteen-sixties, while the rate for all women above the poverty level declined by eighteen per cent. In absolute terms, if in that decade the country's poorer women had continued to reproduce at their rate for the previous decade there would by 1970 have been a million more children than there actually were.

As our women have taken their concerted stand, they have racked up some startling statistical accomplishments. Between 1960 and 1970, the national population of children under five fell by fifteen per cent—the biggest drop in the nation's history. At the start of that decade, for every thousand women between fifteen and twenty-four there were sixteen hundred of these young children; at the end of it, only nine hundred and fifty-eight. What a statistic like that means, among other things, is thousands of fewer jobs for elementary-school teachers. It could also mean something of a breathing spell for the hard-pressed administrators who make up urban budgets, since education is the major item for most state and local governments. (Even with the diminution in the number of small children, these state and local governments, altogether, now allocate 40.1 per cent of their funds to education, compared with 11.2 per cent for welfare, 7.4 per cent for health and hospitals, and 4.7 per cent for police.) The relative scarcity of children could even portend a deceleration, not so very far away, in our soaring crime rates, inasmuch as half of the Americans who are arrested for all causes are under twenty-four.

Now that American women appear to have decided spontaneously and emphatically to keep their nation's population within manageable bounds, one wonders whether much, or any, of the rest of the world will follow suit. What could happen elsewhere on earth if women in one or another nation merely maintained their present reproductive patterns boggles the imagination. Brazil, which had a population of seventeen million in 1900 and ninety-three million in 1970, would by the year 2070 have a population of one and a half billion—almost the equivalent of half the world's population a century before. (This could conceivably happen; in most of Latin America, only 2.3 per cent of the women between fifteen and forty-nine are known to have accepted contraceptives up to now.) The population of Mexico would rise in about a hundred years from fifty million to *more* than one

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and a half billion, and the population of Uganda from ten million to one hundred and sixty million. (General Idi Amin, the Ugandan chief of state, who is sometimes aptly called Big Daddy, is a Muslim and has four wives, each of whom presented him with a child within a recent single month.) India would overtake China as the world's most populous nation, with nine billion to China's six billion. The United States and the Soviet Union would be comparatively small-potatoes countries, with less than a billion inhabitants between them. And Japan, its population having levelled off in the year 2030 at about two hundred million people, would be lost in the human shuffle.

WOMEN can regulate their fertility in all sorts of positive and negative ways—for instance, by getting married later than their predecessors or by deferring the time of their first pregnancy. American women have been doing both. Between 1890 and 1960, their average age at their first marriage went down two years; between 1960 and 1970, it rose from 20.3 to 20.9. Their average age at the birth of their first child went up from 21.8 in 1960 to 22.1 in 1968. (The most marriages still occur in June, and the fewest in January, February, and March, and more American children are born in August and September than in any other months.) American women have moved so far from being housewives and mothers that in 1970 forty-five per cent of those under thirty-five were single. The percentage is slightly higher for the Northeast than for the rest of the country, one reason being that, statistically, it is harder to find a husband in the Northeast; in 1970 (if one can believe the census), there were only 93.3 males in that region for every hundred females, and ninety per cent of all women under twenty-one were single. For the country as a whole, there were 94.8 men in 1970 for every hundred women. (Twenty years before that, it had been 98.6 men per hundred, and in the West men actually predominated—102.1 to 100. "Go West, young woman" would still be cogent advice for young females with family aspirations; in that part of the country, too, men are in the minority today, but by a mere 97.8 to 100.) In 1970, only sixty-four per cent of all women between twenty and twenty-four had ever been married; in 1960, seventy-two per cent of that group had been. Despite all this, eighty-three per cent of all women between the ages of six-

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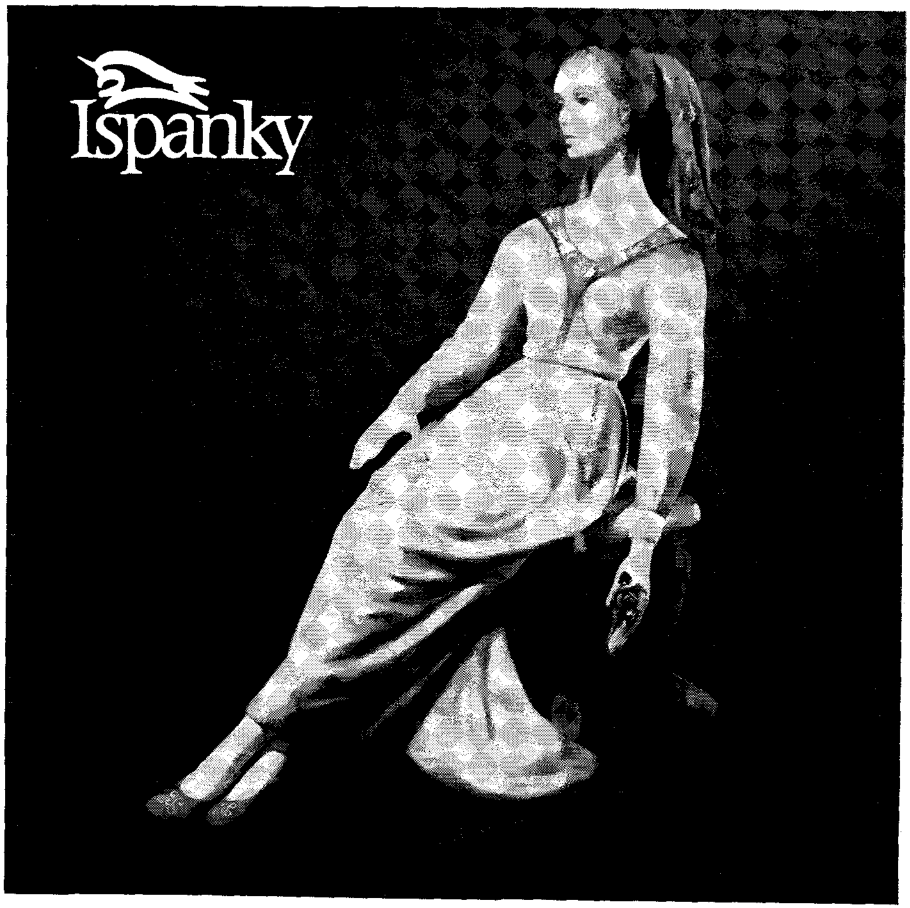

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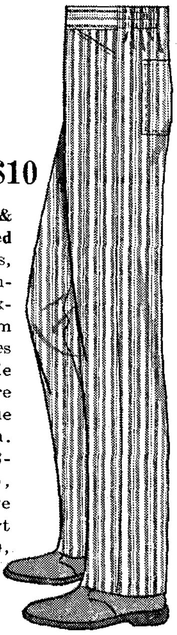

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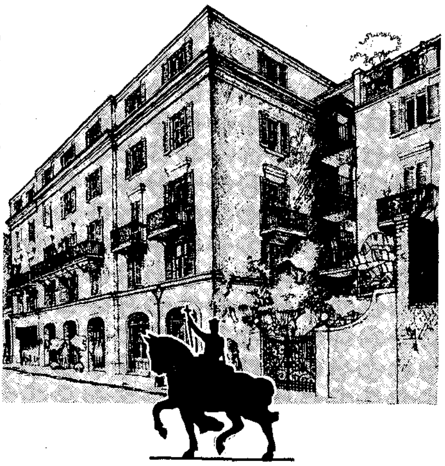
teen and seventy in 1970 had been married. There are, proportionately, fewer youthful marriages but more mature ones; nowadays, older people less often have children or grandchildren to live with, and they don't much like to live alone. Then, too, of course, there are many contemporary young people who have mates but have not bothered with matrimony. And, furthermore, there are marital freaks among us. In 1970, the United States boasted 2,983 fourteen-year-old males who were already widowers, and two hundred and eighty-nine even more precocious young women, who at that same age were both widowed *and* divorced.

The Census Bureau, which does not measure affection, suggests strongly that the success of marriage is affected by two factors that are very much its concern—education and income. A June, 1971, survey showed that in 90.4 per cent of the households where the husband and the wife were both college graduates (the husbands in this particular inquiry were between thirty-five and fifty-four) each of the partners had been married only once. Such stability, though, was characteristic of only seventy-five per cent of those households where neither partner had finished high school. The survey indicated, further, that it is not necessarily true that people get divorced because they can afford to. There had been only one marriage in eighty-three per cent of the households with incomes over fifteen thousand dollars, but this was so in only about seventy-two per cent of those with incomes under five thousand dollars. While the Bureau was thus investigating marriages, it came up with some good tidings for sentimentalists: of the 48,125,000 married couples in America in 1971, 15,900,000 had already celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and 1,200,000 their fiftieth.

As the institution of marriage has, in the popular view, diminished in importance, it has not inevitably followed that America has become a nation in which divorce is rampant, but the old foundations of wedlock have certainly been shaken. Between 1960 and 1972, the annual number of divorces increased by eighty per cent. In the mid-sixties, there had been five hundred thousand divorces a year. At that time—and, indeed, until very recently—most demographers considered the divorce figures for the years just after the Second World War, when hasty wartime marriages were tottering and collapsing, to have been phenomenal



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and unsurpassable: the average annual number from 1945 through 1947 had been 526,000. In 1971, though, that total was spectacularly eclipsed: there were 768,000 divorces. And in 1972 the total went well over the eight-hundred-thousand mark. A recent study by Dr. Paul C. Glick and Arthur J. Norton, two of the Census Bureau's leading family-statistics experts, disclosed that slightly more than a quarter of all married women between twenty-seven and thirty-two can, if the present pattern persists, be expected to get a divorce at some point in their later lives, and that about a fifth of these divorcées will remarry and then get a second divorce. (Even so, only about three per cent of all Americans between the ages of fifty and fifty-five who had been married by 1970 had been married as often as three times.) Eventually, however, the divorce rate could turn around and start to dwindle, since people are marrying at a later age, and mature individuals get divorced less frequently than people who marry younger. Of women who marry in their teens, twenty-seven per cent get divorced within twenty years; of those who marry in their twenties, only fourteen per cent do.

FOR all that women can and do control the nation's population, they remain noticeably behind when it comes to the nation's economy. Women with the same education and job experience as men fall far short of receiving commensurate rewards. A recent Census Bureau survey among women between thirty and forty-four who had worked steadily since leaving school revealed that their median annual income was almost three thousand dollars less than that of men with precisely parallel careers. In terms of earned income, women fared worse in relation to men than blacks did in relation to whites. In general, the median earnings of women were less than half those of men, though this discrepancy was somewhat mitigated by the circumstance that far more women than men worked only part time. For full-time workers, the median income for men in 1971 was $9,630, and for women it was $5,700. One could still find a cheerful footnote to these bleak comparisons: in 1969, there were 1,600,000 women who were earning over ten thousand dollars a year—seven times as many as there had been a decade earlier. Over that same stretch, the number of nonwhite women in that relatively high earnings category increased even more rapidly—from four

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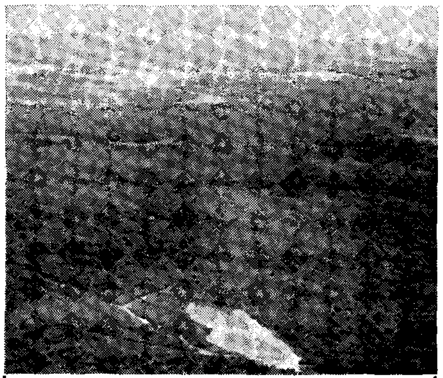

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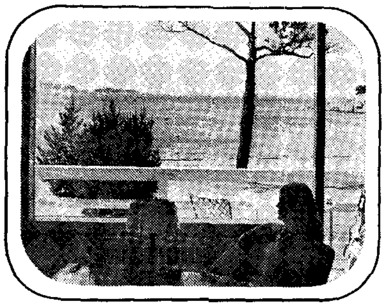
thousand to a hundred and six thousand. Notwithstanding the advancement of these few women, women in general had little to be sanguine about: back in 1955, the income of full-time women workers was sixty-five per cent of their male counterparts', and fifteen years later it was only fifty-nine per cent. It is true, of course, that as long as women continue to be primarily responsible for running households, they can anticipate fewer work options. They can't, as a rule, work at all hours and thus earn lucrative overtime; a husband's income is less affected than his wife's by a child's sore throat. Even in those fields where women workers predominate, they are discriminated against. In 1970, women teachers in primary and secondary schools—including part-time ones—outnumbered men by more than two to one, but their median pay was less than two-thirds of the men's. For full-time teachers alone the picture was a little brighter, but not much: the women got only about three-quarters of what the men got. Women factory workers got just over half, and retail-sales workers less than a third.

All in all, however, women have become an increasingly important economic factor, and not because of how they spend their husbands' earnings but because of how they obtain their own. In 1940, only twenty-five per cent of the nation's women over fourteen were in the labor force, and in 1960 more than thirty-four per cent were. In 1970, the American labor force of 85,900,000 included 31,600,000 women—forty-three per cent of all women over sixteen. There were 13,800,000 new jobs in the country during the nineteen-sixties; women filled 8,400,000 of them, including seventy-five per cent of the openings for bus drivers. Moreover, whereas in 1960 only thirty-one per cent of all married women were in the labor force, a decade afterward forty-one per cent were. In 1970, there were 10,200,000 working mothers with children under eighteen; almost a third of all women between fifteen and forty-nine who had children under five were engaged in gainful work, and nearly twenty per cent of all these women were nonwhite. It is easier nowadays for women to work; thanks to our technological advances, there are fewer jobs around for which they are ineligible because they lack brute strength. How the nature of women's employment has changed can readily be shown: in 1900, nearly half of all working women were domestic servants or farmhands; in



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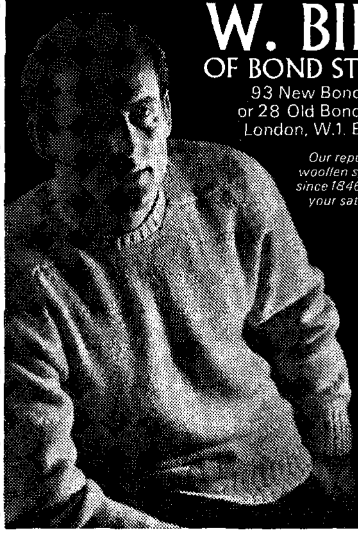

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1960, only a tenth of them were, and in 1970 only four per cent were. And, with so many labor-saving devices now in their homes, women naturally have more time to work. (It is debatable whether these devices make it possible for women to work or whether women work to make possible their families' acquisition of the devices.) The essential point is that more and more women want to work, quite apart from those who, because of the ascending cost of living or because of male unemployment, simply have to work to supplement—or, indeed, provide—the family income. It is probably fair to conclude that if most American communities were ever furnished with decent day-care facilities for small children, or if the women's-liberation movement persuaded enough men to share child-tending responsibilities in their homes, the number of able-bodied women in the national labor force would take a startling upward leap. There will certainly be fewer children clutching at their apron strings to hold them back. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

•

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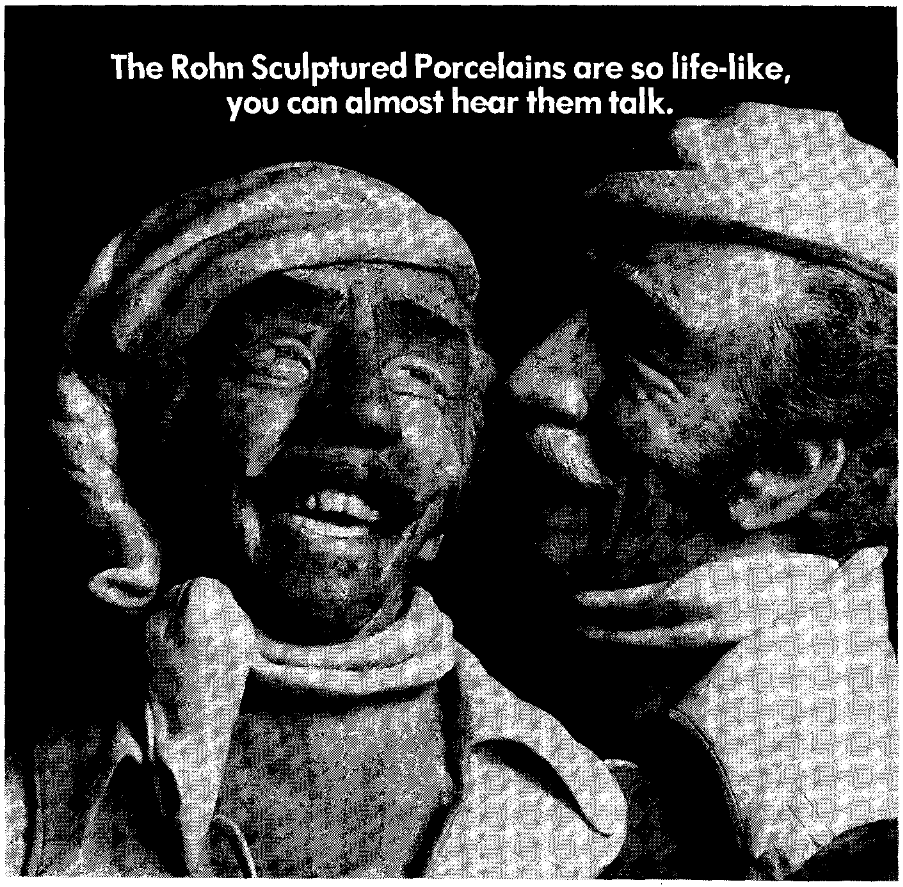
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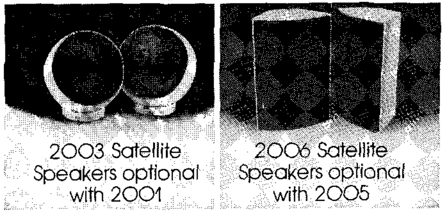

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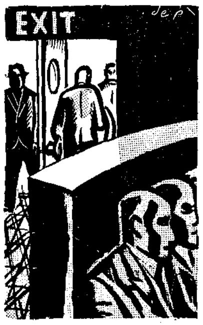
“THE WAY WE WERE” is a fluke—a torpedoed ship full of gaping holes which comes snugly into port. There is just about every reason for this film to be a disaster: the cinematography is ugly; several scenes serve no purpose, and the big dramatic sequences come butting in, like production numbers, out of nowhere; the decisive change in the characters' lives which the story hinges on takes place suddenly and hardly makes sense; a whining title-tune ballad embarrasses the picture in advance, and it has the excruciating score of a bad forties movie. Yet the damned thing is enjoyable. It stays afloat because of the chemistry of Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford. The movie is about two people who are wrong for each other, and Streisand and Redford are an ideal match to play this mismatch: Katie Morosky, always in a rush, a frizzy-haired Jewish girl from New York with a chip on her shoulder; and Hubbell Gardiner, a Wasp jock from Virginia with straw hair and the grin of a well-fed conquistador. She's a hyper-emotional Communist who's always sure she's right; he is incapable of any kind of commitment. The movie, directed by Sydney Pollack—from Arthur Laurents' novel, which reads like a screenplay—deals with their collision course. Theirs isn't a Bridget-loves-Bernie type of marriage. He tells her she pushes too hard, and she answers that she'll push him to be what he should be—which she thinks is a great writer. A hideous basis for a marriage—and she can't stand his friends. We can see what draws them to each other: she's attracted to the fairy-tale prince in him, and he can't tear himself away from her emotionality, from her wistfulness and drive. And we can certainly see what creates the tension between them; Katie and Hubbell have been breaking up since they got together.



The picture opens in New York in 1944, goes back to their college days (Class of 1937), and then returns to 1944 and goes on to their married life in Hollywood, where he becomes a screenwriter and she a reader for a studio; it continues through the onset of the blacklisting troubles, breaking off in 1948, with a coda in New York in the early fifties. I offer this chronology as a libretto, because the movie has the sweat stains of interfering hands and is so bewildering about the passage of time that you can't tell how long Katie and Hubbell have been married before she gets pregnant, and, once she is, she seems to stay that way for years. The climactic Hollywood section, which should have been played for high irony, is so botched and overwrought that the picture becomes more hysterical than Katie. The changes she goes through are, however, psychologically accurate: the quicksilver gaucheness as an undergraduate in the thirties; the wavy long bob and the carefully groomed attempt to emulate a woman of the world in the forties; the more relaxed Los Angeles style; and then the recovery of the earlier look, but accepted by her now, in the fifties. Her changes are attempts to get closer to Hubbell's style, whereas he stays much the same—very much the same, since Redford doesn't pass for college-student age as easily as Streisand does.

The movie doesn't overtly take sides in the characters' political arguments, but its simplifications put the past in a phony perspective. This is worth noting, I think, because movies seep through the consciousness of audiences. We laugh now at the old story about Clark Gable's destroying the undershirt industry when the whole country discovered he wasn't wearing one in “It Happened One Night,” but applications for admission to Radcliffe skyrocketed after the movie of “Love Story” came out. And a lot of people get their knowledge of history from movies. (In some schools, history is now being taught with the aid of movies set in the past.) Because of the sordid injustices to the blacklisted, and their suffering, it's easy for new generations to get the idea that what they stood for politically was an intelligent and moral position. This movie doesn't actually say that, but it's the impression that the audience may come away with, because there appears to be nothing between Communist commitment and smug indifference. Hubbell makes valid points against Katie's blind faith in Stalin's policies, but since he represents polite cynicism and defeatism, her allegiance to those policies seems to be the only form of activism. (Implicitly, the movie accepts the line the Communist Party took—that it was

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the only group doing anything, so if you cared about peace or social injustice you had to join up.) Hubbell is reasonable when he tries to calm Katie down so they can have an evening together without her screaming at his Beekman Place spoiled rich friends, but in a movie a person who stands back and does nothing is likely to come out even worse than he should, in contrast to someone who is full of fervor and does something, however misguided and ineffective. Katie, who has no common sense, cares so much about everything, and cares so much for Hubbell, that our feelings go out to her, even when her outbursts are offensive—perhaps most when they're offensive, because we can see that she's destroying Hubbell's tolerance of both her and her politics.

There's another factor that puts the audience on Katie's side: Streisand. She has caught the spirit of the hysterical Stalinist workhorses of the thirties and forties—both the ghastly desperation of their self-righteousness and the warmth of their enthusiasm. Katie hangs on to her man as monomaniacally as she hangs on to the Party's shifting positions, but she's a painfully vulnerable woman, a woman of great sweetness, and Hubbell drowns in that sweetness. Redford's role is necessarily less colorful, but that doesn't do him a disservice. It's good to see Redford with a woman again after all that flirting with Paul Newman, and he has the glamour that is needed for the young Hubbell, and the opacity, the reserve. He gives a good performance whenever he can (in the college-classroom scene in which Hubbell's story is read aloud, and in the scene when Hubbell tells Katie that he's sold a story), though he's betrayed toward the end by the film editor, who allows him to be caught staring at her wonderingly a few too many times. (When Redford hasn't anything special to register, his blankly anguished look can get very stony.) At the end, Katie is a believer still, and still radiant, while Hubbell, a man with so many doubts he had nothing to sell out, remains tentative and tormented, but he's older, and drained. Streisand has her miraculous audience empathy, while Redford loses touch with us, but this is just as much what his personality and appeal are all about as that self-deprecating empathy of Streisand's is what her appeal is all about. The roles and the temperaments of the stars are inseparable here. That's what makes the movie so effective a throwback (with a political difference) to the romantic star vehicles of an earlier era. But when Redford's glamour is overdone and his white teeth glitter, the movie seems to

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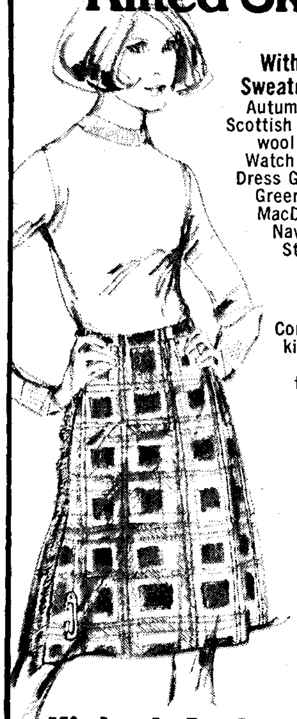

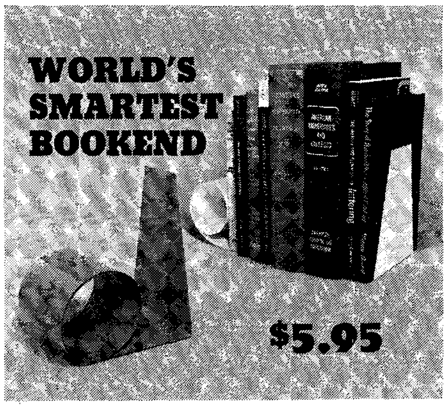

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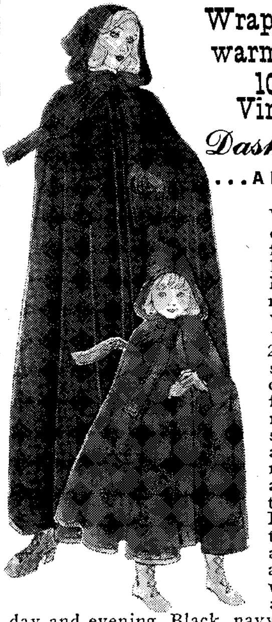
share Katie's infatuation, and you have to laugh at yourself for what you're enjoying.

We've had time now to get used to Streisand. (A friend of mine who "couldn't stand her" in "Funny Girl" confessed that she had capitulated totally when she saw the film again, on television.) The tricky thing about the role of Katie Morosky is that Streisand must emphasize just that element in her own persona which repelled some people initially: her fast sass is defensive and aggressive in the same breath. But it's part of her gradual conquest of the movie public that this won't put people off now. Even the unflattering photography and the forties makeup (the bright-red lipstick is hideous on her large, expressive mouth—her finest, most sensitive feature) don't damage her.

At the moment, there are so few women stars in American movies: Streisand, Minnelli, Fonda, that charming, ultrafeminine survivor-waif Mia Farrow—anybody else? Shirley MacLaine hasn't been crinkling and twinkling lately; it's too soon to know if Liv Ullmann or Blythe Danner will get good enough parts; and that waxed blonde Faye Dunaway won't stir much interest unless somebody renovates her. A movie with a woman star or co-star has become a rarity, and the male-female story of "The Way We Were" gives it a vital connection to people's lives that the spoofy male-dominated odd-couple movies have often lacked; besides, the humor doesn't have to be so coy. It's hit entertainment, and maybe even memorable entertainment; it's a terrible movie because of that ugly glossy superstructure and the crushed midsection, but it's got Streisand and Redford, and some very well-written (Alvin Sargent was among the uncredited writers) and well-directed moments. I'm not sure it's going to be possible for people who know Sydney Pollack to look him in the eye after they watch Streisand and Redford making love in front of a sexy fire while the plaintive schlock music rises up in the general direction of paradise, but at least there are no sexy storms.

FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT has immense quantities of good will built up with his audience—more than any other director. That good will probably didn't extend to "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me," because it was shrill, and dumb even when it was funny. But it can extend to his new film, "Day for Night," which is a return to form, though it's a return only to form. It has the Truffaut proportion and grace, and



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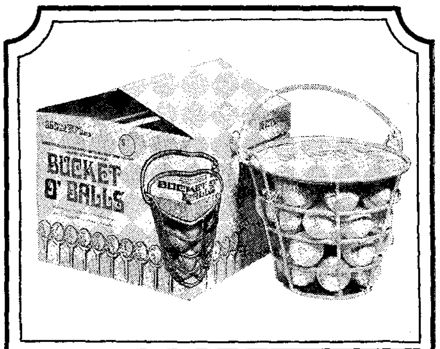

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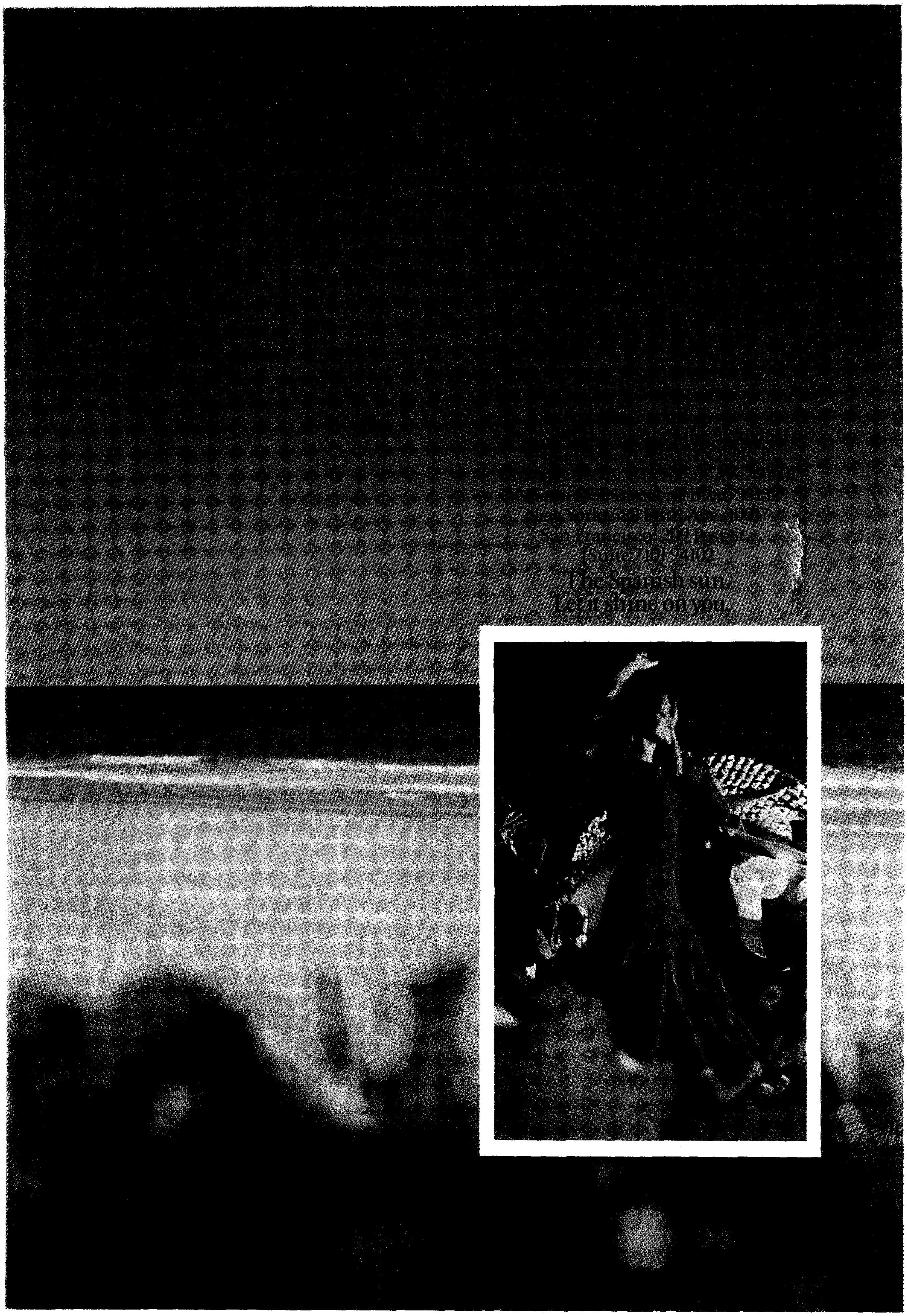

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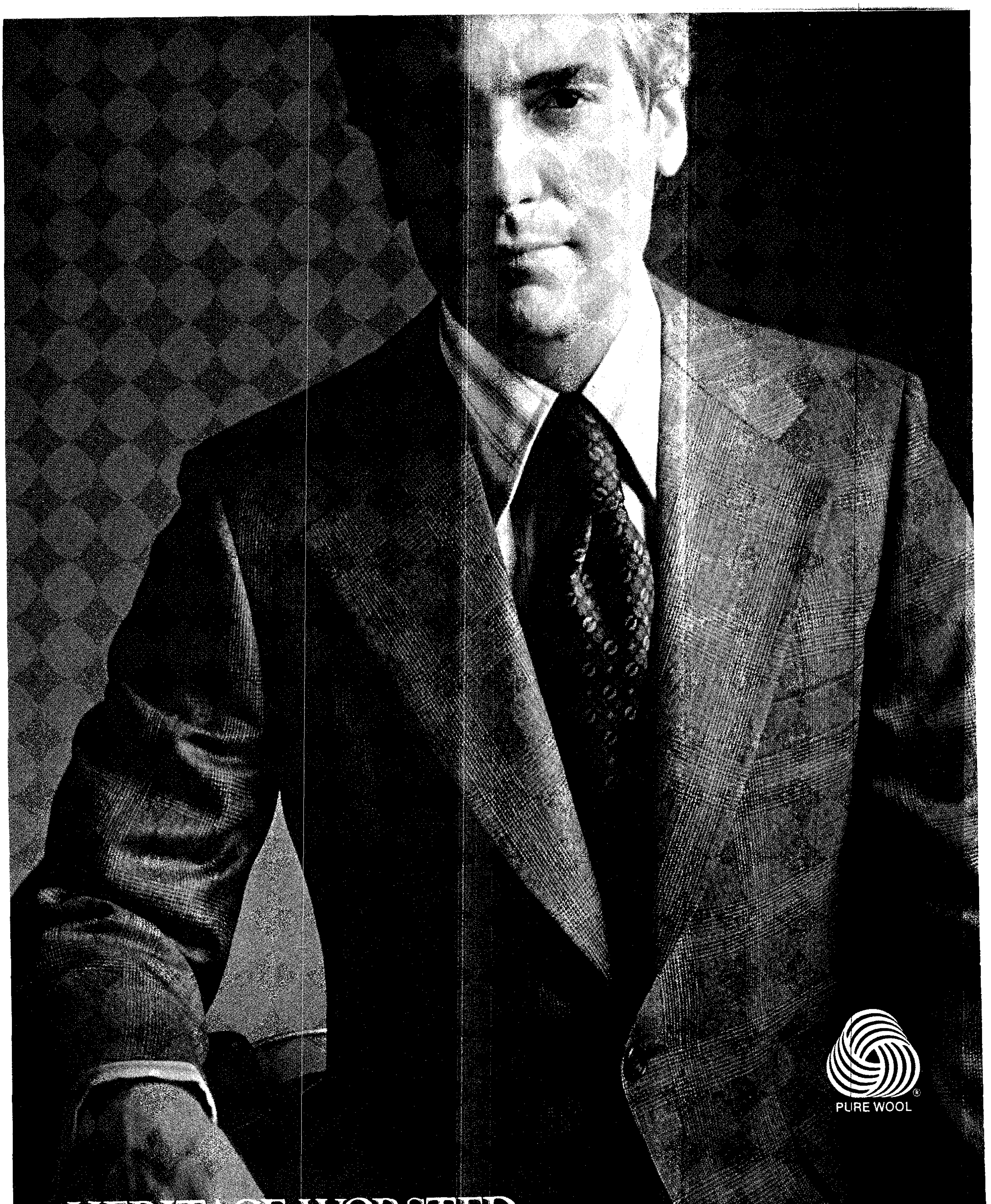

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it can please those who have grown up with Truffaut's films—especially those for whom Jean-Pierre Léaud as Antoine Doinel has become part of their own autobiographies, with Antoine's compromises and modest successes paralleling their own. The gentle tone is similar to that of the later Doinel films, and the casting of Léaud as a film-nut actor and everybody's pet is incestuously close. "Day for Night" has none of the strange, touching uncertainty and downright fumbling of "Two English Girls;" everything in it appears to be what Truffaut wanted. It has a pretty touch. But when it was over, I found myself thinking, Can this be all there is to it? The picture has no center and not much spirit. It's a backstage story about the making of an American-financed movie, "Meet Pamela," set on the Riviera, in which Jacqueline Bisset, married to Jean-Pierre Léaud, falls in love with his father, Jean-Pierre Aumont. Truffaut brings it all off, but he sings small. He appears to have nothing more on his mind than does Ferrand, the efficient, colorless director of "Meet Pamela," whom he himself plays.

Is it enough just to want to make movies, and to be in love with the process? For those who can say yes, "Day for Night" may be a full enough experience. Truffaut dedicates the film to Lillian and Dorothy Gish, shown in a still from Griffith's "An Unseen Enemy," of 1912. (The Gish girls, the first of the great sister acts in films, suggest the sisters Françoise Dorléac and Catherine Deneuve, who alternately starred in Truffaut's movies.) He opens the film with a voice declaiming to music (in the style of Cocteau, whose name in a tapestry he lingers on later), and Ferrand has a nightmare in which he's a child stealing stills from "Citizen Kane." The film is full of homage to movie immortals. How, then, can this conventional salute to conventional filmmaking satisfy Truffaut? Does it? A picture that lacks freshness, and with wonderful-spoiled-children characters who are no more than anecdotal? Among the actors, Valentina Cortese is the liveliest, in her juicy, if familiar, theatrical turn as a drunken has-been star, and Léaud's elfin piques are amusing enough, but the large cast is very ordinary, with Jacqueline Bisset, as usual, looking warm and beautiful and acting monotonously. "Day for Night" is tender but too fan-magazinish in approach, too tenderly shallow for its own good. Yet at some level it may truly satisfy Truffaut. He has turned out a great many movies in a very few years—thirteen

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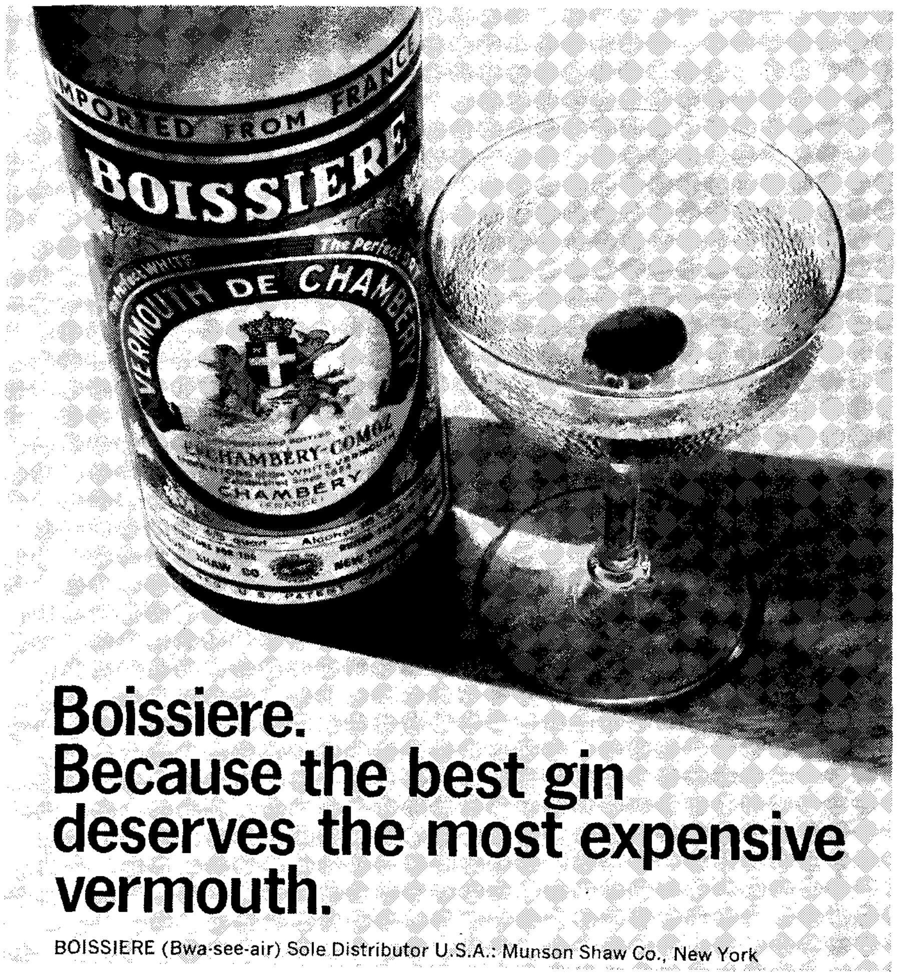

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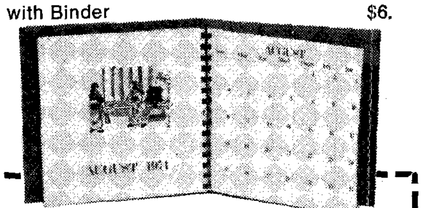

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features since 1959. It's possible that his world has closed in, that it has become the world of filmmaking.

"Day for Night" is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. I think this film helps to explain Truffaut: his (excessive, to me) admiration of Hitchcock (the master of a piddling domain, a *petit maître* if ever there was one), and the way Truffaut can go from the high intelligence of one film to the diminutive virtues or outright silliness of another. In his version of Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451" Truffaut made the point that booklovers don't love only great books; he treated books as magical objects, valuable in themselves, apart from their quality, and I think he extends this feeling to movies, and attaches a special feeling even to the making of a mediocrity like "Meet Pamela." In "Day for Night," his tribute to the old way of making movies, he's saying that he doesn't reject the absurdities that once gave him pleasure—that they still do. I admit to having enjoyed more than my portion of drivel, but I don't share Truffaut's fond regard for the kind of moviemaking that "Meet Pamela" represents. I ask for the extraordinary from films, while Truffaut, who finds moviemaking itself extraordinary, is often content to make films for everyday.

Maybe those of us who want the extraordinary are romantics, too, but of a different sort. I think of filmmaking in terms of the tragically wasted master Abel Gance's remark "I see my life as an office of lost dreams." I think of all the projects abandoned for want of money, and of what might have been in place of all the "Meet Pamela"s, and I can't work up much feeling for "Day for Night," because although it probably doesn't have the rigid approach to following a script that Ferrand's movie has, it doesn't really strike me as so very different. I miss the emotion that goes into the films I care about. When Ferrand says that the way he's been working is finished, that films will be shot in the streets and "there will be no more movies like 'Meet Pamela,' " I wish that were a promise. Or a pledge to be signed, first by men like Herbert Ross, and maybe, eventually, by François Truffaut. Halfway through the shooting of "Meet Pamela," Ferrand says, "It's going well. Cinema is king." At that point, I think, Truffaut is speaking for himself, and I think he's wrong: there's nothing royal in empty moviemaking. Truffaut's soft spot for the sort of movies that formed him and his unwillingness to give them up are

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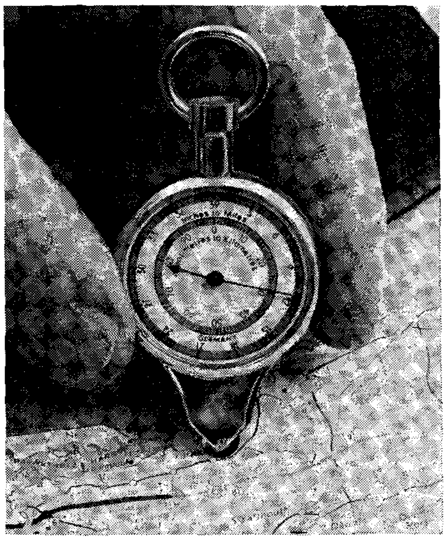

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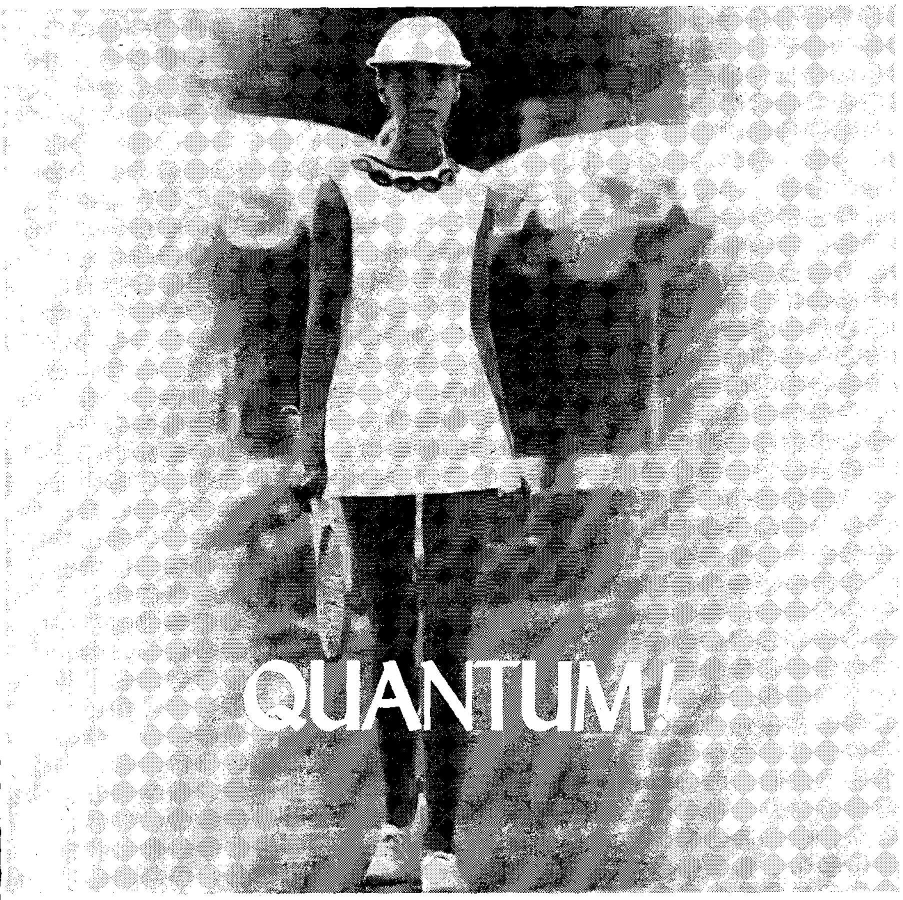
part of what makes his work so lovable, but this affection has a negative aspect, too. "Day for Night" is a movie for the movie-struck, the essentially naïve—those who would rather see a movie, any movie (a bad one, a stupid one, or an evanescent, sweet-but-dry little wafer of a movie, like this one), than do anything else. It's for those (one meets them on campuses) who can say, "I love all movies." It's not for someone like me, who can walk out on "A Touch of Class" without a twinge. What encourages one about Truffaut is that at a deeper level he, too, may be dissatisfied with what he's been doing, or why would he have decided to take the next two years off to read and to write? I hope this doesn't mean he's going to read only about movies.

Footnote to movie history: The English insurance man who turns up in a scene near the end of "Day for Night" looks like Graham Greene, but since the role isn't listed in the credits I wasn't sure until I had checked with Truffaut. He said that it was indeed Greene but that he himself hadn't known it until after the scene was shot. He explained that he had rejected the first man offered to him for the role, because the man looked too poetic, and when Greene (who lives in Antibes, near where the movie was made) was brought to him at a party, he thought he looked fine for a businessman—"like a Ray Milland or James Stewart." Greene suffered from stagefright, Truffaut says, and he adds that after the shooting, at dinner with the cast, Greene and he argued about Hitchcock.

SEEING "The New Land" a year after "The Emigrants" is like picking up a novel you had put down the day before. The story comes flooding back, and what you saw in the first half—the firm, deep-toned preparation—"pays off" in the second half. In "The Emigrants" we saw why a group of Swedes in the mid-nineteenth century left their land, and at the close, in Minnesota, Karl Oskar (Max von Sydow) found the rich earth he had been looking for and rested under a tree in the wilderness. In "The New Land" he brings his wife, Kristina (Liv Ullmann), and family to the spot he selected, and begins to build a house and start a farm. "The Emigrants" had that great push to the new country, but the emigration was a foregone conclusion; "The New Land" is open-ended—full of possibilities. Both halves are wonderful. We meet up again with all the survivors of that ocean trip, and gradually we get the



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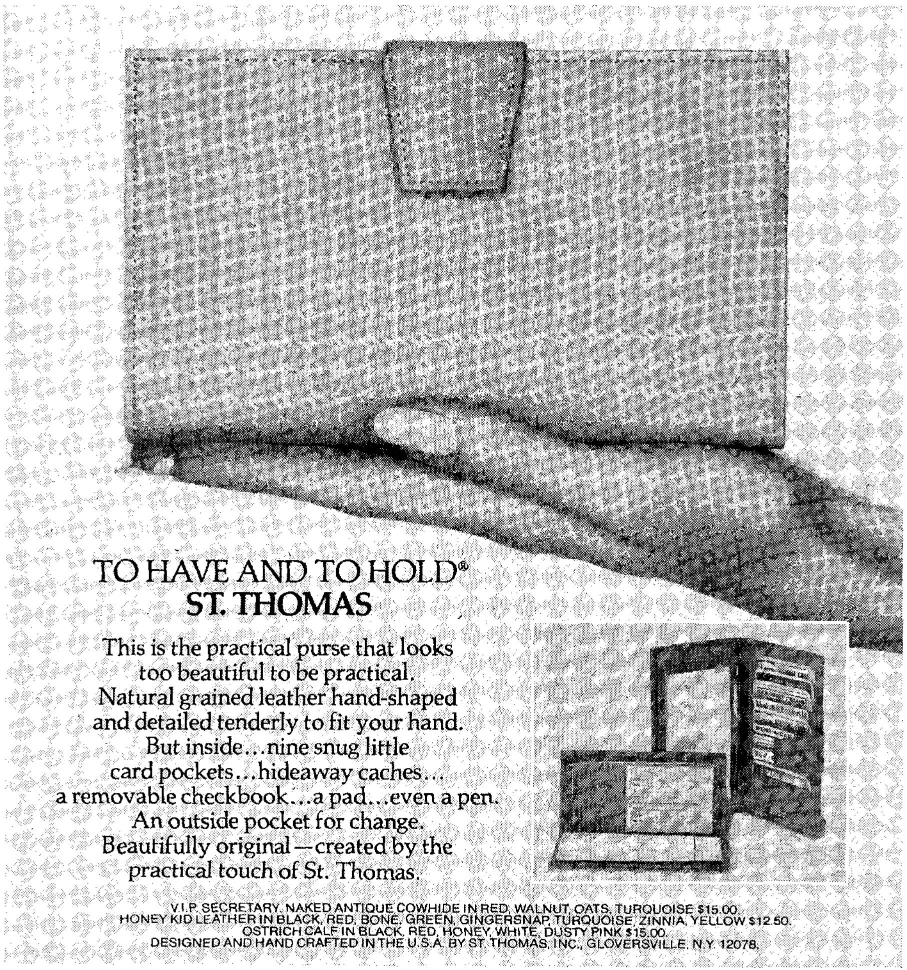

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answers to our questions about whether they would find what they hoped for. For Karl Oskar the answer is yes; for Ulrika (Monica Zetterlund), a "fallen woman" in Sweden, yes, also. But for Kristina the answer is a mixed one; she would never have emigrated on her own, and she misses what she left behind more than she dares to admit. And for Karl Oskar's younger brother, the dreamer Robert (Eddie Axberg), whose adolescence had been destroyed by indentured labor, and his friend the burly lummox Arvid (Pierre Lindstedt) the answer is no. If there is anything lacking in this film, it is a sense of what Karl Oskar's and Kristina's children carry over from their parents' past in Sweden. (Could this have been intimated in the footage cut from the American version?) We are told that they forget Swedish, but not told what they remember and pass along. However, we do see the discovery of what will become part of their heritage as Americans: that the land Karl Oskar bought from the United States Government was stolen land.

There is nothing glib and no piousness, no portentousness. Karl Oskar, the practical man, doggedly heroic, isn't romanticized, and Kristina's narrowness of vision isn't used against her; rather, we see the special beauty—the shyness and the awareness of her limitations—that it gives her. Maybe because of the broad sweep of the story, and the way the characters are seen in terms of natural forces, "The New Land" often reminds one of the work of the masters of the silent film. Here, too, everything seems to be on the screen for the first time. Although Jan Troell, the director, cinematographer, editor, is in command of the modern vocabulary of film techniques, he's unencumbered by the vices of commercial films: all those thousands of forms of telegraphic emphasis, most of them inherited from the theatre, that commercial films have done to death. Troell shows his debt to movie history in only one section (an effective contrast), when he uses a stylized shorthand form for Robert's fevered recollections of his experiences in the West searching for gold: a horror dream pounding in his ears.

The big events—the saving of a child's life during a freezing storm, a mass hanging of Sioux braves—aren't built up to; they come and go, without the penny-dreadful tricks that cheapen most film epics. Troell takes in the details of work, the quarrels with neighbors, the great, grave head of Karl Oskar's ox in its last moment, Kristina handing some starving Indian women

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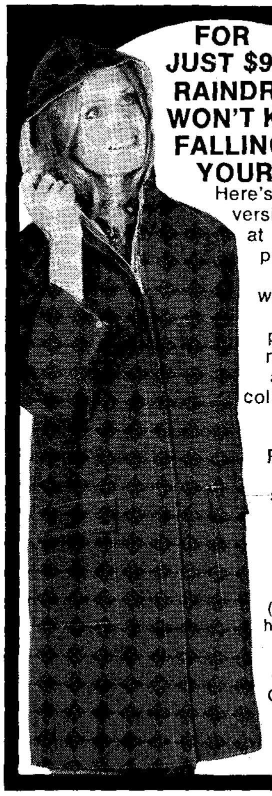

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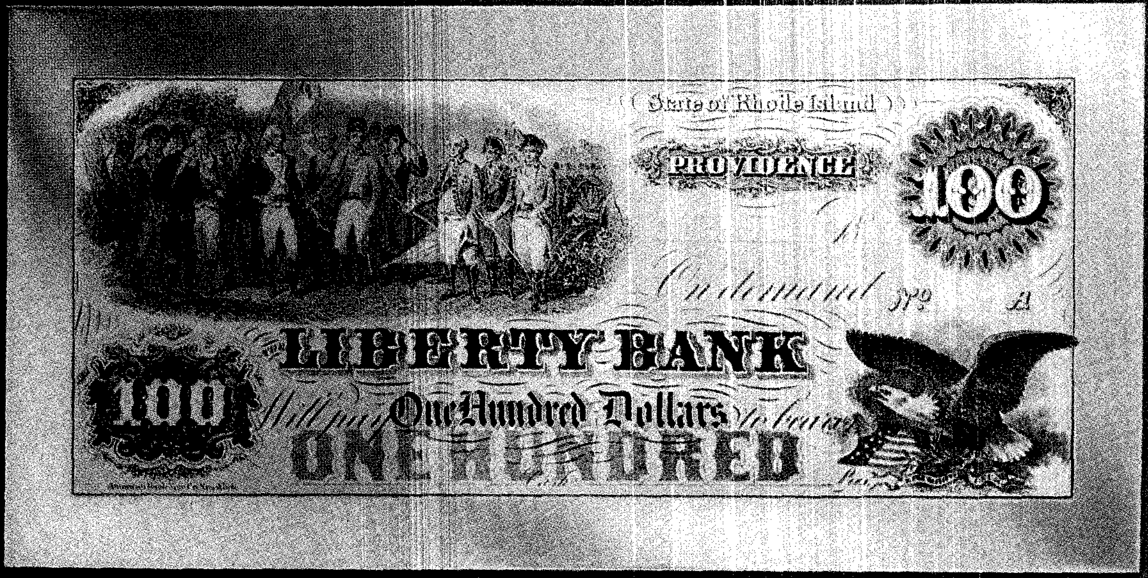

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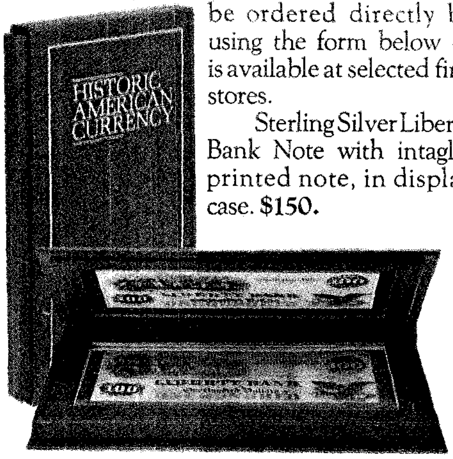

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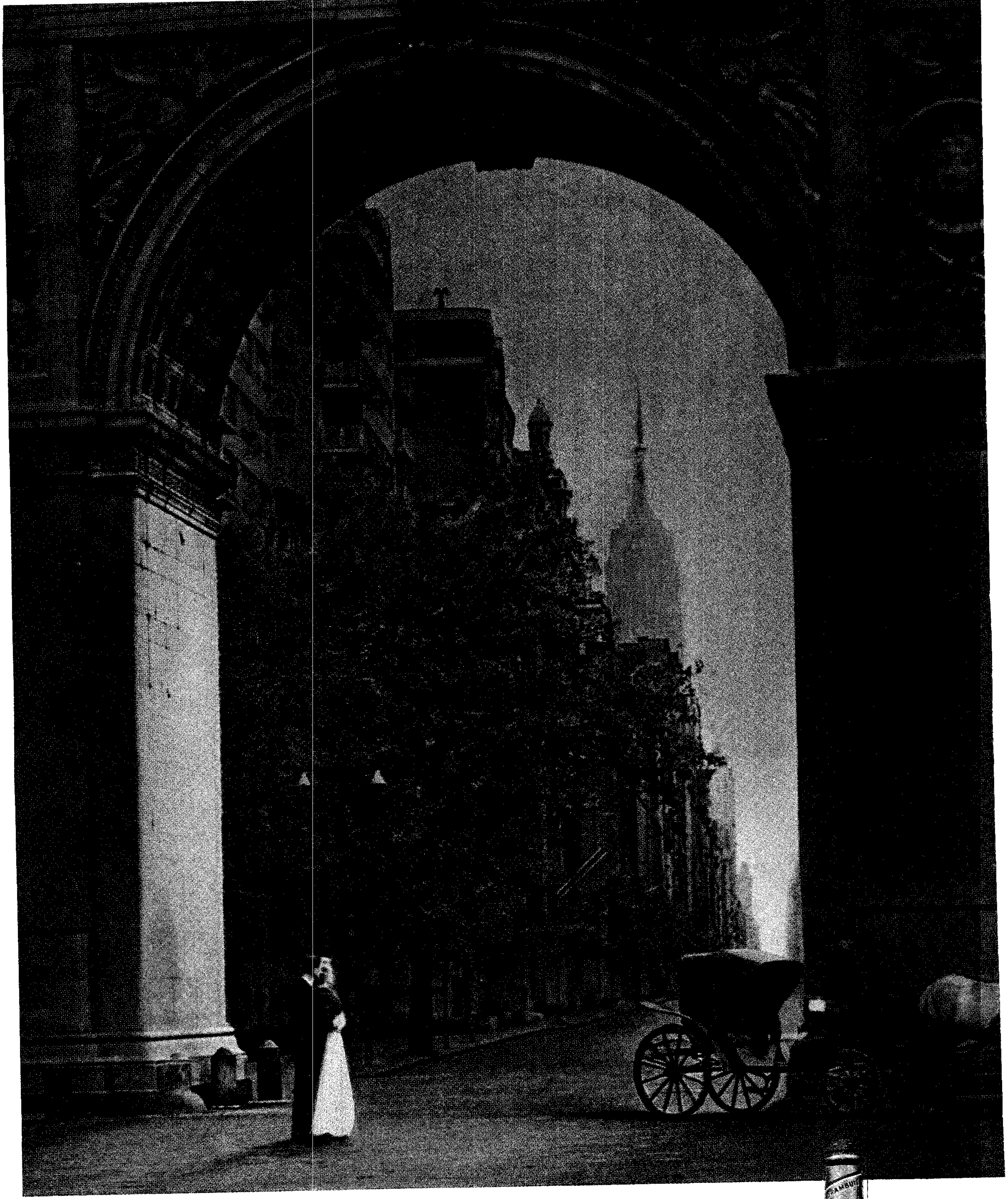

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a piece of meat, or cleaning her baby's bottom and apologetically smiling at onlookers while hurriedly wiping her hands on some leaves. He is more open and generous than the other Swedish directors whose work we see—so generous that the small flaws are cancelled out. There is nothing prosy in Troell's large, steady embrace; he has a sense of the justice owed to people and the homage owed to nature. Together, "The Emigrants" and "The New Land" offer the pleasures of a big novel with a solid spine. Troell has done what the Americans should have done in "Hawaii" but couldn't, because all our bad Hollywood habits got in the way. Max von Sydow was as remarkable in "Hawaii" as he is here; the difference is that he blends into Troell's film. And Liv Ullmann, pale and fragile, intense and determined, has a delicacy that was never evident in Ingmar Bergman's hot-ice universe. Troell is a film master whose films are overflowing yet calm and balanced; they're rapturously normal.

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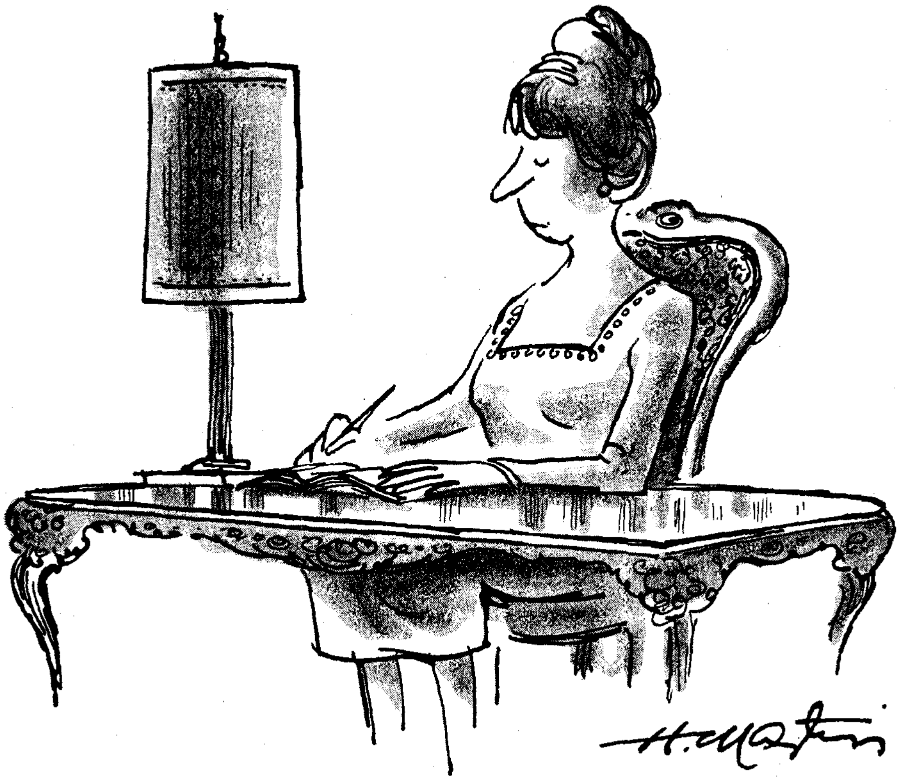
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 7

FROM all appearances, the Vice-President is close to the top of his form. His public stance is bold, independent, defiant. Even his rhetoric has undergone marked improvement since he stopped combing the dictionaries for arcane words with which to fill out his alliterative passages, and there are no weasel words in his assertions of total innocence of wrongdoing and his intent to remain in office even if he is indicted for one or more felonies he swears he never committed. This raises the question why he goes to such lengths to avoid a speedy airing of the facts that should establish his unsullied virtue. A plausible explanation may be that he sees that a trial is itself incriminating in the eyes of many and that charges linger in the memory beyond their refutation. In any case, he keeps insisting that the allegations stem wholly from malice and reach the public by way of leaks from malicious insiders in government to malicious outsiders in the press. How is one to reconcile this Agnew with the man described by staunch government prosecutors of long and readily demonstrable probity—in particular, Henry E. Petersen, the chief criminal prosecutor in the Department of Justice—who seem altogether persuaded that they have the goods on him and can win indictment and conviction with ease, provided there is no obstruction of justice within the Administration? This is a vexed question, for it seems fairly certain that no politician of Agnew's sagacity and experience would go about proclaiming total purity if he lived with the knowledge that somewhere in the past there had been malfeasance, large or small. There are other ways of handling these matters: admissions of possible misunderstanding of the law; assertions that any money from private sources was legitimately allotted to campaign funds; claims of profiting from legitimate private investment. It could also be, of course, that he has so skillfully covered his tracks that he feels confident in maintaining there are now none to be uncovered. But politicians of Agnew's breed are, as a rule, too shrewd to think they could outwit all the defendants turning state's evidence in the hope of copping a plea, all the bloodhounds in the Attorney General's office, and, in Agnew's case, all of his many detractors in the Administration.

It is conceivable that Agnew is as blameless as he claims, and it is also conceivable that nothing or very little will ever be known about his innocence or guilt. The basic strategy that he and his lawyers have been pursuing is to keep the whole affair out of the judicial process either forever or as long as astutely calculated delaying tactics will allow. On October 26th, the statute of limitations will have run out on several of the offenses he may be indicted for. Evidently on the theory—quite possibly a sound one—that he would receive more sympathy from a congressional investigating committee than from a grand jury, Agnew sought to persuade the House of Representatives to assume jurisdiction of his case and make its own assessment of the case against him. The Speaker, Carl Albert, of Oklahoma, who stands just behind Agnew in line for the Presidency, called in some ranking members, and in a short time they agreed on a response that flatly rejected the Vice-President's request, on the ground that the House was unwilling to intervene in a case under judicial review. Agnew's next step was to argue that the courts lacked authority to indict an incumbent Vice-President in advance of impeachment proceedings in the House. The Department of Justice rejected this view, though the Solicitor General, Robert Bork, said that it would be perfectly proper for the House to step in following a grand-jury indictment. Meanwhile, Agnew has set an important precedent by winning from the court the right to have an investigation by his lawyers of what he calls the "malicious, immoral, and illegal" stories about him that he claims have been transmitted to news organizations through government officials or through third parties enjoying the confidence of public officials. Should this contention be established, it would be further, and perhaps successfully, argued that no fair trial was possible, and it might also be argued that Henry Petersen—who has been accused not of deliberately spreading information about the Vice-President but of indiscreet conversations with others, who subsequently passed the comments along—should be relieved of his duties. Were either outcome to prevail, there would perhaps be no criminal trial at all or one of politically negligible consequence. Such an investigation is without precedent, but it could set one that would nullify the First Amendment in dealing with criminal cases. No man who has so widely heralded his own innocence has gone to such lengths to keep the public from sharing in his appreciation of it.



"Dear Diary: Another day has come and gone. We have been enjoying truly beautiful weather. As my dear father used to say, 'Sunshine is God's smile.' Well, so it goes. More anon."

It is reported that the President is anything but pleased with the Vice-President these days; Agnew evidently bears no responsibility for any part of the Watergate affair (there is reason to believe that it was as much news to *him* as to Billy Graham that Republican campaigners had hired a naked woman to jog around a Florida hotel telling all within earshot of her unquenchable passion for Edmund Muskie), but Agnew's tribulations complicate Nixon's immensely and are the political equivalent of an enemy's opening a second front in a major war. An interesting aspect of Nixon's present plight, quite apart from the question whether or not Agnew was on the take before his name became a household word, is why and how this Administration drifted into the particular sea of troubles in which it is now being buffeted. In general, it is not more sympathetic to business interests than the Eisenhower Administration was, and at the outset it relied somewhat less on placing business executives in high administrative positions than General Eisenhower did. He was roundly criticized for making appointments from the world of industry and commerce by Senator Robert A. Taft, who thought it altogether fitting that government serve business but at the same time strongly disapproved of employing businessmen in public administration. Those whom Eisenhower used, however, were for the most part men of estimable moral character and, though some of them confirmed Taft's judgment, caused Eisenhower little in the way of public embarrassment. Nixon, one would have thought, would see things the way Taft did—the more so because Nixon was a professional politician (as a military man, Eisenhower had been true to type in his admiration for captains of industry) and would use his extensive knowledge of politicians and their particular talents in staffing the executive branch. On the contrary, he used a mixture of businessmen and politicians in the Cabinet and filled the department positions below them and the positions in the White House almost exclusively with people from private industry, putting a heavy emphasis on advertising men, public-relations men, and corporation lawyers, many of whom, although unquestionably competent, were dim in their comprehension of the political process, and some of whom were confident that political moral standards were several cuts below those prevailing in the world of private enterprise.

A case could be made for the superiority of political to business ethics, but it would be at least in part invidious; neither is superior, but a crucial and

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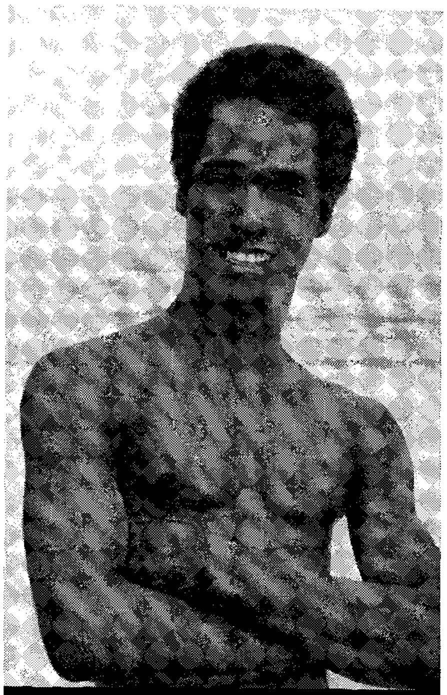

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generally understood difference is that politicians, particularly at the federal level, are under close and constant scrutiny and must comport themselves with this in mind. It might be supposed that Nixon, given his experience and acumen, would have taken extra precautions to see that his subordinates did not emulate him in the error of his early ways. The first and most damaging of these—in his campaigns against Jerry Voorhis for a House seat and against Helen Gahagan Douglas for the Senate—were in the "dirty tricks" department, which this past week was the subject under study by the Ervin committee, and much of the personal distrust that has dogged Nixon down through the years is based on recollections of the shameless opportunism of his first campaigns. A few years later, when he ran for Vice-President, he came close to being forced to withdraw when it was revealed that he was the beneficiary of a previously undisclosed private fund set up for his personal disposal by wealthy supporters among his California constituents. He got off the hook with a nationally televised speech that jerked tears from eyes that had been dry for decades, and Dwight Eisenhower, who had harbored the gravest doubts about the whole affair, was persuaded that he must keep him on the ticket or be hurt by an appearance of heartlessness. But it was a near thing, as Nixon himself has often said, and it is difficult to understand why he or some subordinate did not keep a close watch on the manner in which his assistants solicited money and the uses to which they put what they got. In sheer magnitude, Watergate has gone far beyond any of Nixon's questionable practices, although morally these have not been very different in kind, and it is indeed surprising that this man who has learned so much from the experience of others—especially Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson—was negligent about seeing to it that his aides were alert to the hazards he knew so well and from which he had suffered so deeply.

Nixon's failure to learn from his own misfortunes may perhaps be one of Watergate's most enduring lessons. In general, the American experience has been that while power does often corrupt, it may also ennoble, and can at times even make weak and incompetent men strong and resourceful ones. In particular, it has often been held, the Presidency is unique in its capacity for building and strengthening character and for making men put aside the petty

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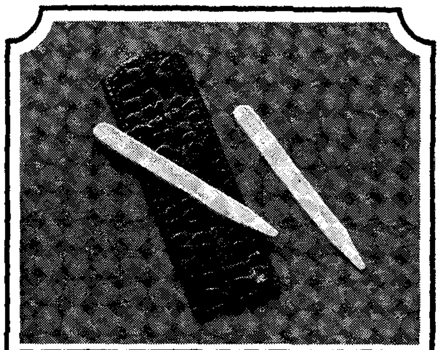

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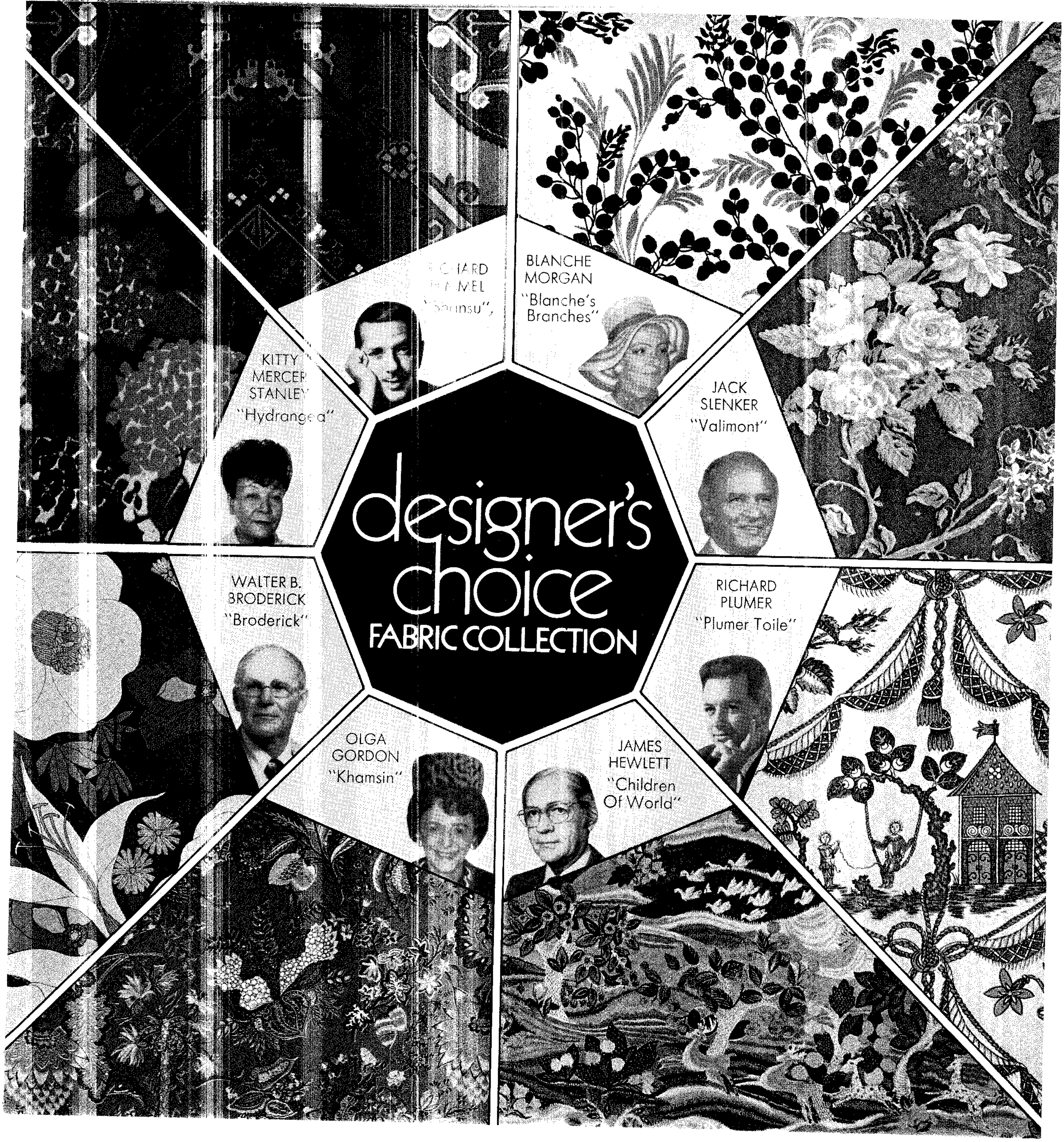
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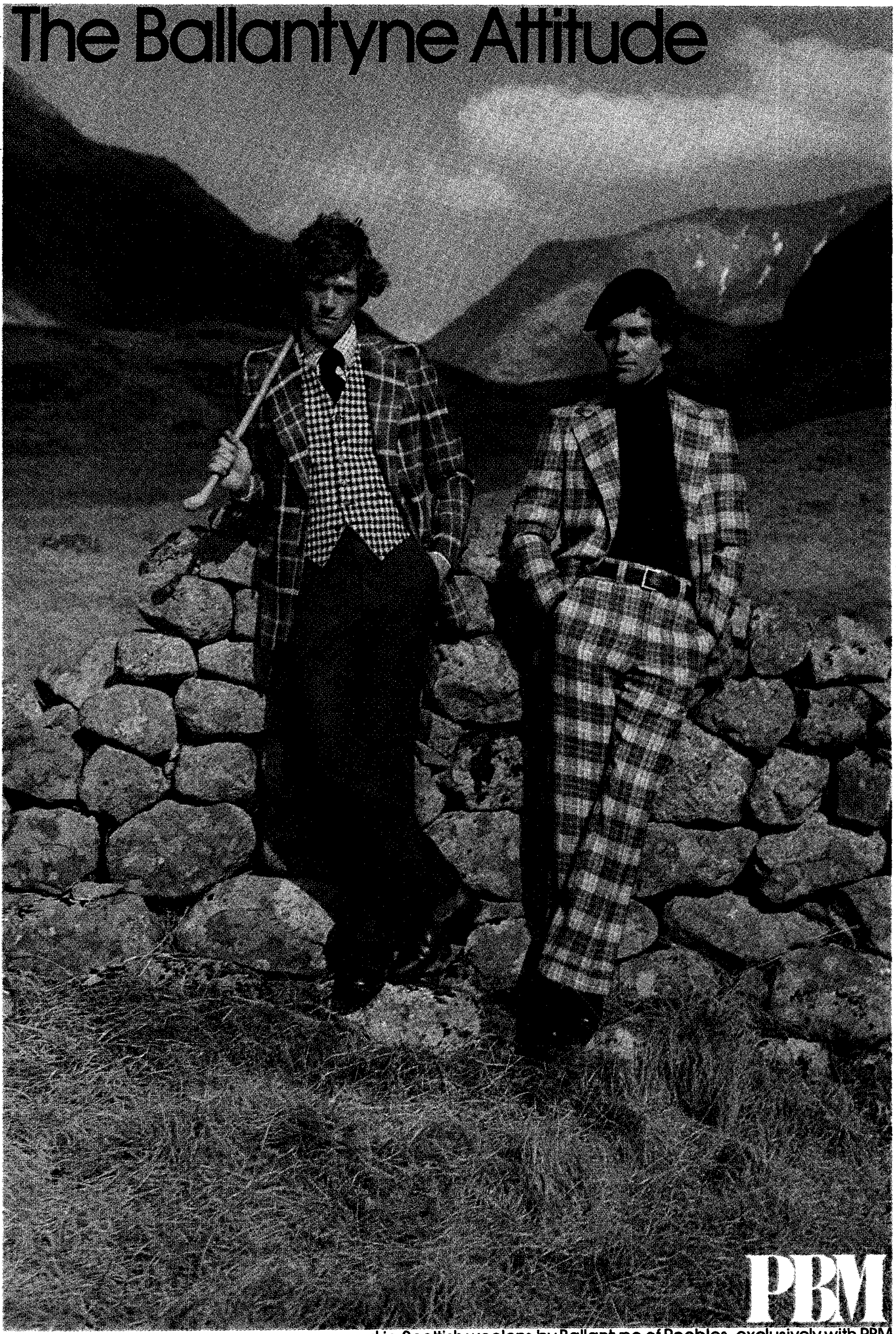
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PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE VALLEY OF GLEN ETIVE, ARGYLL, SCOTLAND concerns and ambitions of their early days. Throughout our history, this has almost invariably been true, particularly as the nation has grown in power and responsibility. It can be maintained that some of this capacity can be seen in the career of Richard Nixon, many of whose initiatives in foreign policy have revealed a largeness of conception that had not been perceived or predicted before he took office. In the end, his reputation may rest on these, and Watergate may be a small part of the whole picture. But what Watergate does show is that he has undergone very little in the way of transformation in character. He played politics in 1968 and 1972 with somewhat more finesse than a quarter century earlier but with basically similar aims and strategies. He surrounded himself with many men unworthy of the responsibilities he gave them, and was for a long while untroubled by clear evidence that they had betrayed the public trust; when he could no longer overlook the truths of Watergate, his expressions of moral outrage were feeble in comparison with his expressions of regret over having to forgo the services of men who had conceived the deceptions and participated in them. His values have remained essentially the same over the decades. When an opportunity arose for at least a display of zeal in exposing wrongdoing by others, he did not welcome it but, on the contrary, went to the length of improvising new Constitutional doctrine in an effort to conceal it. It may be that he was unaware of the specific excesses of his subordinates and is therefore technically unimpeachable. At the very least, however, he neglected to draw on his own rich experience in preparing his younger aides for public service, and they must somehow have concluded that the master worthy of emulation was the tyro of the late forties.

AMERICAN officials were fully as unprepared as Israeli officials for the sudden resumption of hostilities in the Middle East, and profess to be at a loss to understand it. It was no news that Egypt and Syria had been strengthening their forces, but no one had guessed that they were preparing a major assault; on the contrary, this possibility had been temporarily discounted, because the Soviets seemed to have cooled on the idea and were giving Egypt far less assistance than formerly. The common military opinion here is that Israel will have little difficulty in repelling the attackers—but not the least of the recent erosions of authority

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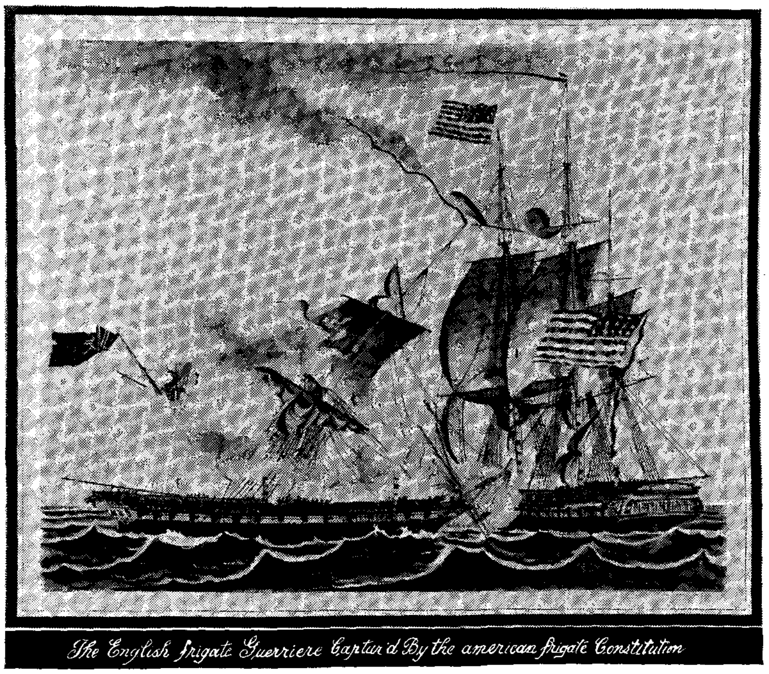

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in our government is a tendency to view with some skepticism the forecasts of Pentagon experts. The Israelis themselves claim to have been taken by surprise and, because they were celebrating their most solemn holy day, to have been unready for speedy mobilization. Under the circumstances, they may have a rough time restoring the 1967 cease-fire lines, and may even fail to complete the job. Yet few people here, if any, believe that a full-scale war will soon erupt, or that the Arab states are in a position to wage or win one.

In political quarters, it is assumed that the basic aim of the Arabs is to threaten the industrial countries by giving notice that the price of continued support of Israel will be a withholding of oil. This threat has been made time and again in the past, of course, but with little effect, because the industrial countries have reasoned that the Arab nations would simply disintegrate if they kept their oil off the market. The reasoning has always proved sound (the Arabs can't drink their oil, it used to be said in the fifties), but it may no longer be as sound as it once was. The demand for oil has increased immensely throughout the world, including much of what we regard as the underdeveloped areas, and sympathy for Israel has remained approximately stable. There are far more countries requiring oil for their existence than there are countries committed to the survival of Israel under any and all circumstances, and the time may be approaching, or may have arrived, when markets can easily be found to buy the oil denied to the handful of Israel's firmest friends. Moreover, should it become clear that this is the way things are turning out, the number of Israel's friends might diminish. Unless our new Secretary of State has some as yet undisclosed thoughts on the matter, there is nothing that this country can do except to go on trying to maintain the balance of power and to encourage negotiations. Both will be harder than ever before, for the balance of power, like just about everything else in a technological world, can be maintained only with oil, and a reasonable balance of power is needed for political negotiations. Henry Kissinger has assumed his new office at a most inauspicious moment. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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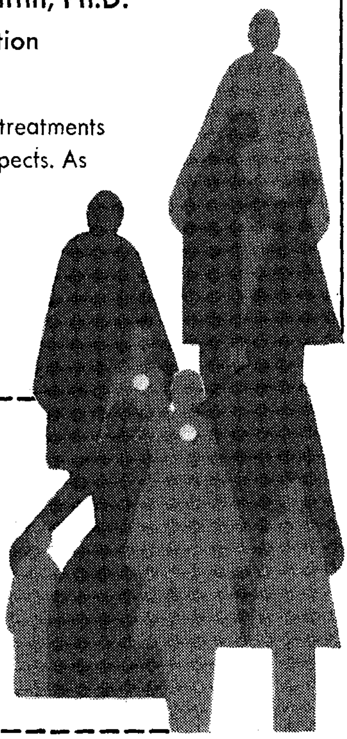

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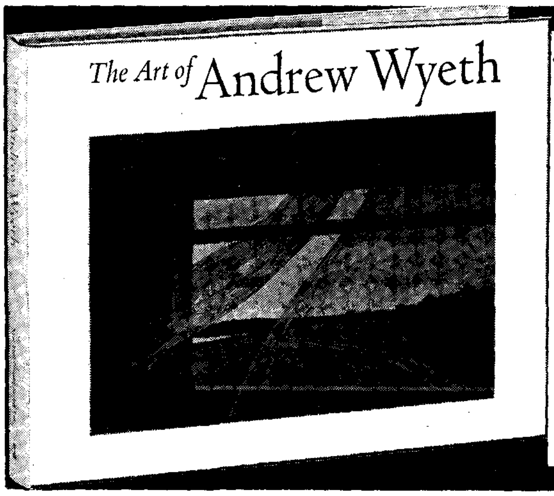

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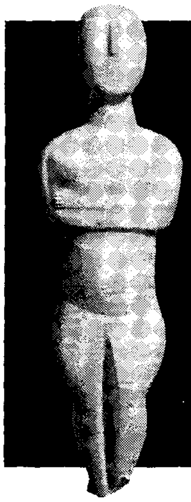

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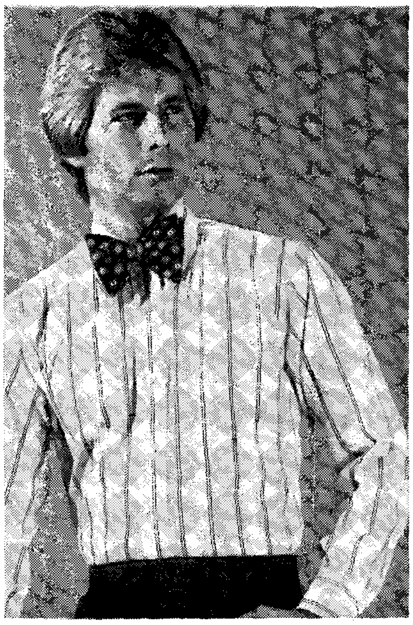

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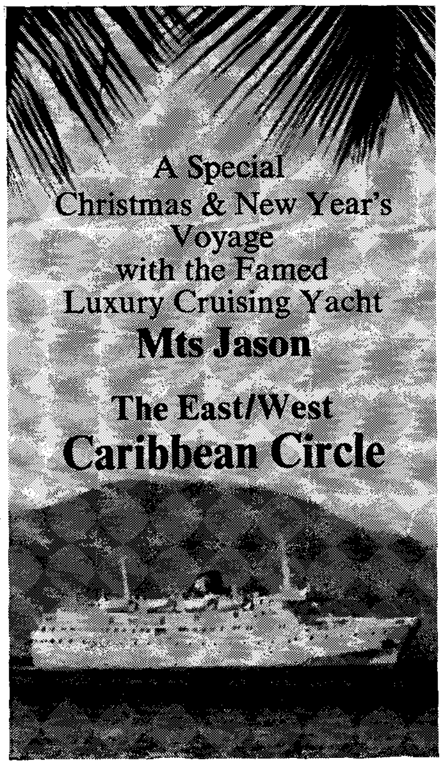

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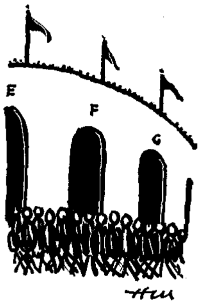
FOOTBALL

The Waiting Game



TELEP, an end for Columbia, a well-constructed two-hundred-pounder, has the looks and the moves and the hands of a career man, but on Saturday last, going up against a Princeton that, earnest and striving though it be, is likewise generous to a fault, he was not having the best of luck. The ball came late to him, so that the defense could set itself up, or it was not smartly thrown, and he lost one ball he should have had with ease. What he might do if Penn State's Shuman were lining the ball to him is another matter; as it is, he will play out his string in the Ivy League, and one weekend he will have a famous afternoon for himself. Columbia, with no one even mildly resembling the departed Jackson at quarterback, will be waiting, too, for better days; on Saturday, gobbling up the many crumbs proffered it by Princeton, it came out on top, 14–13, just before closing time. Skinner, another end, but one whose renown has already arrived, caught a few more passes for Princeton. Skinner in flight after a ball is a diagram of disorganization, bits of him seeming to break off and disintegrate as he moves (the complete antithesis of Telep), but he catches most of what he goes after. It was a perfect Ivy League afternoon: Baker Field in its handsome rustic setting, young men (rarely quite sure of themselves or of their opponents) flinging themselves about with vast abandon and not a little skill, a not especially large but homey assemblage of spectators—a traditional American scene we may as well enjoy for as long as it lasts.

Then there is McInally, a Harvard end, who in motion is as ramshackle as Skinner, and whose efficacy at snaffling passes cannot be disputed. In team with Stoeckel—who, almost at the end of his term of duty, may at last be the quarterback that Restic, Harvard's head analyst, has been in search of (it has been a long wait)—McInally could be off to the good year that has been expected of him. Harvard 16, Boston University 0, last Saturday—another meeting of minds and bodies in an old Boston intramural and internecine war.

What an early edition of the *Times* called Yale 24, Georgia 18 was really Yale 24, *Colgate* 18. Parr, as clever a

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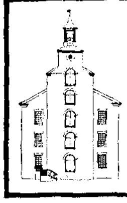

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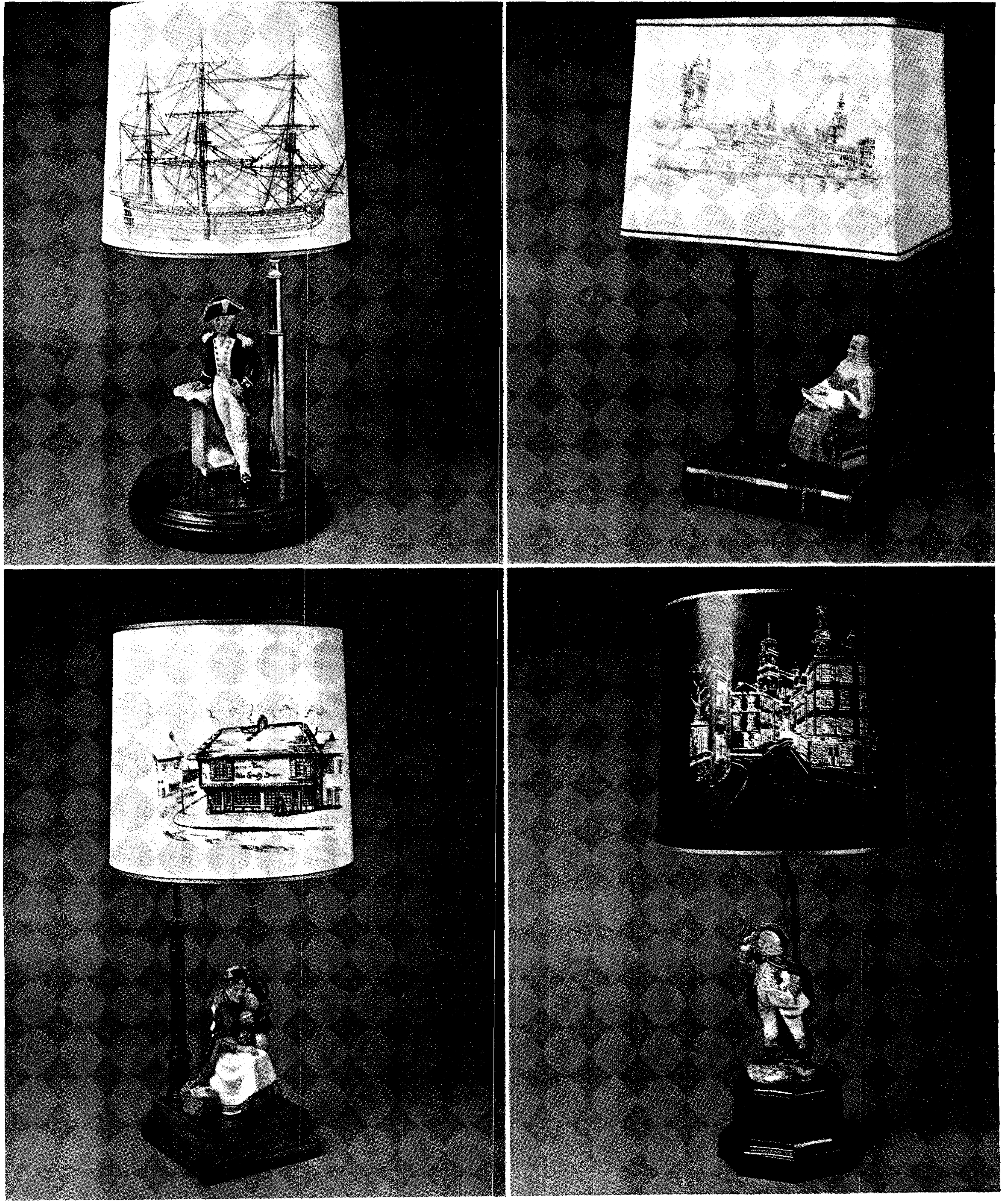

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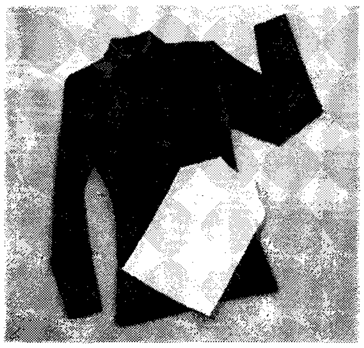

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quarterback as Colgate and, for that matter, most of us Easterners have ever seen, had a difficult afternoon under Yale pressure—only seven out of his twenty-six passes reached their man, and two fell into Yale hands. The mighty Van Eeghen ran for three Colgate touchdowns, but that was not enough, for Yale's three were topped off by Clarke's placekicking—three points after touchdown and a field goal. Clarke, who has had semiparental advice from Groza, the retired nonpareil professional kicker, doesn't miss much. Green, Yale's rapid Texan, ran off a hundred and thirty-one yards against Colgate-Georgia, which ranks him up with Princeton's Snickenberger, who was running on Saturday in a less successful cause; Hennings, the other rapid Yalie, knocked off sixty-seven yards, decked out in his nonconformist parti-colored socks and determinedly dangling a small pendant from a newly pierced ear. Doyle, the quarterback for Yale, is eccentric in his own manner—hot one quarter, cold the next. Something wrong in the cadence, perhaps; how else account for those illegal-procedure penalties? Time will tell for Doyle; it will be a tantalizing wait.

As for Dartmouth, which Yale bowled over so quickly under Doyle-at-his-best a year ago, it blew another match on Saturday—this one to Holy Cross, 10–0. This is the Holy Cross that was leading Temple 14–0 at the end of the first quarter a few weeks ago; the rest of the game should have been on television, for the final count was Temple 63, Holy Cross 34. Wayne Hardin, who once coached Navy, is now in charge of Temple. It was, officially, the first time in a hundred and nine games that Dartmouth had not scored, but that overlooks a "controlled scrimmage" on a muddy field up in Hanover a while back, in which Yale got three touchdowns and Dartmouth none. What is Dartmouth waiting for? Well, the completion of repairs to Klupchak and Rowe, plus the discovery of a Stetson-class quarterback. Pennsylvania has its troubles, a lot of them having to do with quarterbacking, too, but it has Bellizeare, whose running—the poetry of a scared jackrabbit in motion—helped put away Brown, 28–20, this past weekend.

It may be that the thing to do is institute a pool Ivy League squad to repel outsiders—Holy Cross and the rest: Stoeckel, Snickenberger, Telep, Skinner, Rowe, Klupchak, McInally, Green, Clarke, Hennings, these to be pieced out by a careful selection of helping hands. The time is *now*.

—J. W. L.

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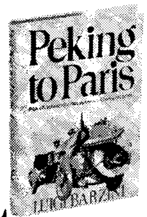

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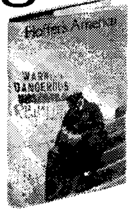

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BOOKS

Snail on the Stump

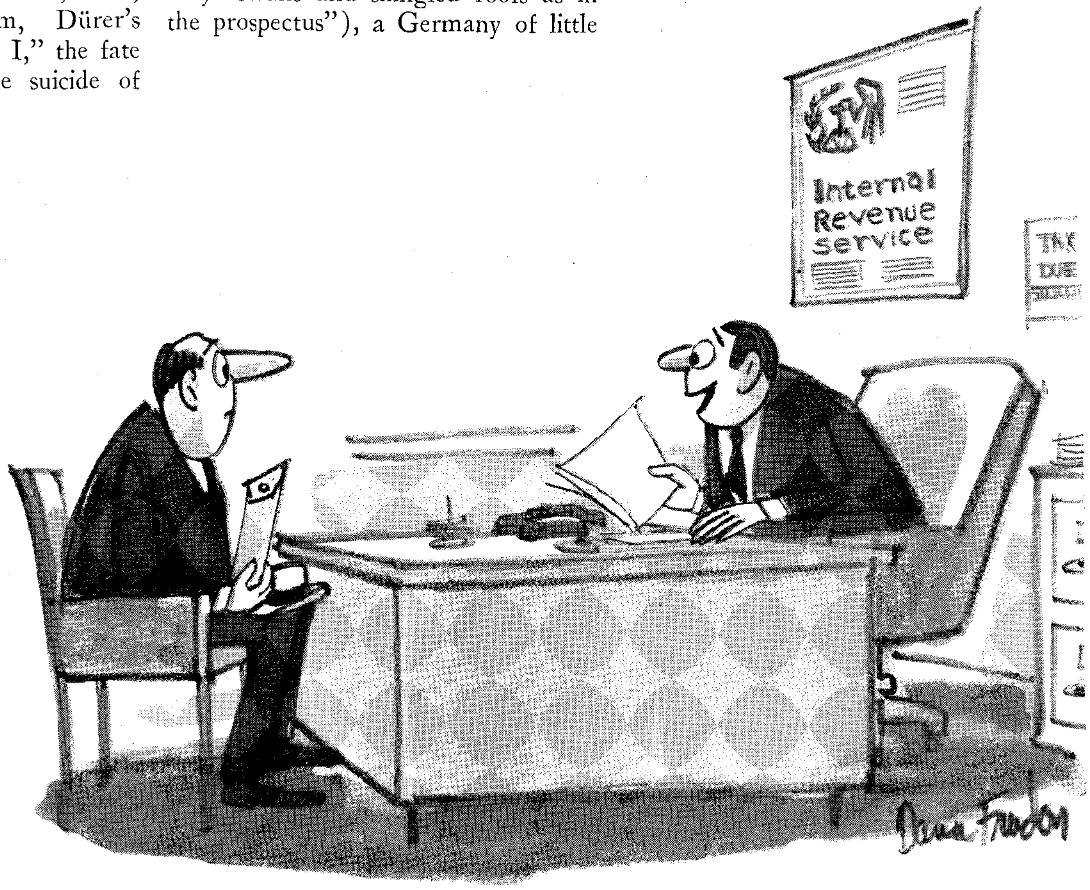
GÜNTER GRASS addresses his newest book, "From the Diary of a Snail" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; translated from the German by Ralph Manheim), to his four children. The eldest of *my* four children once, under the illusion that she could turn pebbles into jewels, acquired a bright little machine that, loaded with gray sludge and plugged into a socket, revolved and tumbled to a hypothetical lustre whatever bits of the material universe were put inside. That curious device (now defunct) offers the best analogy I can think of to Grass's present authorial method. The gray sludge is "fug" or "melancholy"—the leaden aura of staleness and inertia possessed by compromised, relative, muddled, hashed-over, snail's-pace reality. The electricity is Grass's phenomenal energy, not only intellectual but personal, soulful, human; however farfetched his fancies, Grass (like the not dissimilarly mustachioed Kurt Vonnegut) convinces us that his heart remains in the right place. The bits of rough matter are whatever obsessions he finds simultaneous within him: in this book, snails, children, hermaphroditism, Dürer's print entitled "Melencolia I," the fate of the Danzig Jews, the suicide of Manfred Augst (real), the adventures of Hermann Ott (fictional), and the 1969 West German elections, wherein Grass contributed nearly a hundred speeches to Willy Brandt's successful campaign. While functioning, Grass's narrative engine, like the polishing machine, seems inexhaustible and distinctly unmusical, at least in translation. Though my daughter's polisher ran for days and weeks without stopping, the rocks and shards inside never shed, along with their incidental roughnesses, the core of obduracy that makes sea-smoothed stones so dryly disappointing when arranged on the summer-cottage mantelpiece. And when "From the Diary of a Snail" stops shuddering and churning, what tumbles out, though of a certain sheen, is not a work of art.

Not that art is overtly aspired to. "From the Diary of a Snail" began as a *Sudelbuch*, a scribble book, a book of jottings Grass carried with him on the campaign trail: "My entries come to me on the road. . . . I mean to speak to you by roundabout bypaths: sometimes offended and enraged, often withdrawn and hard to pin down, occasionally brimful of lies, until everything becomes plausible." Some of the notations, then, deal with the incidents of the municipal hall and the hotel room; some are comments on the author's allies in the Social Democratic Party and his enemies in the Christian Democratic Union. A portrait of Germany filters through the jottings—the Germany of the postwar economic miracle (". . . and now after twenty-five years. From rubble and ashes we. From scratch. And today we are once more"), a Germany of glimpses (". . . air shafts, garages, squares, warehouses, building sites, railroad tracks, the city park, the restored Old City: swans and shingled roofs as in the prospectus"), a Germany of little cities Grass particularizes with his nice eye for local industry:

> A small town not far from the Dutch border, which, saturated with history and swan lore, was destroyed shortly before the end of the war, and even today, rebuilt in its original small-checkered pattern, looks as if it were about to fall apart. (Little industry—children's shoes and margarine . . .) . . . Or in Bocholt, where the textile crisis (Erhard calls it a "healthy shrinkage") feeds discussion. . . . I visited a factory where stopwatches are assembled and chatted with the shop committee in a room whose walls were decorated with framed photographs of famous sprinters. . . .

"How beautiful Germany is. So transparently impenetrable. So eerily innocent. So different and the same wherever you go," Grass exclaims as he goes about speechifying, sitting in endless conferences, answering questions, coping with radical youths ("And I discover with what a prodigy of deception hate fosters beauty in youthful faces"), trying "to pull the weeds of German idealism, which spring up again as inexorably as rib grass."

Upon this campaign diary Grass per-



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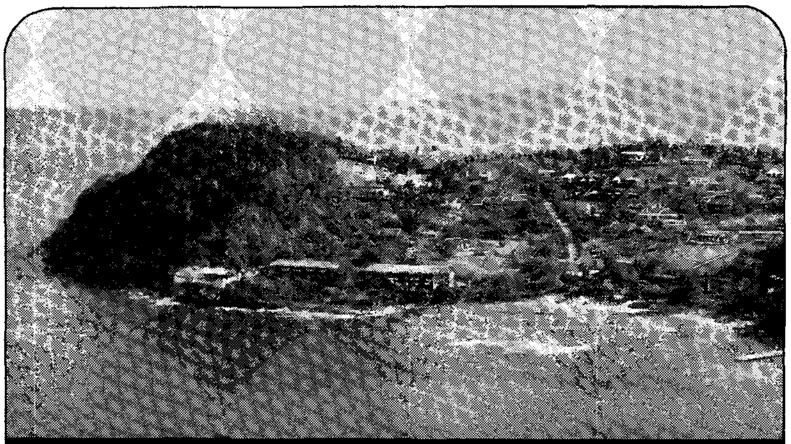
mits to intrude—or has imposed in two years of revision—a number of other concerns, tales, devices, and designs. The primary conceit, which wears out before the book does, is that all this is addressed to his children (Franz, Raoul, Laura, and Bruno) as a justification of their father's long absences in what little Bruno calls the "fight with the whale" (*Walkampf* = *Wahlkampf* = election campaign). Four piping voices break into print, and the paternal author responds with a lecture, an evasion, a piece of self-portraiture, or a digression; his youth in Danzig, for instance, mushrooms into a considerable detailed history of Danzig's ten thousand Jews after the free city was incorporated into Hitler's Germany. Danzig also suggests to Grass a fictional person, a Gentile named Hermann Ott, nicknamed Doubt, who teaches in a Jewish school before the war and hides throughout the war in the cellar of a Kashubian bicycle dealer, Anton Stomma; Ott's invented story is the most characteristically Grassian, and most easily followed, thread in this tangle of motifs. An academic thread is the lecture Grass has promised to give on Dürer's dark and symbolically fraught etching "Melencolia I;" he carries a print with him on the campaign, ruminates in his *Sudelbuch* about it, attempts to see his own efforts of "talktalktalk" in the light of an abiding opposition between Melencolia and her sister Utopia, and ends the book with the lecture itself, which is excellent and might seem even better had not its major points been several times adumbrated in the preceding pages. Another theme intrudes when, during the campaign, at an Evangelical Church congress in Stuttgart, a fifty-six-year-old man takes the microphone, delivers a jumbled harangue about fellowship, concludes, "Now I've got a provocation for you: I salute my comrades of the S.S.," sits down, drinks something, and dies. His last words are wonderful; turning to the girl student beside him, he says, "That, young lady, was cyanide." The man's name is Manfred Augst, and, though Grass feels he knows his type well—a typical German craving "annihilation and redemption"—he cannot forget the incident, and finally interviews Augst's widow and children. We also witness Grass interviewing Danzig Jews who now live in Israel, and see him taking a vacation with his family in Brittany, and are treated to several recipes and poems of his concoction, and to a rather opaque glorification of Willy Brandt as a kind of recessive



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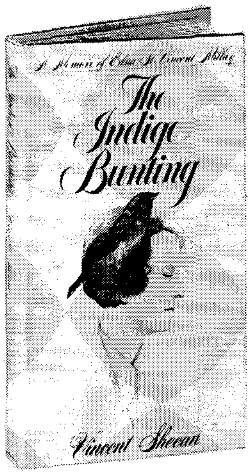

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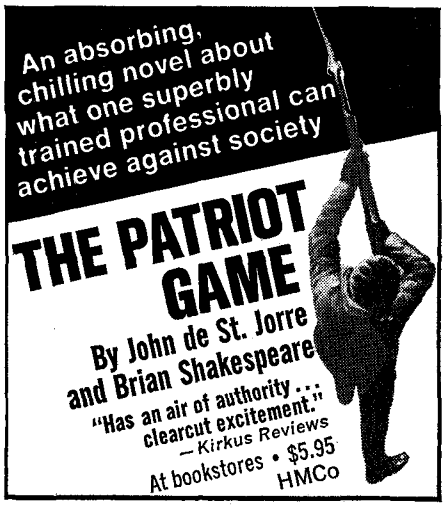

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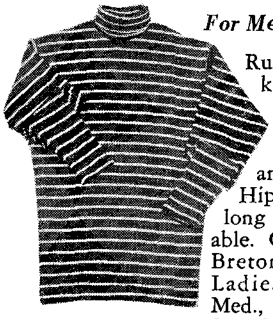

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Superman—"a man . . . whose loneliness draws large crowds," a man whose "slow, steady ascent" is a "snail's career." Snails, of course, are meant to be the unifying metaphor and theme of this farrago. They peep in everywhere. Hermann Ott collects snails, and a lively abundance of circumstantial snail lore is given, from the "foamy crackling" they emit in even a state of rest to the "calcareous darts (known as love arrows)" that hermaphroditic Roman snails thrust into the soles of one another's feet. The trouble is that the snail symbolizes too many things: Willy Brandt, the vagina, melancholy embodied, the human masses, moderate progressiveness, the author himself. "With my forward, inward drive, with my tendency to dwell, hesitate, and cling, with my restlessness and emotional haste, I am snail-like." Grass is one of the "progressive mobile snails," as opposed to the "conservative clinging snails"—though in the muddle of events and the fug of staleness and "talktalktalk" only an expert could tell the difference. And only a snail-lover could feel that the image is not overworked, overloaded, and harped upon with too much random ingenuity.

What we want from our great imaginers is not fuel but fire, not patterns but an action, not fragmented and interlaced accounts but a story. Amid all this personal and apologetical rubble one story moves, as follows: When Hermann Ott takes refuge in the cellar of Anton Stomma, the household includes Stomma's daughter Lisbeth. She is fair, plump, and stunned. In the first four days of the war her Polish lover and her small son have been killed; she spends much time visiting cemeteries, and performs all her duties, which come to include sleeping with Ott, in a daze of unfeeling. "She lay mute under his thrusts, which struck the void." Further obliging, she brings him snails from her cemeteries; one day she introduces into Ott's cellar an unidentifiable purple-red slug. By accident, he discovers that when the slug is placed on her skin Lisbeth begins to stammer. Soon she is talking, then laughing; she ceases visiting cemeteries and goes instead to a hairdresser's; she awakens sexually. As her cure progresses, the snail, with each application to her flesh, becomes more discolored and hideous. "It was as though the unidentified slug had sucked up Lisbeth's melancholy, possibly her black bile." The cure is complete; as normal femininity returns to her, she becomes a normal woman—demanding, willful, squeamish. The bloated and black

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"suction snail" disgusts her. On the first Sunday of Advent in 1944, she steps on it. "It burst with a full-bodied report. On the inside, too, it was black." After the war, she and Ott marry, but he falls prey to melancholia and spends more and more of his time in cemeteries, searching for another of the melancholy-curing snails. Finally, Lisbeth commits him to an asylum. Now, this story is not patently edifying; mysterious and unpleasant and pessimistic, it does not tell us how to vote in the next election. But it draws resonance from an actuality beyond explanation; it objectifies the teller's feelings, sensations, and convictions so that they carry into us more penetratingly than any declarative statement. Grass as snail has from his own substance produced a love arrow. The story takes place in a chilly cellar redolent of the muddy potato lands that are Grass's peculiar terrain. Imaginations seem to be as choosy as mollusks about the soil they inhabit; amid a great deal of mental travelogue, this one episode dankly, grotesquely lives.

IN fairness, and with no aspersion on the efforts of Mr. Manheim, who for all I know has done the best of all possible jobs, one feels that exceptionally much has been lost in translation. The poems flung into this diary must be better than they seem. For every piece of wordplay that is explained in a footnote, there must be several too delicate to unravel. Grass's curious trick of unpunctuated word-triplets ("bitter tired finished," "went stood lay") must appear less gratuitous in German. Throughout, the skin of words feels a little raw in English, as if it lacked the epiderm of intelligent verbal nervousness, of voiced sensitivity. And of course the many references to contemporary political figures strike chords muffled here. We do not so much read this book as overhear it: a German is speaking to Germans, intimately and urgently. For Grass, in addition to the universal duties of a writer, has the local duty, with all the German writers of his generation, of guarding and barring the path back into Hell.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL, by Joyce Carol Oates (Vanguard). A numbingly long nineteen-seventies version of "The Sleeping Beauty." Miss Oates' story takes place in Detroit and draws heavily upon our re-

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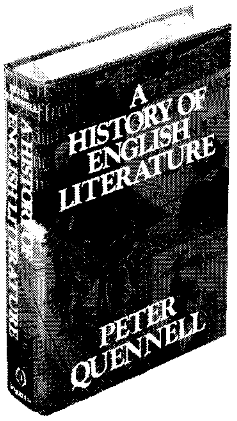

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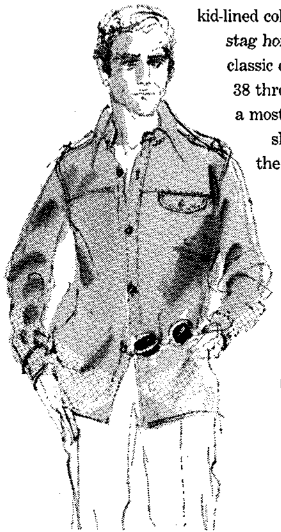
cent cultural past (civil rights, pot, radical politics), but the people and the plot are so hackneyed that they border on the embarrassing. The enchanted princess is Elena Howe, a frozen beauty who drifts uncomfortably through girlhood and a bad marriage while in a deep trance (induced by a near-fatal childhood episode involving her psychotic father); the bad fairy is Elena's heartless, carping mother; and the prince is an unenthusiastically married poverty lawyer named Jack Morrissey, who becomes Elena's disenchanter and lover and brings her shivering back to life. The mawkish scenario is not at all helped by gimmicky interior monologues, flashbacks and flashforwards, and unusual typographical tricks in almost every chapter, or by chapters that begin "Three years later, back in Detroit," or by an excess of characters who exist simply as stage props. A Literary Guild selection.

THE RELUCTANT RAPIST, by Ed Bullins (Harper & Row). A great deal of pain and a wide experience of life are evident in Ed Bullins' first novel, about a black man called Steven Benson. But most of the time Mr. Bullins' writing is so polemical and his characters are so thin that it is hard to believe he is the same author whose plays ("The Fabulous Miss Marie," "In New England Winter," also about Steven Benson) are distinguished by, among other things, a strong sense of reality and believable people. The book's worst flaw is its blowsily inflated language. Another is the awkwardness of the time-and-place shifts—one must constantly remind oneself that the memories and vignettes about the genteel Philadelphia boy, the misplaced Maryland adolescent, the Los Angeles collegian, and the wandering down-and-outer are all drawn from the same life. It is also impossible to tell whether the book's preposterous and bizarre apology for rape is meant to emanate from the otherwise fairly humane central character or whether it has been thrown in simply for shock effect.

GENERAL

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: LAUNCHING THE NEW DEAL, by Frank Freidel (Little, Brown). The long-awaited fourth volume of a biography that once seemed surely on its way to making other efforts superfluous. Volume III, published seventeen years ago, brought us up to



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Election Night, 1932. Then came the hard part, and the painstaking historian, working his way through the complexities of F.D.R. as President, soon found himself overtaken by more popular writers, Schlesinger and James MacGregor Burns. Freidel's scope is still unique, but this dutiful account of the long interregnum before F.D.R. took office in March, 1933, and the Hundred Days of his honeymoon with Congress will not be read with the same excitement as his earlier works. The gold standard and farm parity are difficult subjects at best, and Freidel, who would never oversimplify for dramatic effect, occasionally neglects to provide minimal explanation. (The best single work on the institutional politics of the period is William E. Leuchtenburg's "Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal.") But Freidel's research is rich in detail. Mr. Nixon, among others, will be interested to learn that a few days after the election Hoover, who was trying to trap his successor into accepting some of his own policies, called Governor Roosevelt on the telephone and "took the unusual precaution of assigning a White House stenographer to take down their every word." As for how American society came to be transformed by a man excoriated from both left and right as a superficial charmer with no solid political principles, Freidel is content to record the facts, along with some of the opinions (conflicting) of those who watched it happening. After President Roosevelt had visited Oliver Wendell Holmes on his ninety-second birthday, the old man is reported to have remarked, "A second-class intellect—but a first-class temperament."

CITIES IN THE SAND, by Aubrey Menen (Dial). The cities in the sand are Leptis Magna and Timgad, both in North Africa, and Palmyra, in what is now Syria, and Petra, in the southwestern wastes of Jordan. All of them grew up, declined, and vanished in the Roman centuries, and they are now mere (though imposing) acres of columns, arches, and tumbled façades. Mr. Menen's interest in these stony skeletons, through all of which he has tramped and wondered, has led him to a reconstruction of their not so different histories: trade, prosperity, taxes, more taxes, decay, demise. They were not, like Carthage, destroyed; they simply died. Mr. Menen is al-

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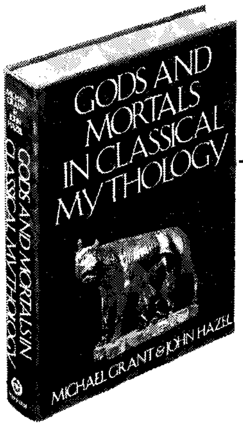
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NOTE: Brendan Gill's Profile of the photographer Jerome Zerbe, together with hundreds of Mr. Zerbe's photographs—mostly taken in the thirties and forties, and all captioned by Mr. Gill—has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich under the title "Happy Times."..."The Go-Go Years," an account by John Brooks of Wall Street in the nineteen-sixties, has been published by Weybright & Talley. Most of the text first appeared in this magazine.

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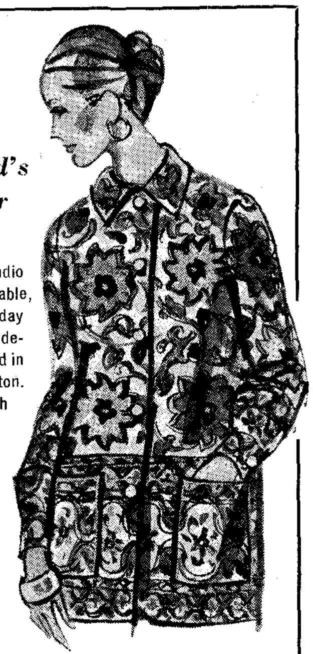

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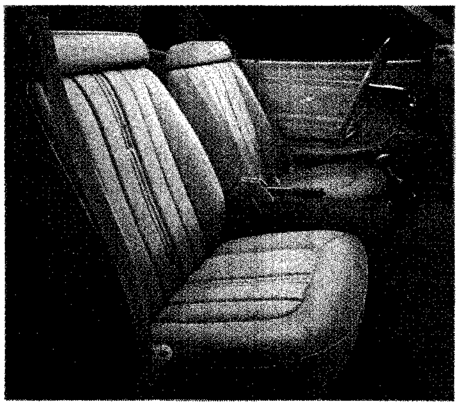
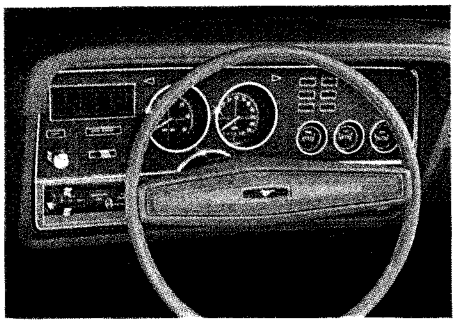
An impressive list of standard equipment.

☐ An incredible interior with individual seats, full width headrests, deep padded doors, thick cut-pile carpeting front and rear, and even on the lower door.





☐ Beautifully functional instrument panel (above) with tachometer.

☐ A glassy-smooth four speed transmission; short throw, fully synchronized.

☐ A lively but thrifty four cylinder overhead cam engine.

☐ Front disc brakes.

☐ Rack-and-pinion steering.

☐ A unique new suspension designed to ride more like a luxury car than a small car.

☐ Jewel-like decor and finish everywhere—an example: the extra bright moldings around windows and wheel openings.

The closer you look, the better it looks.

A remarkable choice of models and options.

You get four models to choose from: 2-door hardtop and Ghia; a 3-door 2+2 model; and the sporty Mach 1. And here are some of the many exciting options:

Special luxury interiors, featuring elegant seat fabrics and patterns, 25 ounce cut-pile carpeting, special door panel with courtesy lights, and more.

☐ An exciting 2.8 liter V-6 engine.

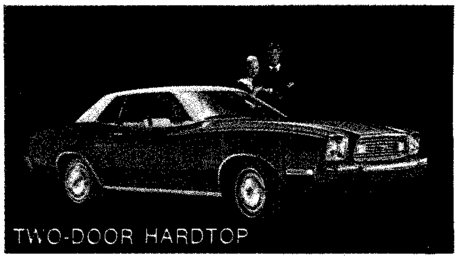
☐ Power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering.

☐ Competition suspension.

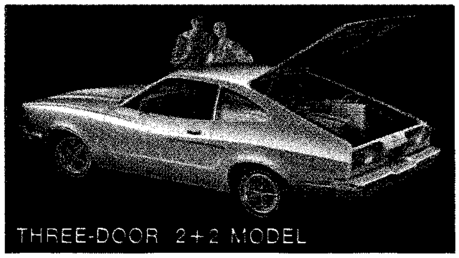
☐ A handsome digital clock.

☐ A breezy little sun roof.

Mustang II. A new class of small car: First Class.



TWO-DOOR HARDTOP



THREE-DOOR 2+2 MODEL

Yet with all this luxury and quality, Mustang II still carries an economical small-car price.

See your Ford Dealer.

From the many exciting options available, the cars shown above are equipped with white sidewall tires, pin striping, rocker panel molding. Two-door hardtop also sports a vinyl roof. Interior shown includes deluxe seat belts.

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION Ford

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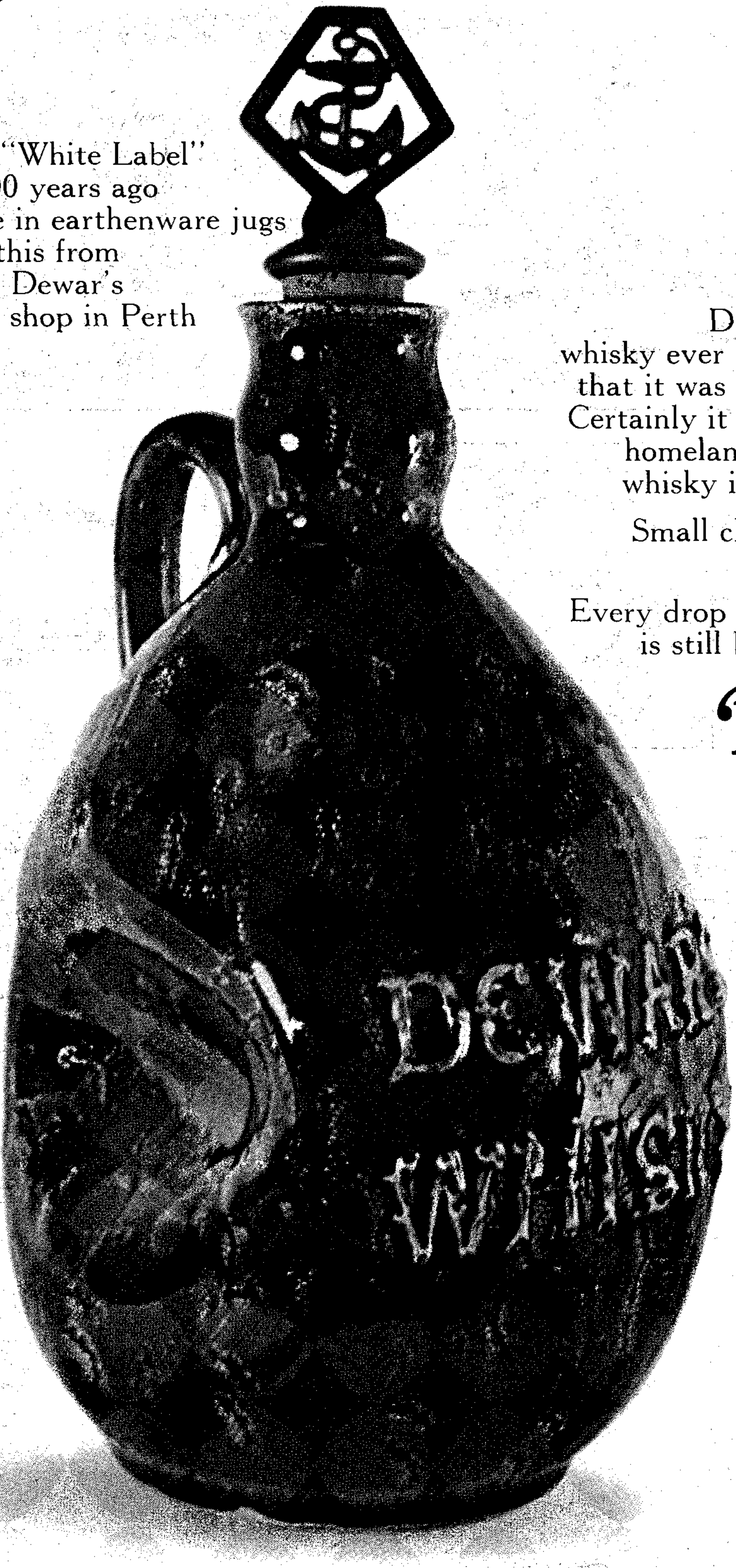
Big Sandy, Texas

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

Authentic.

The "White Label"
of 100 years ago
came in earthenware jugs
like this from
John Dewar's
little shop in Perth



Dewar's was the first Scotch whisky ever bottled. Word comes down that it was a great product even then. Certainly it had to be—to survive in a homeland where the taste for good whisky is fiercely uncompromising.

Small chance would it have had if it were not authentic!

Every drop of Dewar's "White Label" is still bottled in Perth, Scotland.

DEWAR'S
"White Label"

White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons

Dewar's never varies

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.